

EDITORS
OF
MUSIC
JOHN R. SWENEY & W. J. KIRKPATRICK

THE
JOYFUL
SOUND

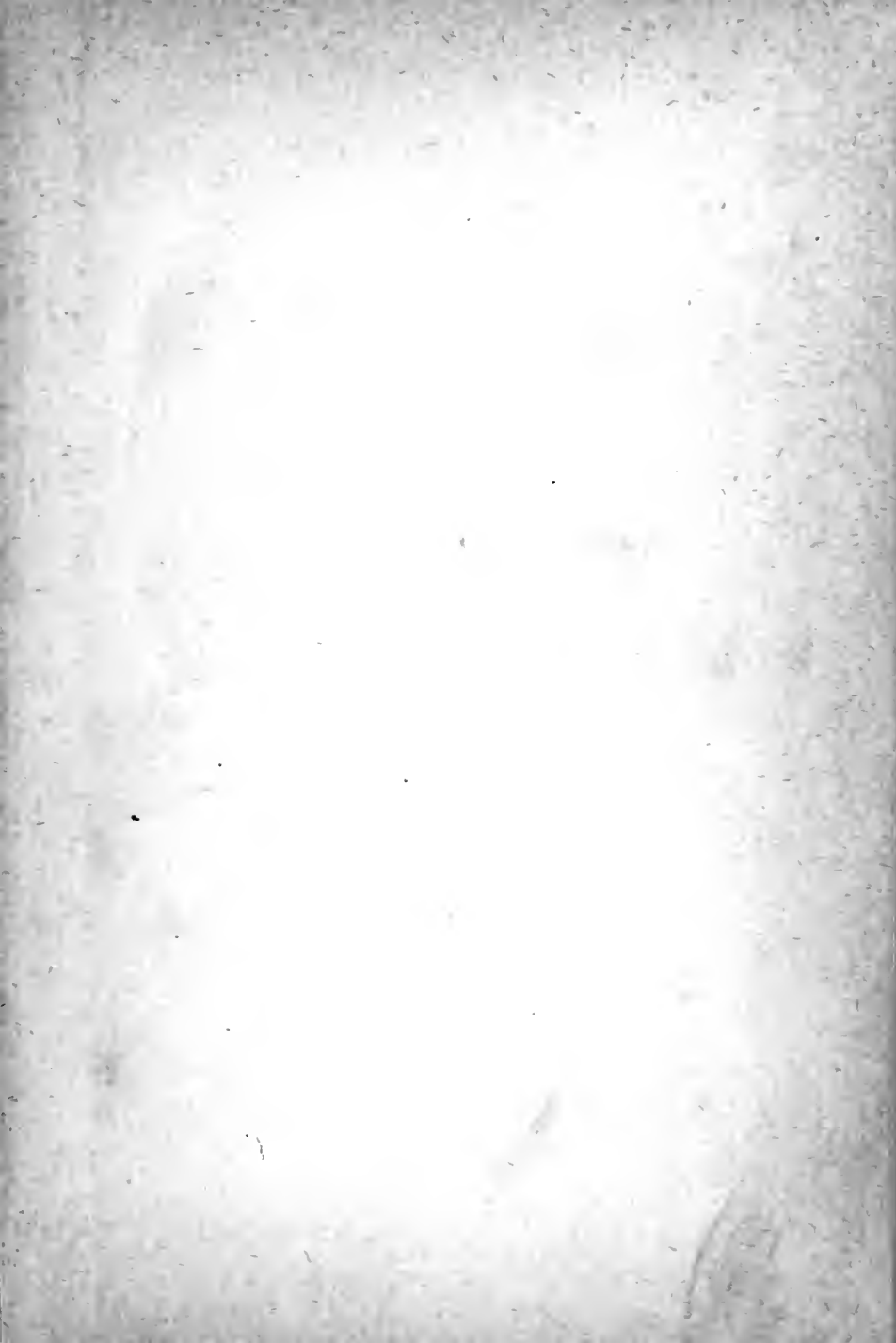
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JOHN J. HOOD
PHILADELPHIA
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THE JOYFUL SOUND.



A COLLECTION OF

NEW HYMNS AND MUSIC,
WITH FAMILIAR SELECTIONS.

EDITORS:

JNO. R. SWENEY AND WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*“Salvation! O the Joyful Sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.”*

PHILADELPHIA:

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• THE JOYFUL SOUND •

1 Praise Him, O Praise Him.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O bless-ed Je-sus, O Sav-iour di-vine, Joy! what a joy! I
 2. Praise him, O praise him, he found me when lost, Out on the sea by
 3. Robed in the garments of sin and of shame, Now clothed in white, oh,
 4. Oh, I re-joice, and I sing and I pray, Je-sus has turned my

feel thou art mine; Flow-ers are bright, but fair-er art thou,
 rude tempests tossed; O bless his name! he brought me to shore;
 bless ye his name; Je-sus him-self my spir-it has crowned,
 nights in-to day, Sweet-ens my cup and hush-es the strife,

Fine. CHORUS.
 Fairer than all things, blessed just now. Praise him, O praise him,
 Praise him, O praise him, praise evermore. praise him with song,
 All things rejoice, the lost one is found.
 Helps me to bear the sorrows of life.

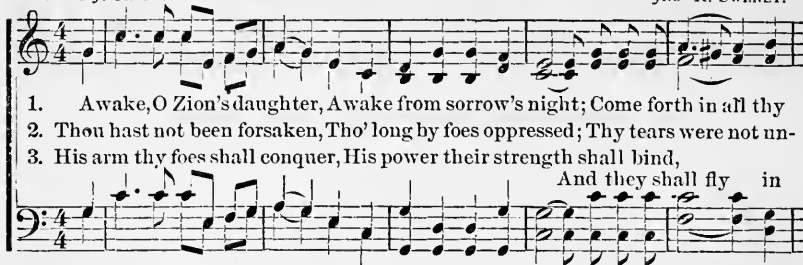
D.S.—Praise him with gladness, dear Saviour mine.

D.S.
 Praise him with gladness all the day long; Praise him, O praise him, Saviour divine,

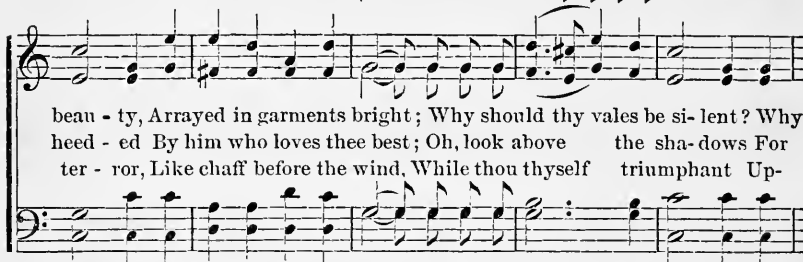
Awake, O Zion's Daughter.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

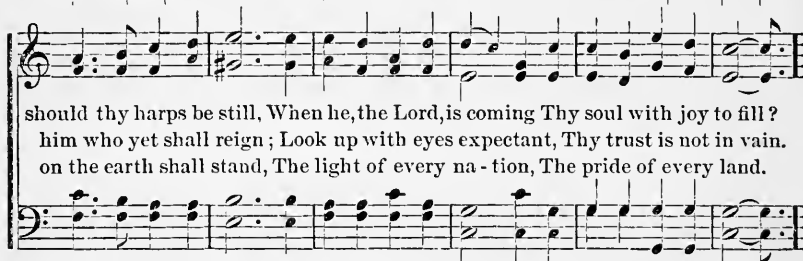
JNO R. SWENEY.



1. Awake, O Zion's daughter, Awake from sorrow's night; Come forth in all thy
 2. Thou hast not been forsaken, Tho' long by foes oppressed; Thy tears were not un-
 3. His arm thy foes shall conquer, His power their strength shall bind,
 And they shall fly in

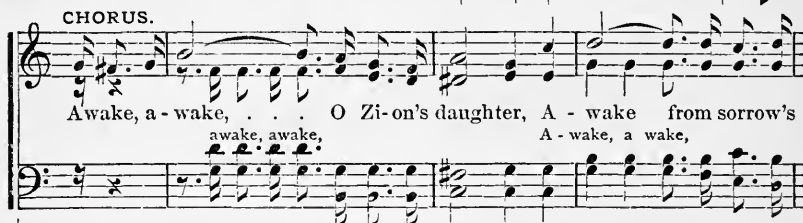


beau - ty, Arrayed in garments bright; Why should thy vales be si - lent? Why
 heed - ed By him who loves thee best; Oh, look above the sha - dows For
 ter - ror, Like chaff before the wind, While thou thyself triumphant Up-



should thy harps be still, When he, the Lord, is coming Thy soul with joy to fill?
 him who yet shall reign; Look up with eyes expectant, Thy trust is not in vain.
 on the earth shall stand, The light of every na - tion, The pride of every land.

CHORUS.



Awake, a - wake, . . . O Zi-on's daughter, A - wake from sorrow's
 awake, awake, A - wake, a wake,



night; . . . Come forth in all thy beauty, Arrayed in garments bright.
 from sorrow's night,
 Come forth in all thy beau - ty,

I will Praise the Lord To-day.

5

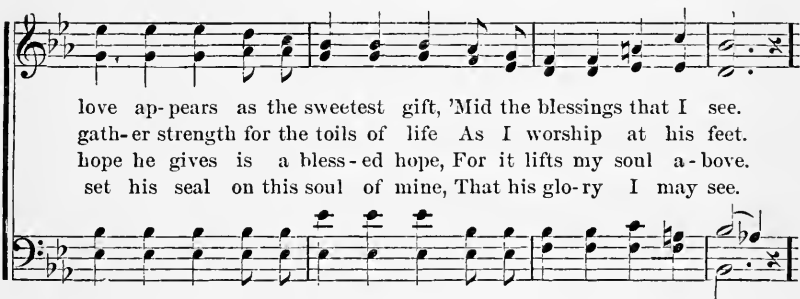
E. A. BARNES.

"With my song will I praise him."—Ps. xxviii. 7.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

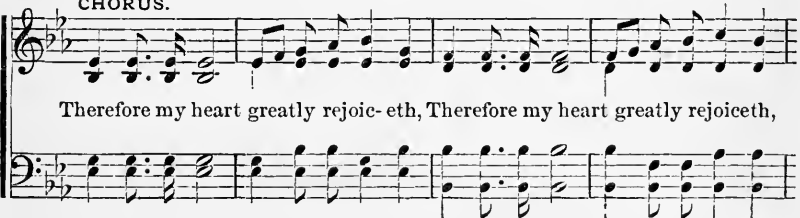


1. I will praise the Lord to-day, For the Lord is good to me: And his
 2. I will praise the Lord to-day, For his name is more than sweet: And I
 3. I will praise the Lord to-day, For his word is life and love: And the
 4. I will praise the Lord to-day, For the Lord has ransomed me; He has

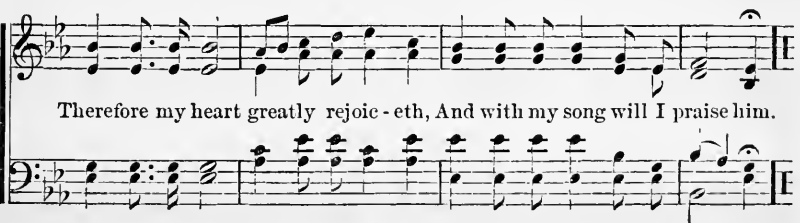


love ap-pears as the sweetest gift, 'Mid the blessings that I see.
 gath-er strength for the toils of life As I worship at his feet.
 hope he gives is a bless-ed hope, For it lifts my soul a-bove.
 set his seal on this soul of mine, That his glo-ry I may see.

CHORUS.



Therefore my heart greatly rejoic-eth, Therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth,

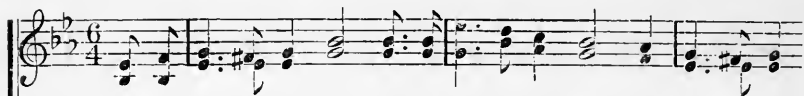


Therefore my heart greatly rejoic-eth, And with my song will I praise him.

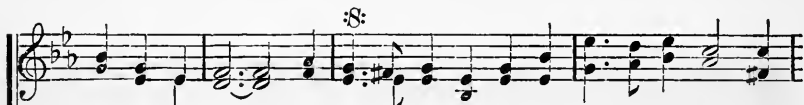
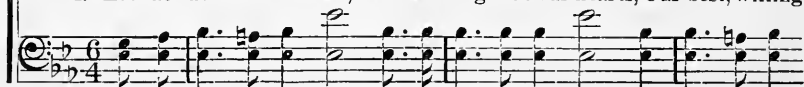
She Hath Done What She Could.

E. E. HEWITT.

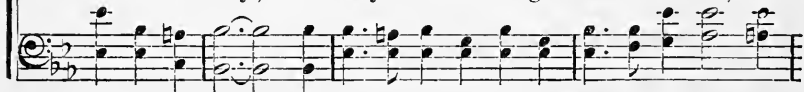
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. She hath done what she could, and the lovely perfume So meekly poured
2. She hath done what she could, all unheeding the scorn Of those who her
3. She hath done what she could, for she gave not a- lone The ointment, tho'
4. Let us do what we can; we can bring him our hearts, Our best, willing



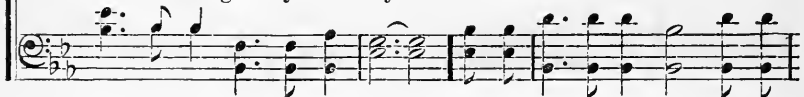
out at his feet Is lin-gering still, till it fills the whole world With
 act would de-ride; But precious the blessing the Master bestows, And
 cost-ly and rare, Her heart's ador-a-tion, the wealth of its love, Flowed
 service to-day; Then Mary's sweet blessing will al-so be ours, And



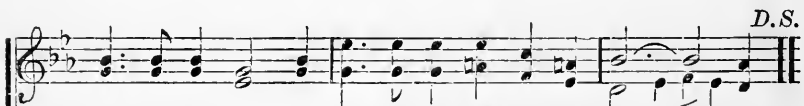
D.S.—end-ing the hon-or the Master conferred, And



agranee en-dur-ing and sweet. "She hath done what she could,"
 hap-py her place at his side. "She hath
 free-ly and measure-less there.
 his be the glo-ry for aye.



roy-al the praise of his word.



done what she could;" How precious these words of the Lord! Un-



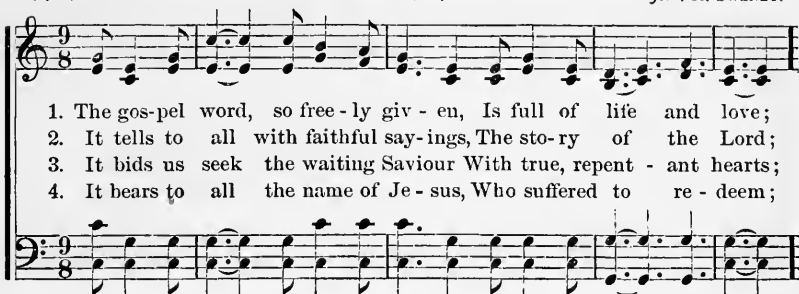
The Words of this Life.

7

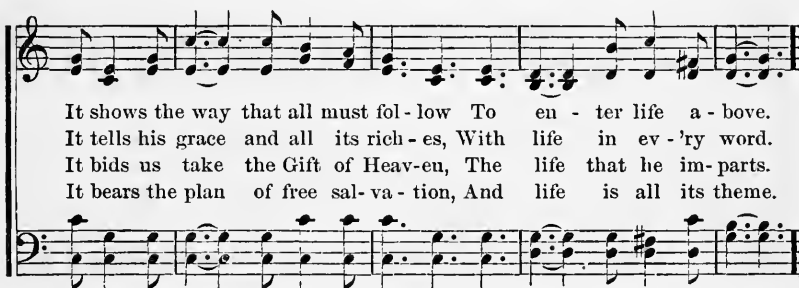
E. A. BARNES.

Acts v. 20.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. The gos-pel word, so free - ly giv - en, Is full of life and love;
2. It tells to all with faithful say - ings, The sto - ry of the Lord;
3. It bids us seek the waiting Saviour With true, repent - ant hearts;
4. It bears to all the name of Je - sus, Who suffered to re - deem;

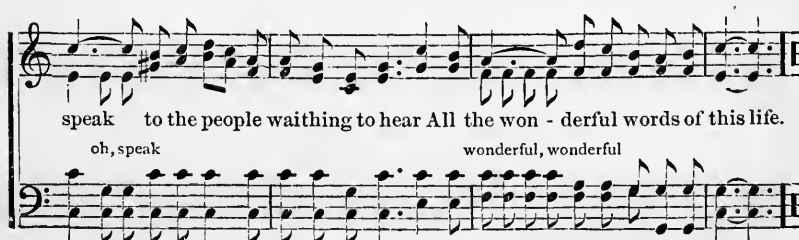


It shows the way that all must fol - low To en - ter life a - bove.
 It tells his grace and all its rich - es, With life in ev - 'ry word.
 It bids us take the Gift of Heav - en, The life that he im - parts.
 It bears the plan of free sal - va - tion, And life is all its theme.

CHORUS.



Then stand in the house of the Lord, With the won - derful words of this life, And
 oh, stand wonderful, wonderful



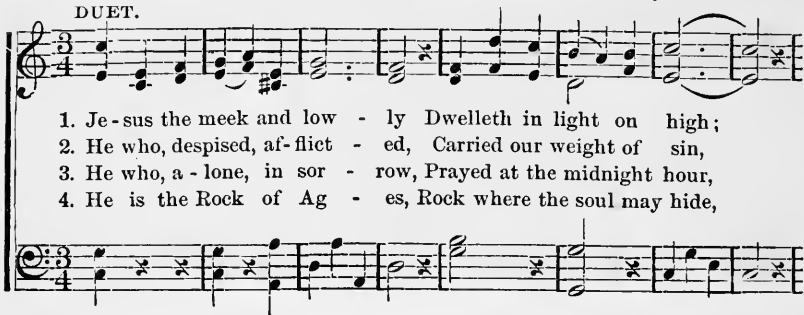
speak to the people wait - ing to hear All the won - derful words of this life.
 oh, speak wonderful, wonderful

8 Every Knee to Him shall Bow.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.

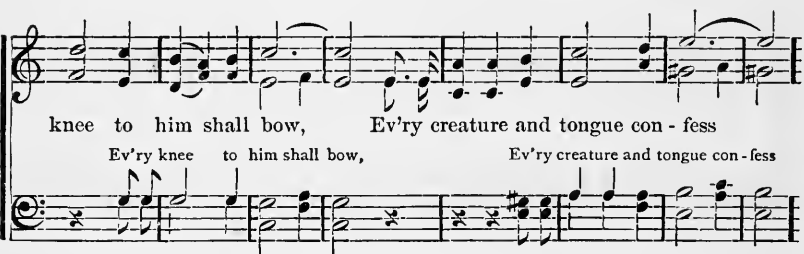


1. Je - sus the meek and low - ly Dwelleth in light on high;
 2. He who, despised, af - flict - ed, Carried our weight of sin,
 3. He who, a - lone, in sor - row, Prayed at the midnight hour,
 4. He is the Rock of Ag - es, Rock where the soul may hide,

CHORUS.



Bless - ed is he and ho - ly, Rul - er of earth and sky. Ev'ry
 O - pens the gates of glo - ry, Welcomes the faithful in.
 Weareth a crown e - ter - nal Won by his conqu'ring power.
 Safe from the storm and tempest, O - ver life's roll - ing tide.



knee to him shall bow, Ev'ry creature and tongue con - fess
 Ev'ry knee to him shall bow, Ev'ry creature and tongue con - fess



That he is the Lord, the mighty Lord, Bearing the sceptre of righteousness.

Hosanna!

9

F. G. BURROUGHS.

THOS. O'NEILL.

Spirited, but not too fast.

1. Children in the temple cry, Ho-san-na! ho-san-na! Angels car-ol
 2. To his side the lonely press; Hosan-na! ho-san-na! Kings of earth his
 3. All his works o'er land and sea,—Hosanna! ho-san-na! Own his sovereign
 4. Once again the anthem swell, Hosan-na! ho-san-na! Je-sus hath done

from the sky, Hosan-na! ho-san-na! Heav'n and earth declare his glory,—
 sway confess; Ho-san-na! ho-san-na! Prophets have foretold his glory,—
 ma-jes-ty, Ho-san-na! ho-san-na! Nations have beheld the wonders,
 all things well, Hosan-na! ho-san-na! He—the ev-erlast-ing Father,

Day and night re-peat the sto-ry Of our God the Wonder-ful!
 In-fant voic-es sung the sto-ry Of our God the Counsel-or!
 Since the Day of Hor-eb's thunders, Of our might-y, mighty God!
 Saviour, Friend, and Eld-er Brother,—Is our low-ly Prince of Peace!

Of our God the Wonder-ful! Ho-san-na! ho-san-na!
 Of our God the Counsel-or! Ho-san-na! ho-san-na!
 Of our might-y, mighty God! Ho-san-na! ho-san-na!
 Is our lowly Prince of Peace! Ho-san-na! ho-san-na!

Do They Know?

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Do they know we've been with Jesus, With him in the si - lent prayer,
 2. Do they know we've been with Jesus? Tho' the likeness may be dim,
 3. Do they know we've been with Jesus? Does our language ev - er prove
 4. Do they know we've been with Jesus, Living dai - ly by his grace?

In the heart's sweet medi - ta - tion, With him as his work we share.
 Can they trace the Master's im - age? Do they say, We've learned of him?
 That we "seek a bet - ter country," That our trea - sure is a - bove?
 Can they catch some faint reflec - tion Of the light up - on his face?

CHORUS.

More and more to be like Je - sus, Oh, be this our heart's desire;
 More and more Oh, be this

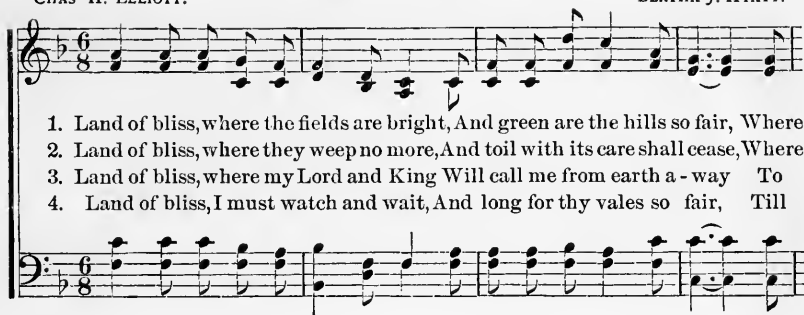
With him now, in work and watching, With him when he calls us higher.

Land of Bliss.

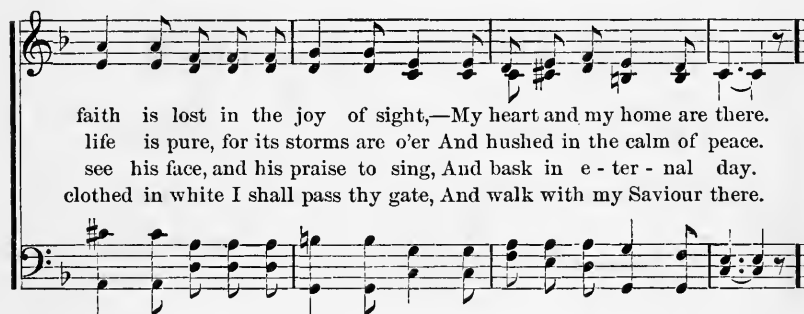
11

CHAS H. ELLIOTT.

BERTHA J. HYATT.

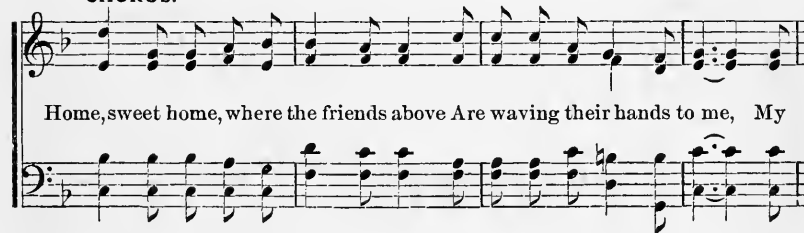


1. Land of bliss, where the fields are bright, And green are the hills so fair, Where
 2. Land of bliss, where they weep no more, And toil with its care shall cease, Where
 3. Land of bliss, where my Lord and King Will call me from earth a - way To
 4. Land of bliss, I must watch and wait, And long for thy vales so fair, Till




faith is lost in the joy of sight,—My heart and my home are there.
 life is pure, for its storms are o'er And hushed in the calm of peace.
 see his face, and his praise to sing, And bask in e - ter - nal day.
 clothed in white I shall pass thy gate, And walk with my Saviour there.

CHORUS.



Home, sweet home, where the friends above Are waving their hands to me, My

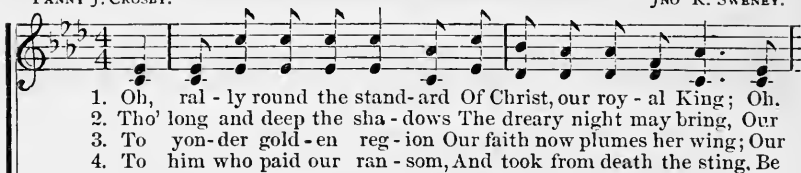


soul has flown on the wings of love,—In dreams I have been with thee.

The Morning Draweth Nigh.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

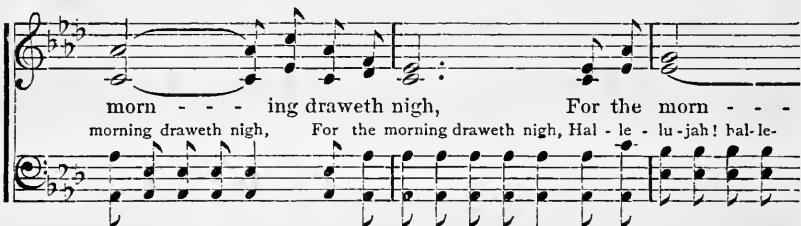
JNO R. SWENEY.



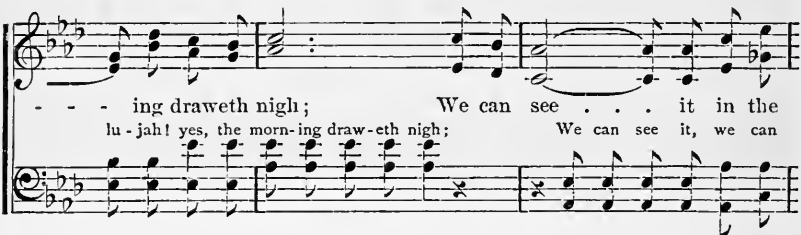
1. Oh, ral - ly round the stand-ard Of Christ, our roy - al King; Oh.
 2. Tho' long and deep the sha - dows The dreary night may bring, Our
 3. To yon - der gold - en reg - ion Our faith now plumes her wing; Our
 4. To him who paid our ran - som, And took from death the sting. Be



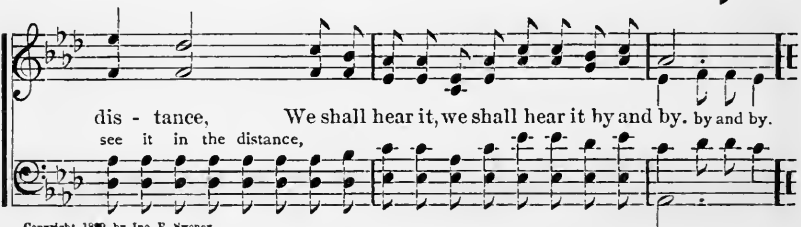
CHORUS.
 ral - ly round his stand-ard, And hal - le - lu - jahs sing. For the
 lamps are trimm'd and burn - ing, Our hal - le - lu - jahs ring.
 hearts with joy are bound - ing, And hal - le - lu - jahs ring.
 ev - er - last - ing prais - es, Let hal - le - lu - jahs ring.



morn - - - ing draweth nigh, For the morn - - -
 morning draweth nigh, For the morning draweth nigh, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le -



- - - ing draweth nigh; We can see . . . it in the
 lu - jah! yes, the morn - ing draw - eth nigh; We can see it, we can



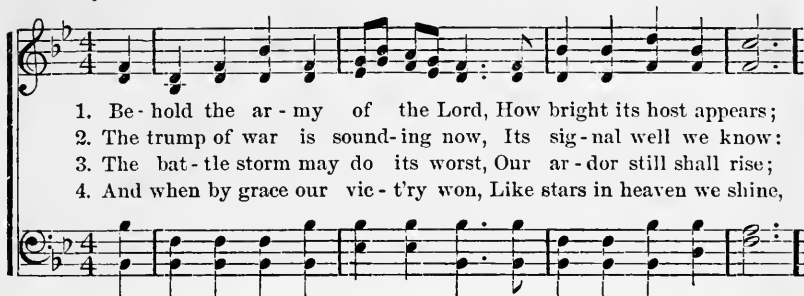
dis - tance, We shall hear it, we shall hear it by and by. by and by.
 see it in the distance,

The Army of the Lord.

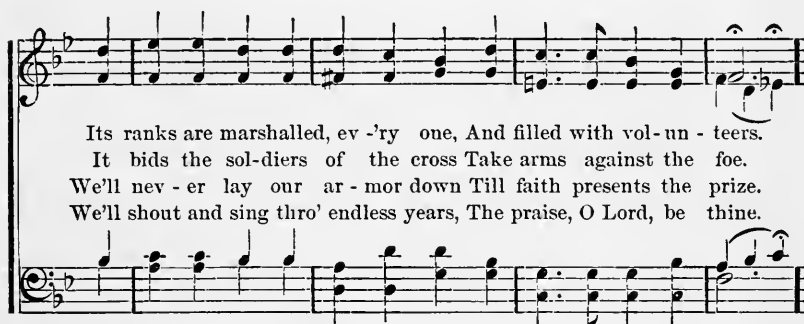
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FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

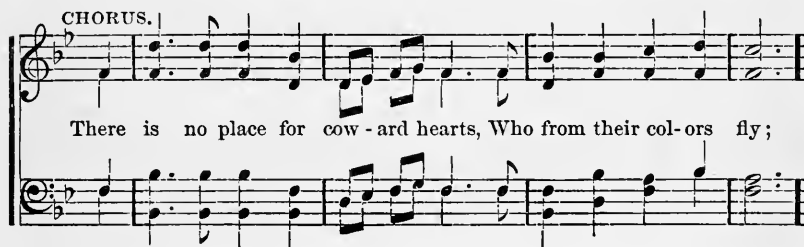


1. Be - hold the ar - my of the Lord, How bright its host appears;
2. The trump of war is sound-ing now, Its sig - nal well we know;
3. The bat - tle storm may do its worst, Our ar - dor still shall rise;
4. And when by grace our vic - t'ry won, Like stars in heaven we shine,

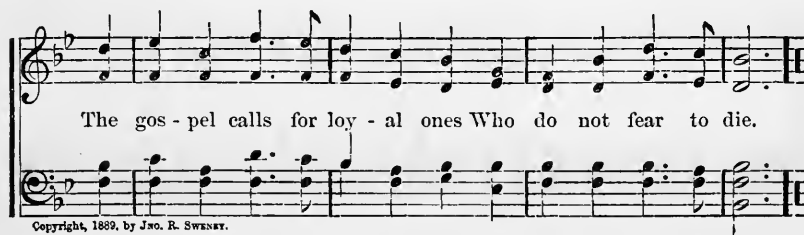


Its ranks are marshalled, ev - 'ry one, And filled with vol - un - teers.
It bids the sol - diers of the cross Take arms against the foe.
We'll nev - er lay our ar - mor down Till faith presents the prize.
We'll shout and sing thro' endless years, The praise, O Lord, be thine.

CHORUS.



There is no place for cow - ard hearts, Who from their col - ors fly;

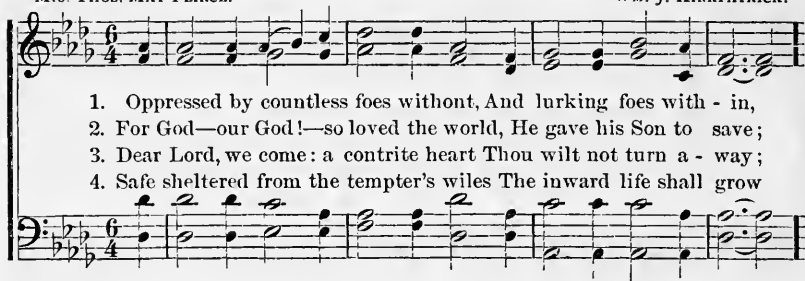


The gos - pel calls for loy - al ones Who do not fear to die.

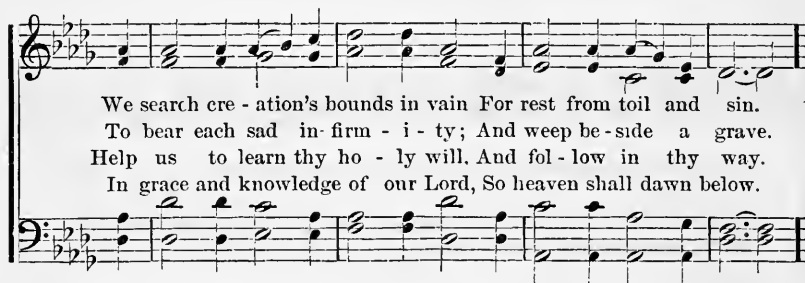
I will Give You Rest.

Mrs. THOS. MAY PEIRCE.

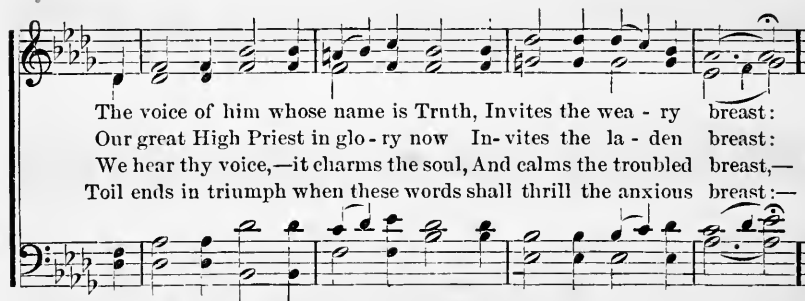
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.




1. Oppressed by countless foes without, And lurking foes with - in,
 2. For God—our God!—so loved the world, He gave his Son to save;
 3. Dear Lord, we come: a contrite heart Thou wilt not turn a - way;
 4. Safe sheltered from the tempter's wiles The inward life shall grow



We search cre - ation's bounds in vain For rest from toil and sin.
 To bear each sad in - firm - i - ty; And weep be - side a grave.
 Help us to learn thy ho - ly will, And fol - low in thy way.
 In grace and knowledge of our Lord, So heaven shall dawn below.



The voice of him whose name is Truth, Invites the wea - ry breast:
 Our great High Priest in glo - ry now In - vites the la - den breast:
 We hear thy voice,—it charms the soul, And calms the troubled breast,—
 Toil ends in triumph when these words shall thrill the anxious breast:—



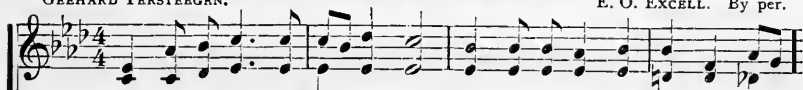
"Come un - to me, come un - to me, And I will give you rest."
 "Come un - to me, come un - to me, And I will give you rest."
 "Come un - to me, come un - to me, And I will give you rest."
 "Well done, thou good and faithful one, Now en - ter in - to rest."

God is Calling Yet.

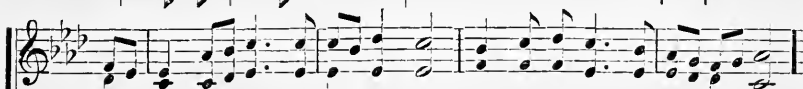
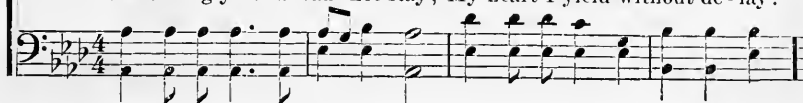
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GEEHARD TERSTEEGEN.

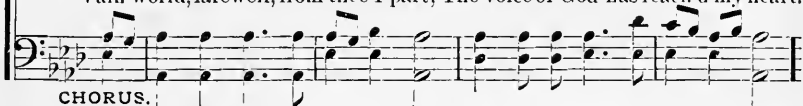
E. O. EXCELL. By per.



1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I his lov-ing voice de-spise,
3. God calling yet! and shall he knock, And I my heart the clos-er lock?
4. God calling yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bondage live?
5. God calling yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield without de-lay:



Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slumber lie?
 And base-ly his kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
 He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare his Spir-it grieve?
 I wait, but he does not for-sake: He calls me still; my heart, awake!
 Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God has reach'd my heart.



CHORUS.



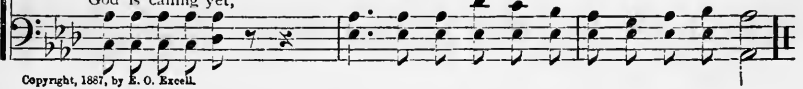
Call - - ing, oh, hear him, Call - - ing, oh, hear him, God is
 God is call-ing yet, God is call-ing yet,



call-ing yet, oh, hear him calling, calling, Call - - ing, oh, hear him,
 God is call-ing yet,



Call - - ing, oh, hear him, God is calling yet, oh, hear him calling yet.
 God is calling yet,



The Still, Small Voice.

E. E. HEWITT.

Jno. R. SWENEY.

DUET.

1. List - en to the "still, small voice," Soft as moonbeams fall - ing,
 2. Call - ing thee from self and sin, And false, worldly plea - sures,
 3. Call - ing thee to nob - ler aims, And a true en - deav - or,
 4. Turn not from this voice a - way, Yield to its en - treat - ing;

'Tis the Ho - ly Spir - it speaks, Gent - ly, gent - ly call - ing.
 To the life that's "hid with Christ," To e - ter - nal trea - sures.
 To a bless - ed fel - lowship With thy Lord for - ev - - er.
 Come to Je - sus, come to - day, —Haste, the hours are fleet - ing.

CHORUS.

Hark! from heav - en fall - ing, To thy soul now call - ing,

'Tis a voice of mer - cy Calls in love to thee. to thee.

Over the Tide.

17

FRANCIS A. SIMKINS.

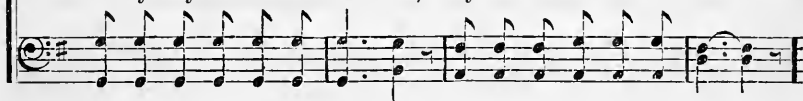
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



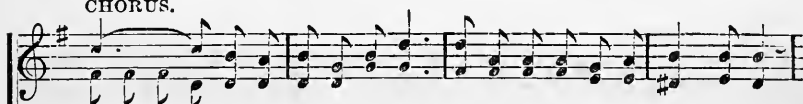
1. Dark are the waters be - fore me,—Loud is the voice of the gale;
2. Onward I move o'er the wa - ters, Lu - rid the lightning's fierce glare,
3. Per - il is in the dark wa - ters,— Safety beyond the deep wave;
4. Ah, when the voyage is ov - er, There, on that beauti - ful shore,



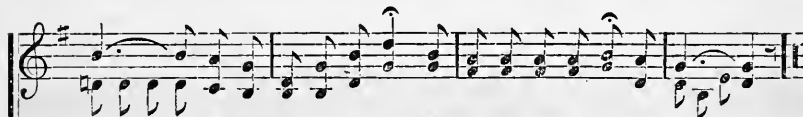
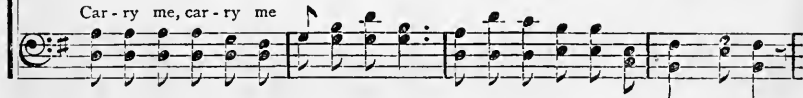
Storm-cloud and tempest are o'er me, Boatman! oh, list to my hail.
 An - gry the surges beneath me,—Boatman! lo, dan - ger is there.
 Father! oh, let me not per - ish—Thou who art mighty to save.
 Safe - ly beyond the dark wa - ters, Joy shall be mine ev - er - more.



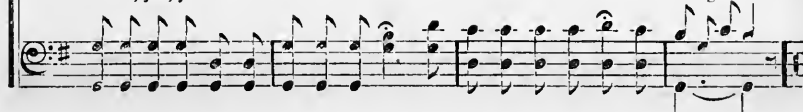
CHORUS.



Car - - - ry me over the tide, Dark are the waters, and deep and wide;
 Car - ry me, car - ry me



Yon - - der, just over the sea, My mansion is waiting for me.
 Yonder, yes, yonder is waiting for me.



Best of All.

Rev. C. W. RAY, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Andante.

1. Jesus all my grief is sharing, He my mansion is preparing, When I'm
2. Jesus loves and watches o'er me, When astray he will restore me; Angel
3. Jesus loves and he will guide me, All I need he will provide me, In his

trembling and despair-ing, He will ev - er hear my call; When the
guards he sends before me, Lest in fa - tal snares I fall; With his
bo - som he will hide me, When the woes of life ap - pal; He will

storms around me sweeping, Tho' in helplessness I'm sleeping, I am
friends he hath enrolled me, By his might he will uphold me, In his
hear my feeblest sighing, Needful grace to me supply-ing, He'll be

safe in his own keep-ing, This to me is best of all: Best of
arms he will en-fold me, This to me is best of all: Best of
with me when I'm dy-ing, This to me is best of all: Best of

ad lib
all, best of all, I am safe in his own keeping, This to me is best of all.
all, best of all, In his arms he will enfold me, This to me is best of all.
all, best of all, He'll be with me when I'm dying, This to me is best of all.

Singing all the Day.

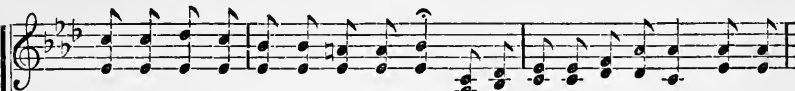
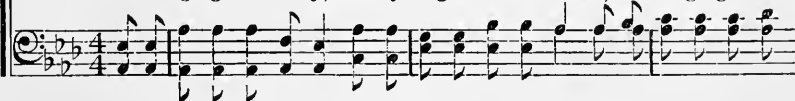
19

JAMES L. BLACK.

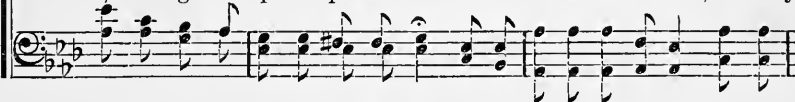
JNO. R. SWENEY.



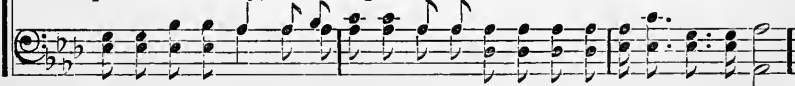
1. I am singing all the day, Halle-lu-jah to the Lord! I am feasting, ever
2. I am singing all the day, And my song is ever new, For I sing of him who
3. I am singing all the day, And my song shall never cease; I am singing how he



feasting On the goodness of his word; I am singing at the cross, Where he loves me As no oth-er one can do; He has paid the debt of sin That my leads me, And he gives me perfect peace: To the house not made with hands, When my



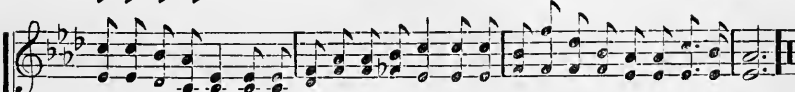
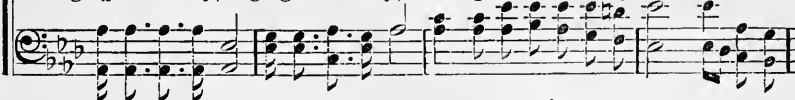
washed my sins away; Of his precious, pard'ning mercy I am singing all the day. heart could never pay; Of my Saviour and Redeemer I am singing all the day. spir-it flies a-way, I will sing of my Redeemer Thro' an ever-lasting day.



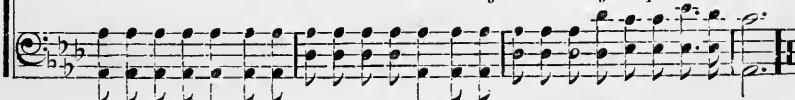
CHORUS.



Singing all the day, singing all the day, Praising the Rock of my salvation; I am



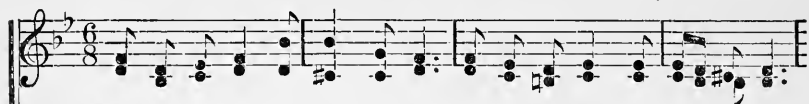
singing at the cross, where he washed my sins away,
Hallelujah! hallelujah! praise the Lord!



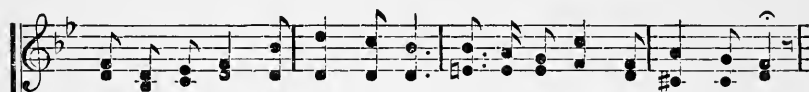
Wonderful Saviour.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



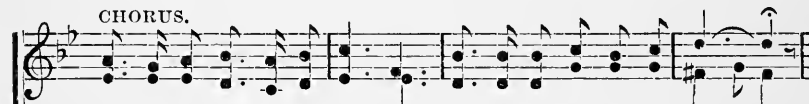
1. Wonderful, Lord, thy low - ly birth, Wonder - ful all thy years on earth ;
2. Wonder - ful night of ag - on - y! Wonder- ful cross of Cal - va - ry!
3. Wonder - ful all thy life a - bove, Pleading for us in thy great love ;
4. Wonderful heart, that throbs for all, Sinful and weak, who on thee call ;



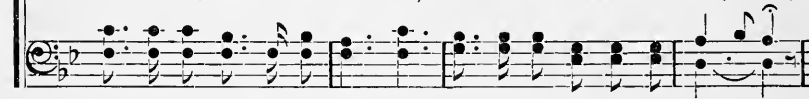
Grateful - ly we thy pure life trace, — Deeds of compassion, words of grace.
 Praying for those who nailed thee there ; Wonderful sorrow, conflict, prayer.
 Wonderful, though ex - alt - ed there Sweet name of Brother thou dost bear.
 How can I praise thee! joy di - vine, Wonderful Sav - iour, thou art mine!



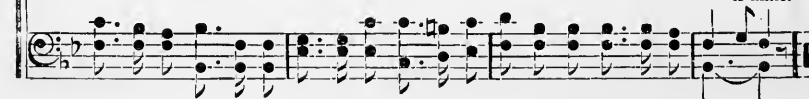
CHORUS.



Wonder - ful, wonder - ful Sav - iour, Love without measure is thine ; is thine ;



Oh, it is wonderful! glorious and wonderful! This loving Saviour is mine.
 is mine.



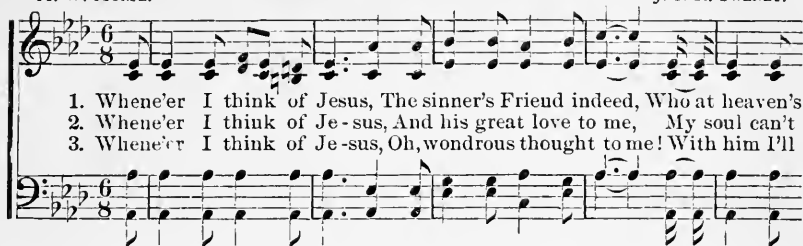
Let Me Into Nothing Fall.

21

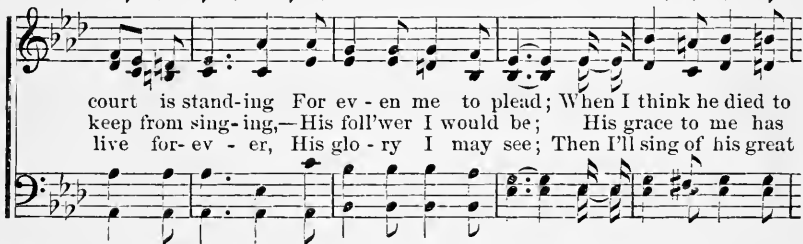
THE topic for the Young People's Meeting at Ocean Grove, July 10th, 1887, was "The Friend of Sinners." A young man spoke upon the topic, saying, "Let me into nothing fall; Jesus is my all in all."

M. W. MORSE.

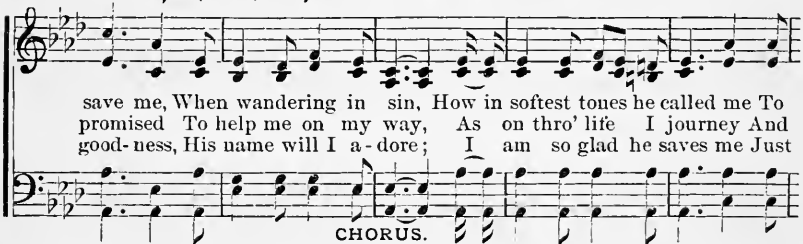
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. When'er I think of Jesus, The sinner's Friend indeed, Who at heaven's
 2. When'er I think of Je-sus, And his great love to me, My soul can't
 3. When'er I think of Je-sus, Oh, wondrous thought to me! With him I'll

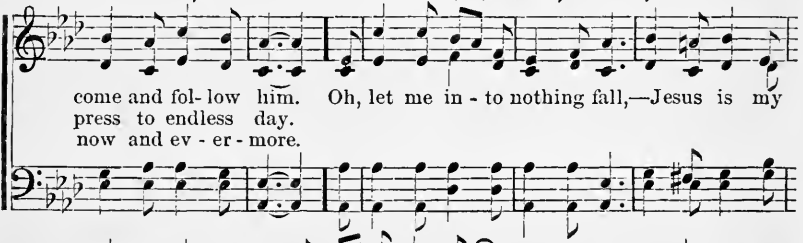


court is stand-ing For ev-en me to plead; When I think he died to
 keep from sing-ing,—His foll'wer I would be; His grace to me has
 live for-ev-er, His glo-ry I may see; Then I'll sing of his great

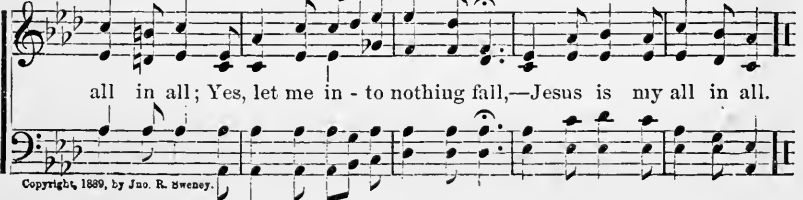


save me, When wandering in sin, How in softest tones he called me To
 promised To help me on my way, As on thro' life I journey And
 good-ness, His name will I a-dore; I am so glad he saves me Just

CHORUS.



come and fol-low him. Oh, let me in-to nothing fall,—Jesus is my
 press to endless day.
 now and ev-er-more.



all in all; Yes, let me in-to nothing fall,—Jesus is my all in all.

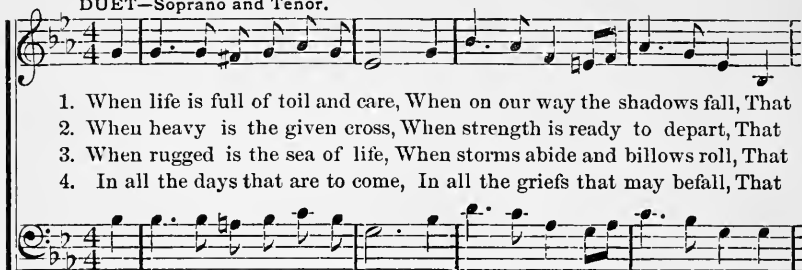
Be Still and Know.

E. A. BARNES.

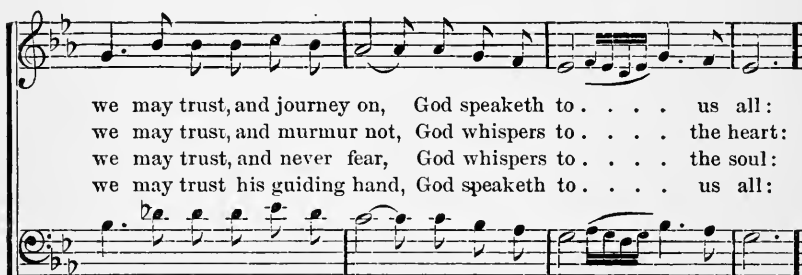
Ps. xlv. 10.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET—Soprano and Tenor.



1. When life is full of toil and care, When on our way the shadows fall, That
 2. When heavy is the given cross, When strength is ready to depart, That
 3. When rugged is the sea of life, When storms abide and billows roll, That
 4. In all the days that are to come, In all the griefs that may befall, That



we may trust, and journey on, God speaketh to . . . us all:
 we may trust, and murmur not, God whispers to . . . the heart:
 we may trust, and never fear, God whispers to . . . the soul:
 we may trust his guiding hand, God speaketh to . . . us all:

CHORUS.



Be still, be still, Be still and know that I am God;



Be still, be still, Be still and know that I am God.
 still, be still, Be still . . .

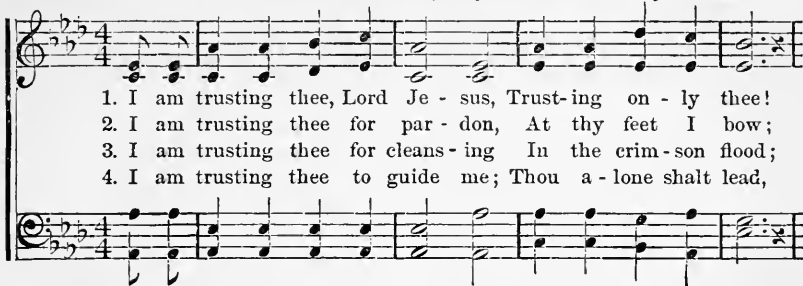
Trusting Only Thee.

23

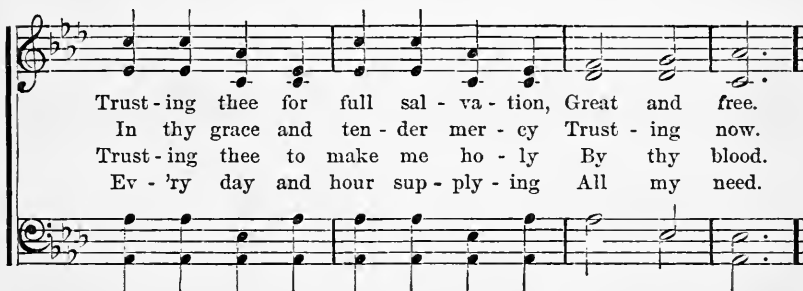
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Words of Cho. by W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I am trusting thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust-ing on - ly thee!
 2. I am trusting thee for par - don, At thy feet I bow;
 3. I am trusting thee for cleans - ing In the crim - son flood;
 4. I am trusting thee to guide me; Thou a - lone shalt lead,



Trust-ing thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
 In thy grace and ten - der mer - cy Trust - ing now.
 Trust-ing thee to make me ho - ly By thy blood.
 Ev - 'ry day and hour sup - ply - ing All my need.

CHORUS.



I am trust - ing, trust - ing, Trust-ing on - ly thee;
 I am trust - ing thee, trust - ing thee,



Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Trust - ing on - ly thee.
 Trust - ing thee, trust - ing thee,

5 I am trusting thee for power,
 These can never fail;
 Words that thou thyself shalt give me
 Must prevail.

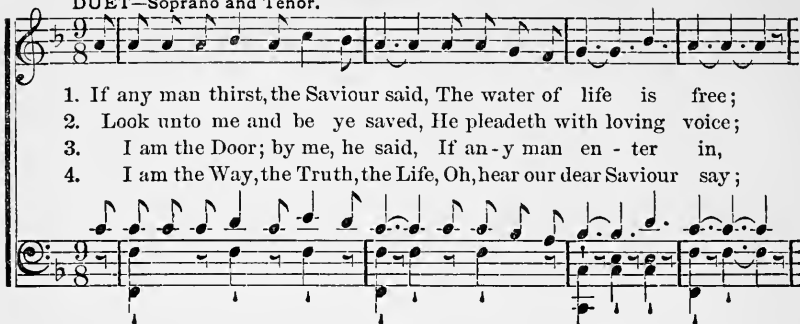
6 I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus;
 Never let me fall;
 I am trusting thee for ever,
 And for all.

If Any Man Thirst.

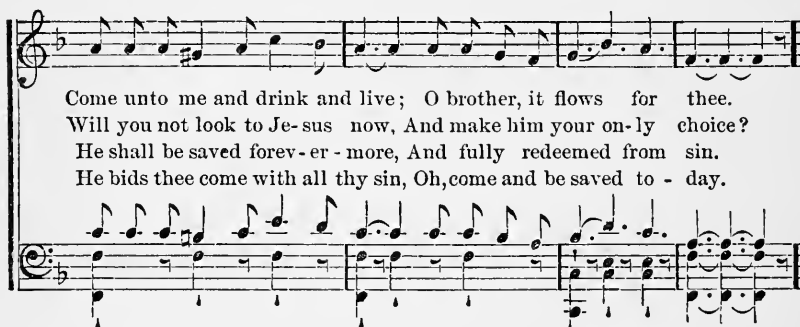
J. J. L.

J. J. LOWB.

DUET—Soprano and Tenor.

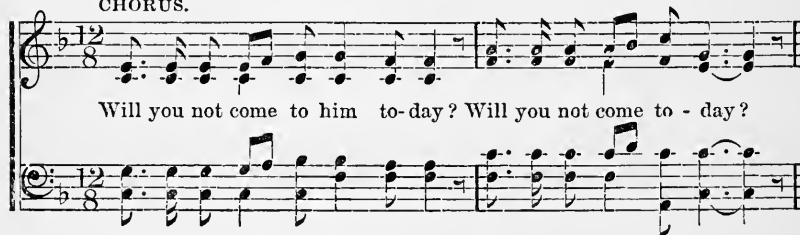


1. If any man thirst, the Saviour said, The water of life is free;
 2. Look unto me and be ye saved, He pleadeth with loving voice;
 3. I am the Door; by me, he said, If an-y man en-ter in,
 4. I am the Way, the Truth, the Life, Oh, hear our dear Saviour say;

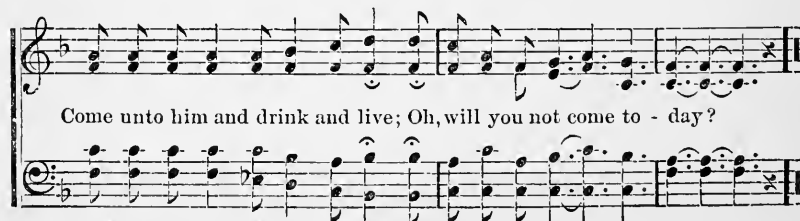


Come unto me and drink and live; O brother, it flows for thee.
 Will you not look to Je-sus now, And make him your on-ly choice?
 He shall be saved forev-er-more, And fully redeemed from sin.
 He bids thee come with all thy sin, Oh, come and be saved to-day.

CHORUS.



Will you not come to him to-day? Will you not come to-day?



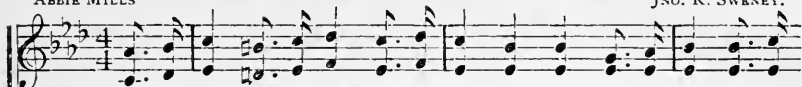
Come unto him and drink and live; Oh, will you not come to-day?

Praise the Lord for His Love.

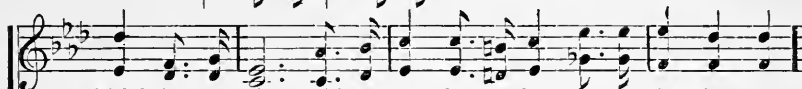
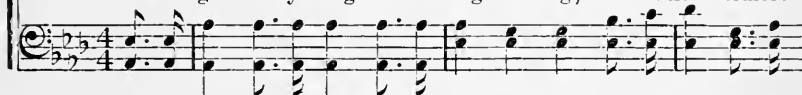
25

ABBIE MILLS

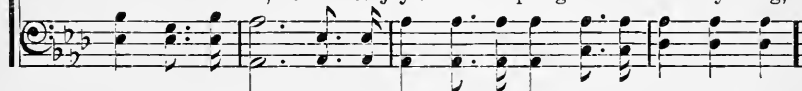
JNO. R. SWENEY.



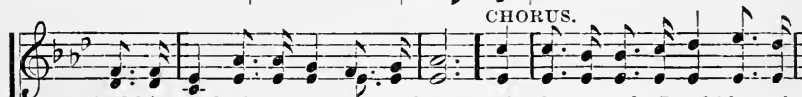
1. There's a man-sion for me, and its gleams I see In the vis-ions of
2. I will cling to his hand till I reach that land.—He will nev-er for-
3. They are waiting up there, happy saints who wear Linen robes washed in
4. While I walk here below he is say - ing now, Be thou faithful, my
5. At the sight of my King a new song I'll sing; There I nev - ermore



faith bright and clear; This my ti - tle shall be, Je - sus died for me,
sake me, I know,—Till with him I shall stand on the gold - en strand,
blood pure and white; To that home blest and fair, far beyond com - pare,
child, for awhile; Oh, what joy I shall know with the saved to bow,
si - lent will be; Close to joy's blessed spring I will fold my wing,



CHORUS.

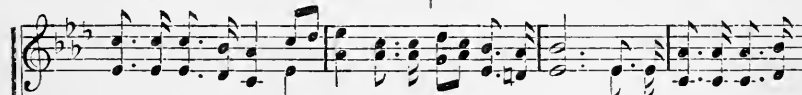
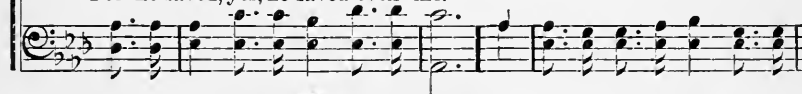


And his word of as-sur-ance I hear. All glo - ry to the Lamb! hear the
Where the bright, crystal streams ever flow.

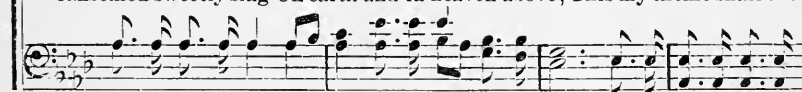
I am hast-ing to share their delight.

When I rest ev-ermore in his smile.

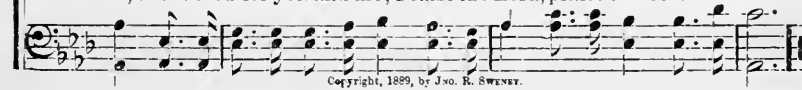
For he saved, yes, he saved even me.



ransomed sweetly sing On earth and in heaven above; This my theme shall ever



be, Jesus died for you and me; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord for his love!



Come, Spirit, Come.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Come, O Ho - ly Spir - it, While we meet for prayer,
 2. Come, O Ho - ly Spir - it, Gifts of grace im - part,
 3. Some per - haps have wan - dered From the path of right;
 4. Come, O Ho - ly Spir - it, From our Sav - iour's throne;

Breathe thy life with - in us,— Ban - ish ev - 'ry care.
 Com - fort ev - 'ry mourn - er,— Bind each bro - ken heart.
 Bless - ed Ho - ly Spir - it, Bring them home to - night.
 With the blood he of - fered Seal us all his own.

CHORUS.

Come, Spir - it, come, Fill us now, we pray;

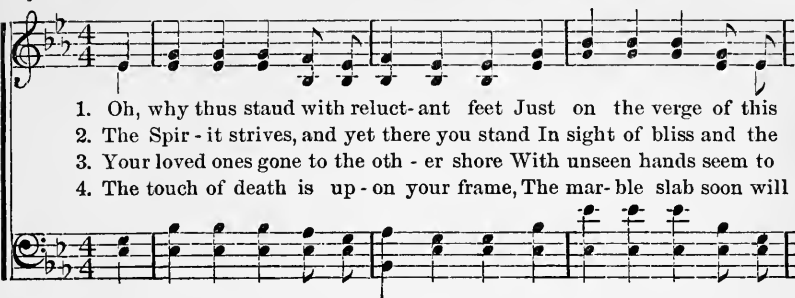
Shed thy beams a - round us,— Beams of per - fect day.

Will You Come to Jesus?

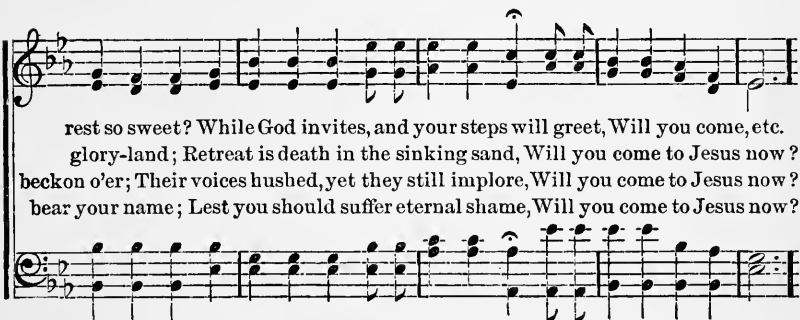
27

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

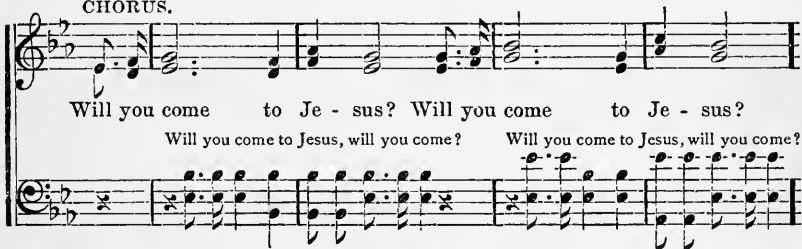


1. Oh, why thus stand with reluct-ant feet Just on the verge of this
 2. The Spir - it strives, and yet there you stand In sight of bliss and the
 3. Your loved ones gone to the oth - er shore With unseen hands seem to
 4. The touch of death is up - on your frame, The mar-ble slab soon will

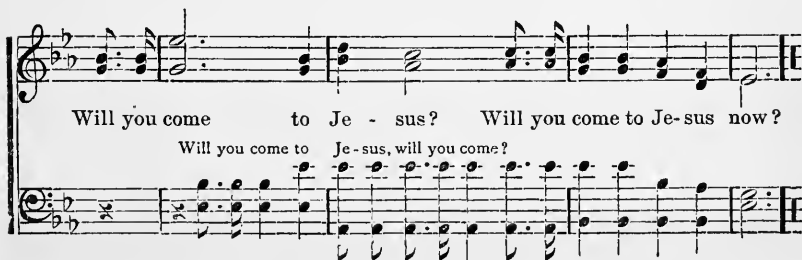


rest so sweet? While God invites, and your steps will greet, Will you come, etc.
 glory-land; Retreat is death in the sinking sand, Will you come to Jesus now?
 beckon o'er; Their voices hushed, yet they still implore, Will you come to Jesus now?
 bear your name; Lest you should suffer eternal shame, Will you come to Jesus now?

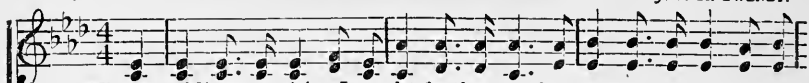
CHORUS.



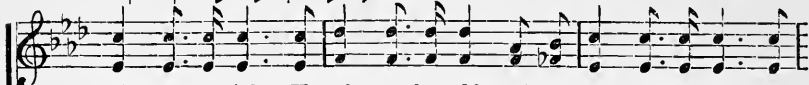
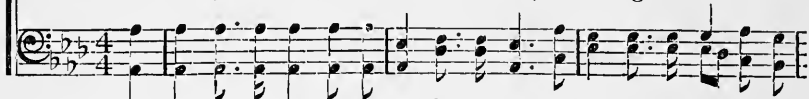
Will you come to Je - sus? Will you come to Je - sus?
 Will you come to Jesus, will you come? Will you come to Jesus, will you come?



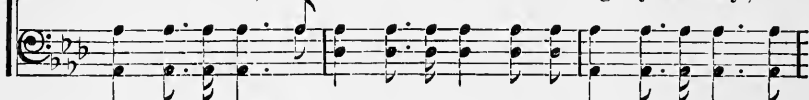
Will you come to Je - sus? Will you come to Je-sus now?
 Will you come to Je-sus, will you come?



1. With trembling contrition I sought for the gate, Oppressed with the burden of
2. So, turning to Jesus with heart and with will, Beginning with trusting, and
3. His arm will uphold me, his counsel will guide; No evil can harm me while
4. The Ci - ty of Gold, like a beauti - ful star, Is sending its ra - diance



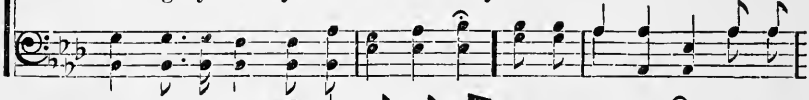
sin's heavy weight: How happy, how blessed to hear Jesus say, "Come, trust-ing him still, I entered the path where I sing as I pray; I'm close at his side, His peace is my comfort, his strength is my stay; I'm down from a-far; His love shines around me so brightly each day; I'm



CHORUS.



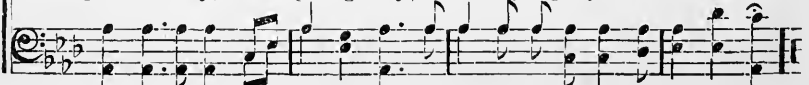
I am the door of the heavenward way." Let us trust and pray, And his walk-ing by faith in the heavenward way. kept by his grace in the heavenward way. near-ing my home by the heavenward way.



word o - bey; With Je - sus we'll walk the heavenward way; 'Tis the



blood-sprinkled way, The King's highway; It leads up to glory, the heavenward way.



The Conqueror.

29

"For he hath put all things under his feet."

WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O North, with all thy vales of green! O South, with all thy palms! Fine, peopled
 2. Lo, in the clouds of heaven appears God's well-beloved Son; He brings a
 3. O Father, haste the promised hour, When at his feet shall lie All rule, au-
 4. When all shall heed the words he said, Amid their daily cares, And by the

towns and fields between Up - lift the voice of psalms; Raise, Ancient
 train of brighter years, His king - dom is be - gun; He comes a
 thor - i - ty, and power, Be - neath the am - ple sky; When he shall
 lov - ing life he led, Shall seek to pattern theirs; And he who

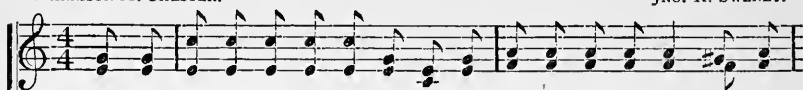
East, the anthem high, And let the youthful West re - ply; Raise, Ancient
 guilt - y world to bless With mercy, truth, and righteousness; He comes a
 reign from pole to pole, The Lord of ev - 'ry human soul; When he shall
 conquered death shall win The noble con - quest o - ver sin; And he who

East, the an - them high, And let the youthful West re - ply.
 guilt - y world to bless With mer - cy, truth, and righteous - ness.
 reign from pole to pole, The Lord of ev - 'ry hu - man soul.
 conquered death shall win The no - ble conquest o - ver sin.

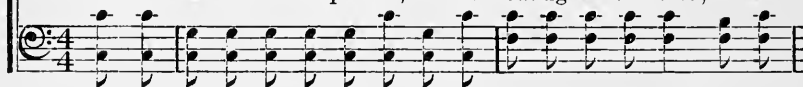
The Banner of the Cross.

HARRISON M. CHESTER.

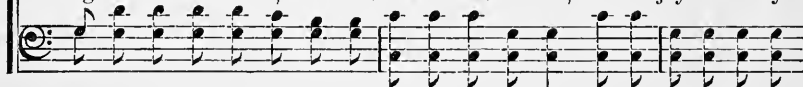
JNO. R. SWENEY.



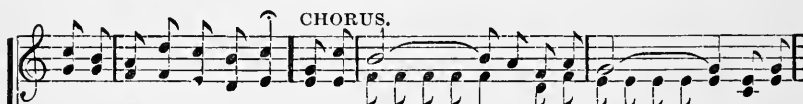
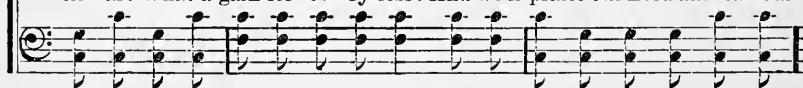
1. We are go-ing forth to conquer In the ar-my of the Lord, We are
2. Though our many foes may ral-ly Like a host on ev-'ry side, Yet for
3. When our warfare is accomplished, What a shouting there will be; In the



under marching orders That he left us in his word; In the cause of our Re-
ev-'ry coming danger Our Redeemer will provide; With his blessed name en-
kingdom of our Father, When each other's face we see, What a joy for ev-'ry



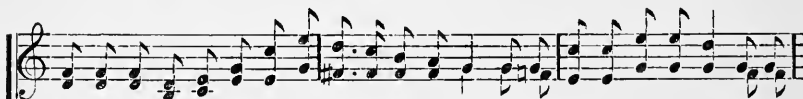
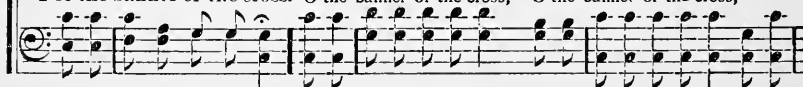
deemer We will count the world but dross, And we'll sound aloud our watchword,
grav-en On our banner waving bright, We will hail it as our sig-nal
tri-al! What a gain for ev-'ry loss! And we'll praise our Lord and Saviour



CHORUS.

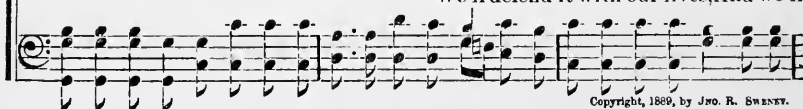
'Tis the banner of the cross. O the ban - - - ner of the cross, . . For the
In the thickest of the fight.

For the banner of the cross. O the banner of the cross, O the banner of the cross,



sake of him who gave it, We will count the world but dross;

We'll defend it with our lives, And we'll



The Banner of the Cross.—CONCLUDED. 31

gladly suffer loss, For the honor and protection of the banner of the cross.

Haste to the Field of Labor.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

(HARVEST SONG.)

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, wake, for the day is pass - ing, And swift - ly approacheth night!
2. Come now with your sickles sharpened, Make ready the shin - ing blade;
2. Oh, come to the work re - joic - ing, And glad - ly do well your part;
4. Oh, wake, for the day ad - vanc - es! Toil not o'er the fall - ing leaves;

The grain in its ripened beau - ty Bends low in the val - ley bright!
 The Mas - ter himself is work - ing, And call - ing for ear - nest aid.
 The Lord needeth earnest work - ers, And faith - ful and true of heart.
 But now, for the fin - al har - vest, Bear homeward the golden sheaves.

CHORUS.

Haste to the field of la - bor, Bring the glad har - vest home: The
 harvest home;

rit.
 kingdom of God is wait - ing, Come, all ye reapers, come. reapers, come.

Carry Me Tenderly.

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Car - ry me tender - ly, Je - sus, my Saviour, Gath - er me safe in thine
 2. Speak to me lov - ing - ly, Je - sus, my Saviour, Whisper thy name in my
 3. Speak to me lov - ing - ly, Je - sus, my Saviour, Sweeter than music thy
 4. Car - ry me tender - ly thro' the dark valley, Car - ry me tender - ly

arms so strong; Car - ry me tender - ly o - ver life's billows, Car - ry me
 careworn heart; Grant me thy beautiful sunlight of glo - ry, Then shall my
 words that fall; Thou art my hiding - place, O my Redeemer, Thou art my
 o'er the sea; Then shall my conflicts and trials be end - ed, Then shall I

CHORUS.

ten - der - ly all the day long. All the day long, all the day long,
 fear like a dream de - part.
 por - tion, my life, my all.
 an - chor, O Lord, with thee.

Com - fort my spir - it, and fill me with song; Car - ry me tender - ly

o - ver life's bil - lows, Ten - der - ly, lov - ing - ly, all the day long.

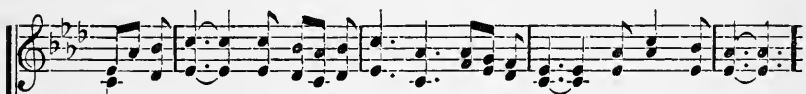
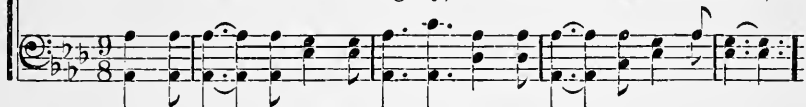
We shall Walk the Realms of Glory. 33

EMMA PIATT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. We shall walk the realms of glory, Where e - ter - nal beauty reigns,
2. We shall walk the realms of glory With the blood-wash'd, mighty throng,
3. We shall walk the realms of glory, And by Je - sus' side sit down ;
4. We shalt walk the realms of glory, Where no tears can ev - er come,



There with ser - aph hosts unnumbered Join the grand immor - tal strains.

We shall join the an - gel harpers In their ev - erlast - ing song.

Clad no more in robes of sor - row, We shall wear a fadeless crown.

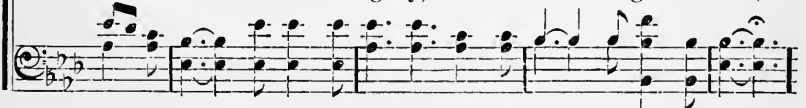
Where the sun - light is not needed, In that sweet, e - ter - nal home.



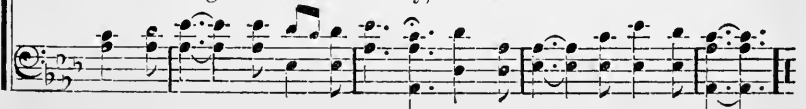
CHORUS.



We shall walk the realms of glory, With the loved ones gone be - fore,



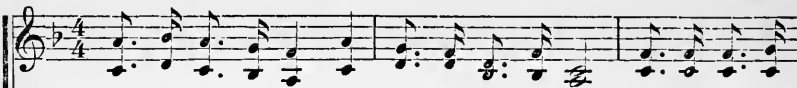
We shall sing the sweet old sto - ry, O - ver on the oth - er shore.



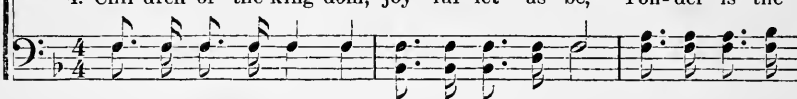

Children of the Kingdom.

FANNY J. CROSBY.


JNO R. SWENEY.



1. Chil-dren of the king-dom, while we jour-ney here, On - ly for a
 2. Chil-dren of the king-dom, press-ing on our way, Nev - er let us
 3. Chil-dren of the king-dom, while we watch and wait, Nev - er be dis-
 4. Chil-dren of the king-dom, joy - ful let us be, Yon-der is the

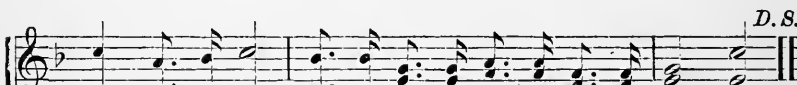
time a - bid - ing; Looking un - to Je - sus, ban-ish ev' - ry fear,
 fal - ter, nev - er; Bear the cross for Je - sus, bear it ev' - ry day,
 cour-aged, nev - er; Soon our feet will en - ter thro' the pal-ace gate,
 shin-ing riv - er; There in all his beau-ty we the King shall see,


D.S.—Children of the kingdom, tar - ry not, but come*Fine.* CHORUS.



For his eyes our path is guid - ing. From the land of song, the
 In his mer - cy trust-ing ev - er.
 And go out no more for - ev - er.
 And be-hold his face for - ev - er.



Where the pure in heart are call - ing.



bright land of song, List - en to the mu - sic gent - ly fall - ing;



Take the Hand.

35

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Take the hand thy Saviour gives thee, Hold it fast within thine own;
 2. Take the love that ne'er deceives thee, Love that makes thee all its own,
 3. Take the peace none else can give thee, Hide it deep within thy breast;
 4. Take thy all - suffi - cient Saviour, Thou wilt find no friend so dear;

It will lead thee to the riv - er That pro - ceed - eth from his throne.
 Take it free - ly, like the wa - ters From the riv - er near the throne.
 Like the riv - er clear as crys - tal It will soothe thy care to rest.
 He will crown thee at the riv - er, On - ly be thou faithful here.

CHORUS.

Riv - er of Life . . . that spark - les free, . . . Riv - er of
 Riv - er of Life that spark - les free,

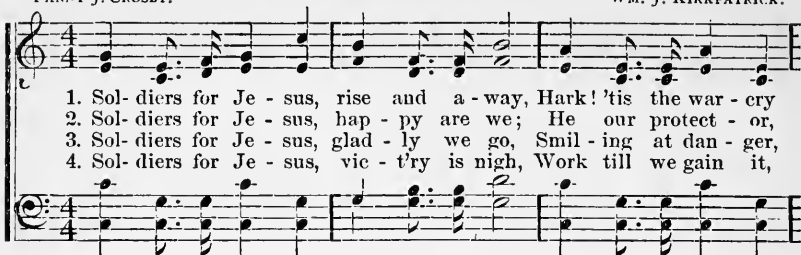
Life . . . that flows for thee, . . . Riv - er of Life . . . that all may
 Riv - er of Life that flows for thee, Riv - er of Life that

see, . . . And dwell . . . on its banks for - ev - er.
 all may see, And dwell on its banks for - - - ev - er.

Keep in the Line.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

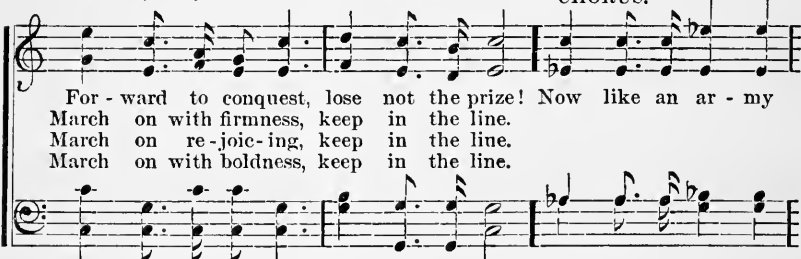


1. Sol - diers for Je - sus, rise and a - way, Hark! 'tis the war - cry
 2. Sol - diers for Je - sus, hap - py are we; He our protect - or,
 3. Sol - diers for Je - sus, glad - ly we go, Smil - ing at dan - ger,
 4. Sol - diers for Je - sus, vic - t'ry is nigh, Work till we gain it,

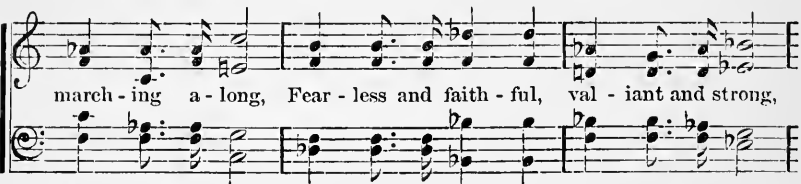


sound - ing to - day; Lo! our Command - er calls from the skies:
 near us will be, Trust in his mer - cy, change - less, di - vine;
 brav - ing the foe, Bright are our landmarks, bright - ly they shine;
 rest by and by; Oh, let our cour - age nev - er de - cline;

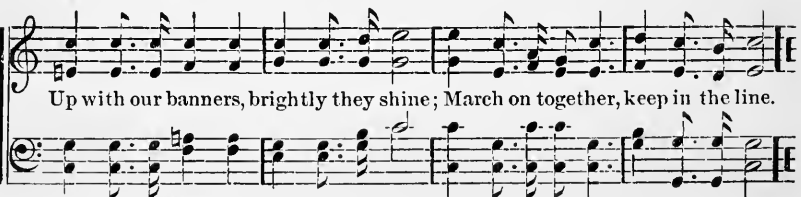
CHORUS.



For - ward to conquest, lose not the prize! Now like an ar - my
 March on with firmness, keep in the line.
 March on re - joic - ing, keep in the line.
 March on with boldness, keep in the line.



march - ing a - long, Fear - less and faith - ful, val - iant and strong,



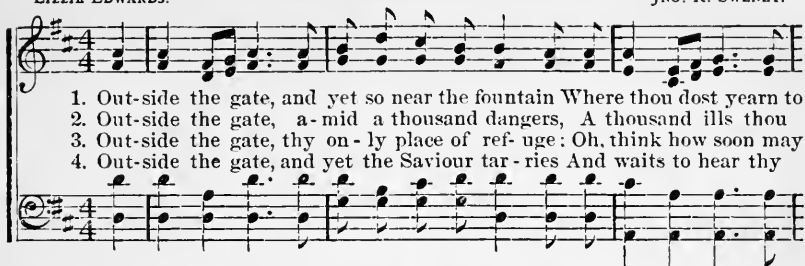
Up with our banners, brightly they shine; March on together, keep in the line.

Enter Now.

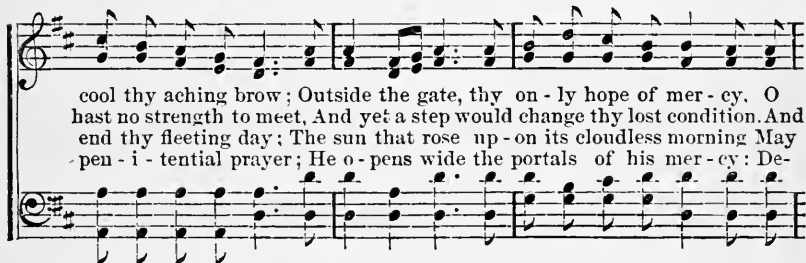
37

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

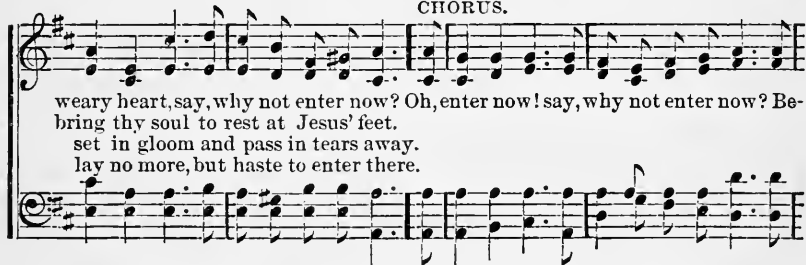


1. Out-side the gate, and yet so near the fountain Where thou dost yearn to
2. Out-side the gate, a-mid a thousand dangers, A thousand ills thou
3. Out-side the gate, thy on - ly place of ref- uge: Oh, think how soon may
4. Out-side the gate, and yet the Saviour tar- ries And waits to hear thy

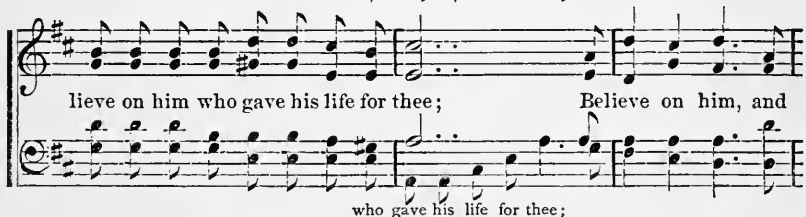


cool thy aching brow; Outside the gate, thy on - ly hope of mer- cy, O
 hast no strength to meet, And yet a step would change thy lost condition. And
 end thy fleeting day; The sun that rose up - on its cloudless morning May
 - pen - i - tential prayer; He o - pens wide the portals of his mer- cy: De-

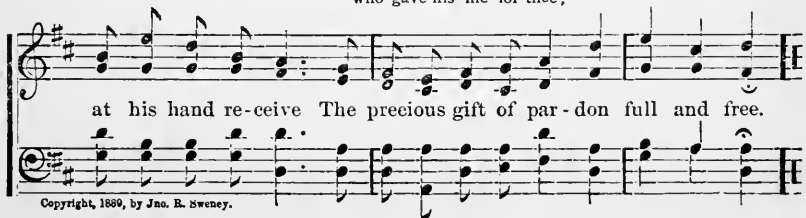
CHORUS.



weary heart, say, why not enter now? Oh, enter now! say, why not enter now? Be-
 bring thy soul to rest at Jesus' feet.
 set in gloom and pass in tears away.
 lay no more, but haste to enter there.



lieve on him who gave his life for thee; Believe on him, and
 who gave his life for thee;



at his hand re-ceive The precious gift of par-don full and free.

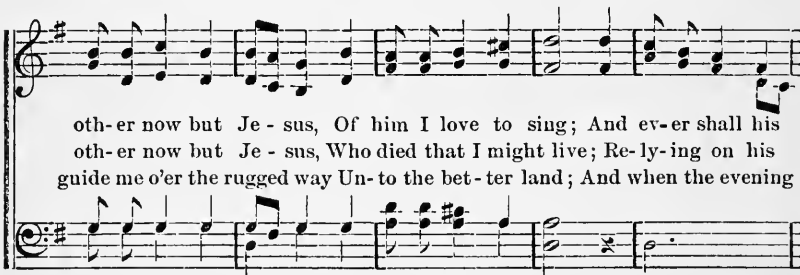
No Other Now but Jesus.

VIOLET E. KING.

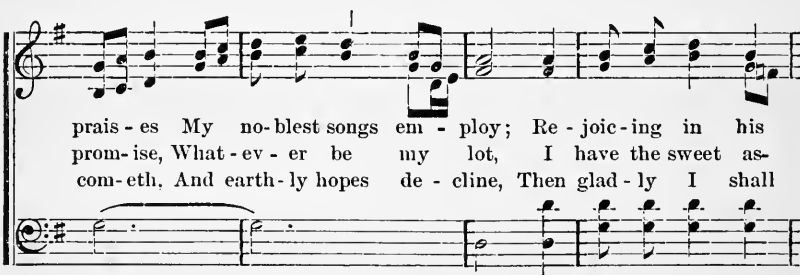
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. No oth-er now but Je - sus, My Saviour and my King, No
 2. No oth-er now but Je - sus Such peace can ev - er give, No
 3. No oth-er now but Je - sus; He'll take me by the hand, And

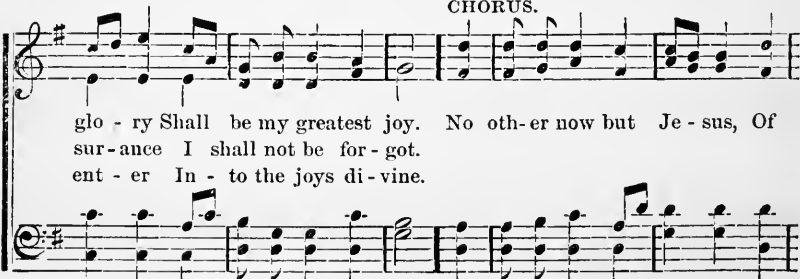


oth-er now but Je - sus, Of him I love to sing; And ev-er shall his
 oth-er now but Je - sus, Who died that I might live; Re-ly-ing on his
 guide me o'er the rugged way Un-to the bet-ter land; And when the evening



prais - es My no-blest songs em - ploy; Re - joic-ing in his
 prom-ise, What - ev - er be my lot, I have the sweet as-
 com-eth, And earth-ly hopes de - cline, Then glad-ly I shall

CHORUS.



glo - ry Shall be my greatest joy. No oth-er now but Je - sus, Of
 sur-ance I shall not be for - got.
 ent - er In - to the joys di - vine.

him I love to sing; No oth-er now but Je-sus, My Saviour and my King.

Hallelujah! Amen.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

Adapted and arr. by Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How oft in holy converse With Christ, my Lord, alone, I seem to hear the
 2. They pass'd thro' toils and trials, And tho' the strife was long, They share the victor's
 3. My soul takes up the chorus, And pressing on my way, Communing still with
 4. Thro' grace I soon shall conquer, And reach my home on high; And thro' eter-nal

CHORUS.

millions That sing around his throne:— Hal-le-lu-jah, a-men. Halle-
 conquest, And sing the victor's song.
 Je-sus, I sing from day to day:
 a- ges I'll shout beyond the sky:

poco rit.
 lu-jah, A-men. Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men. A-men, A-men.

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENET.

1. Thou art a Rock in a thirst-y land, Whose shadow by faith I see;
 2. Thou art a Rock in a thirsty land, Where peaceful my soul may dwell;
 3. Thou art a Rock in a thirst-y land, A Rock of defence for me;
 4. Thou art a Rock in a thirsty land, Where safely thou bidst me hide,

And oh, how sweet, from the noontide heat When weary, to rest in thee.
 And cool and clear are the streams I hear That flow from the wayside well.
 No thought of ill can my spirit fill, While firm is my trust in thee.
 Till angels come from my Father's throne, And carry me o'er the tide.

CHORUS.

Under thy shadow what joy to rest; Under thy shadow when toil-oppressed;

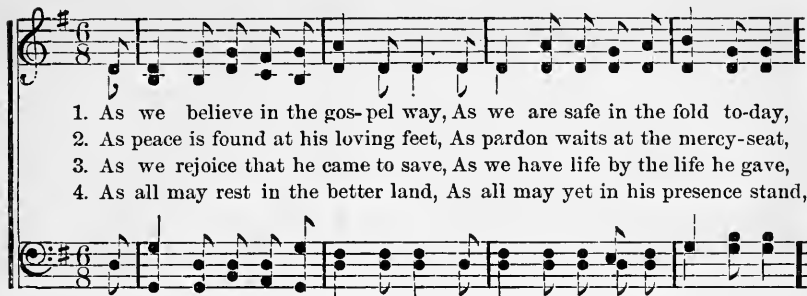
Un-der thy shadow, supremely blest, O Rock in a thirst-y land.

The Saving Grace of Jesus.

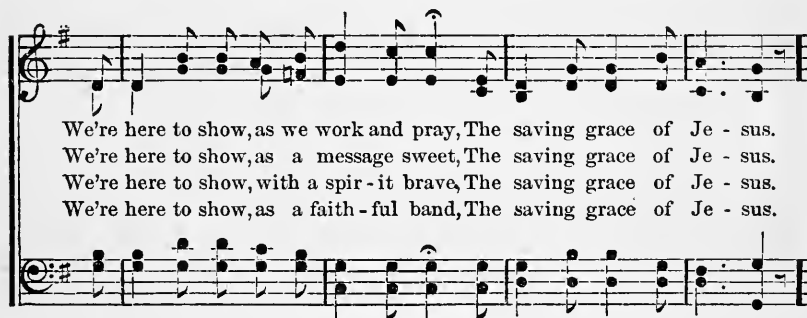
41

E. A. BARNES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

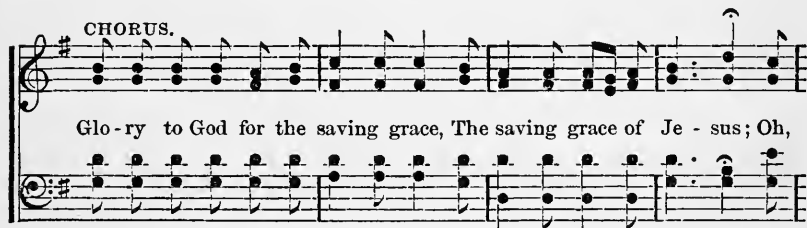


1. As we believe in the gos-pel way, As we are safe in the fold to-day,
2. As peace is found at his loving feet, As pardon waits at the mercy-seat,
3. As we rejoice that he came to save, As we have life by the life he gave,
4. As all may rest in the better land, As all may yet in his presence stand,



We're here to show, as we work and pray, The saving grace of Je - sus.
 We're here to show, as a message sweet, The saving grace of Je - sus.
 We're here to show, with a spir - it brave, The saving grace of Je - sus.
 We're here to show, as a faith - ful band, The saving grace of Je - sus.

CHORUS.



Glo-ry to God for the saving grace, The saving grace of Je - sus; Oh,



glo-ry to God for the sav-ing grace, The sav-ing grace of Je - sus.

My Soul is Waiting.

F. G. BURROUGHS.

ADAM GRIBEL.

Tenderly.

1. My soul for the Saviour is waiting,—Ah! long has he waited for me:
 2. My soul for the Saviour is waiting, In grief I am bowed at his cross;
 3. My soul for the Saviour is waiting,—But tru-ly his word cannot fail;

Yea, stood in the night dews unheeded, While I was unmoved by his plea.
 My sins are a burden too heav-y, Beneath them I sink in re-morse.
 The cry of a pen-i-tent sin-ner Must reach him, and reaching, prevail.

Then is it to show me his an-guish My soul is kept waiting for him?
 Oh, is he but waiting to test me, Or is he e'en now at my side?
 Now will I confide in his promise. That coming I am not cast out,—

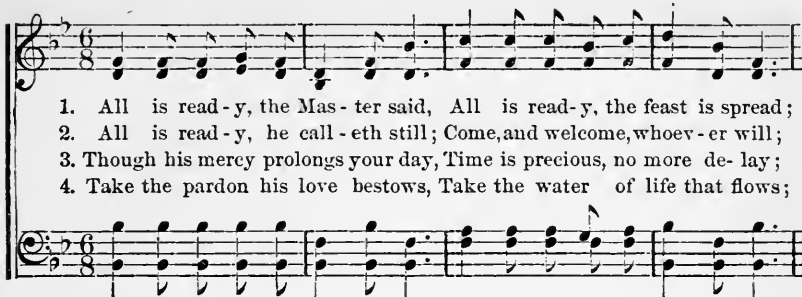
So long have I doubted his mer-cy, The eyes of my faith became dim.
 Dear Saviour, I pray thee to ent-er, The door of my heart opens wide.
 And tho' I may wait for the vis-ion, His pardon no longer I doubt.

All is Ready.

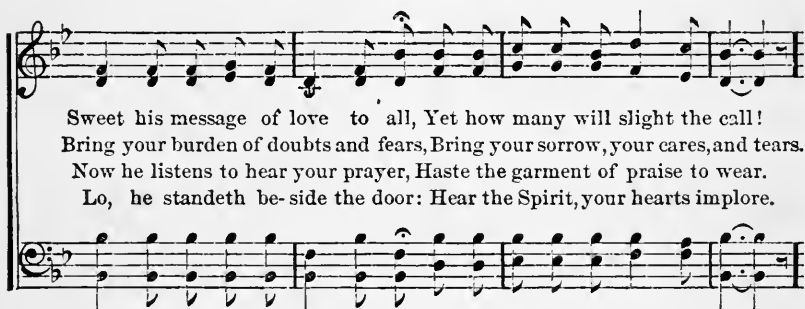
43

SALLIE L. SMITH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

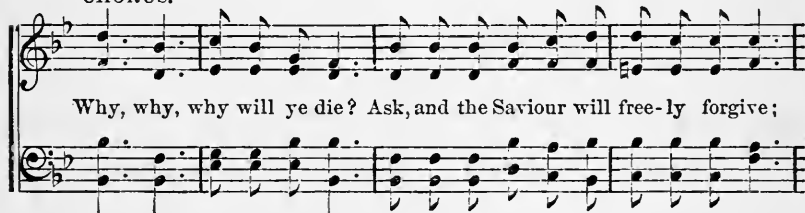


1. All is read-y, the Mas-ter said, All is read-y, the feast is spread;
2. All is read-y, he call-eth still; Come, and welcome, whoev-er will;
3. Though his mercy prolongs your day, Time is precious, no more de-lay;
4. Take the pardon his love bestows, Take the water of life that flows;

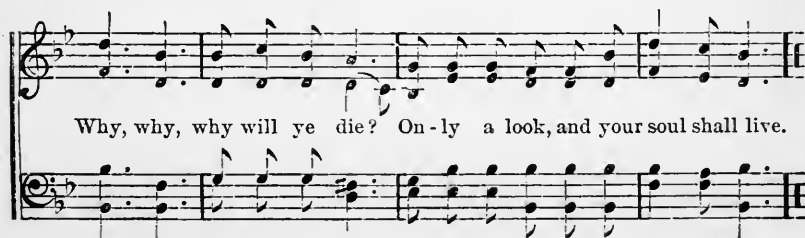


Sweet his message of love to 'all, Yet how many will slight the call!
Bring your burden of doubts and fears, Bring your sorrow, your cares, and tears.
Now he listens to hear your prayer, Haste the garment of praise to wear.
Lo, he standeth be-side the door: Hear the Spirit, your hearts implore.

CHORUS.



Why, why, why will ye die? Ask, and the Saviour will free-ly forgive;



Why, why, why will ye die? On-ly a look, and your soul shall live.

The House of the Lord.

E. A. BARNES.

Psalm cxxii, 1.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Here in the house of the Lord I find the narrow way, And here I find the
 2. Here in the house of the Lord I find the hope divine, And with my sins all
 3. Here in the house of the Lord I'm always glad to be, For here I find the

blessed light That shines for all, to-day; Here I see his lift-ed cross, To
 blotted out, I know this hope is mine; Here I find this safe retreat, The
 sinner's friend, Who died to ransom me; Here I gave my earthly life To

which in faith I eling, And thus, believing in his name, My heart will ever sing.
 shelter of his wing, And thus, rejoicing in his love, My heart will ever sing.
 serve the Lord and King, And thus, with faith to guide me on, My heart will ever sing.

CHORUS.

I was glad, I was glad, I was glad when they said unto me, unto me,

Let us go, let us go, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Worthy to be Praised.

45

E. E. HEWITT.

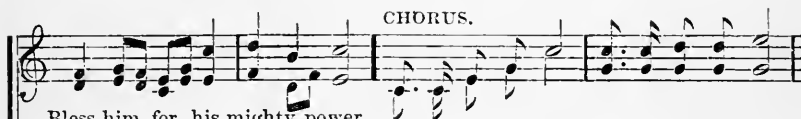
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Worth-y to be praised is God my Fa-ther; He is my De-liv - 'rer,
2. Worth-y to be praised is God my Sav-iour; Praise him for his mercy.—
3. Worth-y to be praised! the chant unend - ing Rings from angel cho - rus

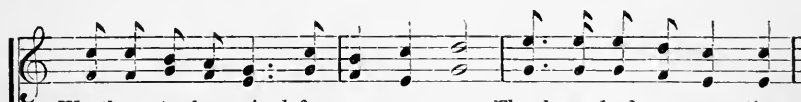
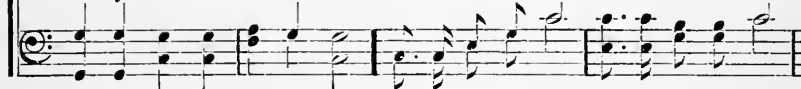


my High Tower; He my Strength and Buckler, Horn of my sal - va - tion:
boundless love; 'Twas his strong arm drew me out of "ma - ny wa - ters,"
round the throne; Yet for his redemp - tion human voices praise him:

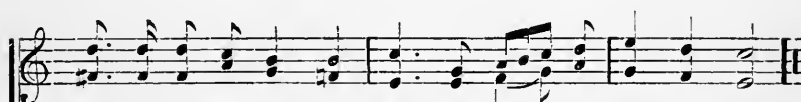


CHORUS.

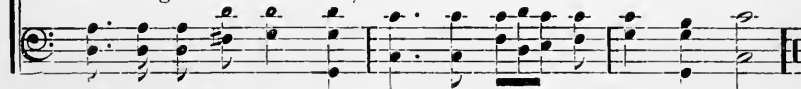
Bless him for his mighty power.
Brought me to a "wealthy place." Worthy to be praised, worthy to be praised,
Glo - ry to our God a - lone!



Worthy to be praised for - ev - er - more; Thanks and ad - or - a - tion



for his great sal - va - tion; Praise his name for - ev - er - more.



One in Thee.

1. My faith, inspired with rapture, sings Thy grace, O Lord, to me;
 2. The path of life and perfect peace Thy grace unfolds to me;
 3. I look beyond the swelling tide, Where soon my rest will be;
 4. And calm as now, without a storm, My closing hour will be;

Thy grace, that saves from ev - 'ry sin, And makes me one in thee.
 No fear can harm, no care a - larm, For I am one in thee.
 My hope is bright, my an - chor sure, For I am one in thee.
 Thy grace will bring me safe - ly home, For I am one in thee.

CHORUS.

'Tis all of grace, thy gift so free,
 'Tis all of grace, thy gift so free,

That I am one, O Lord, in thee.
 That I am one, that I am one, O Lord, in thee.
 That I am one, that I am one, O Lord, in thee.

Saviour, Hear My Call.

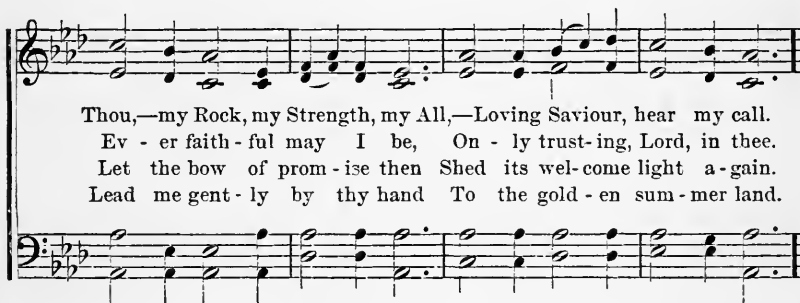
47

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

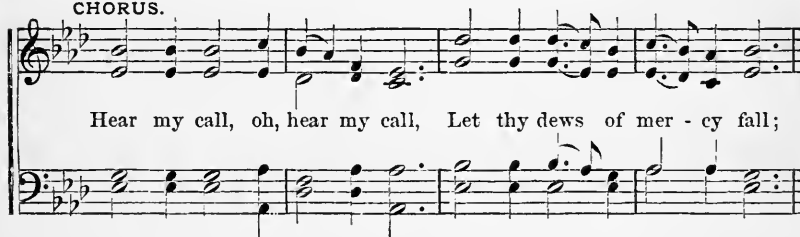


1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, com-fort me, Draw thy wea - ry child to thee;
2. Con - secrate this heart of mine Thro' thy precious blood di-vine;
3. When the storm - y bil - lows roll, Let thy glo - ry fill my soul,
4. Leave me not, my life, my own, In this drear - y world a-lone;

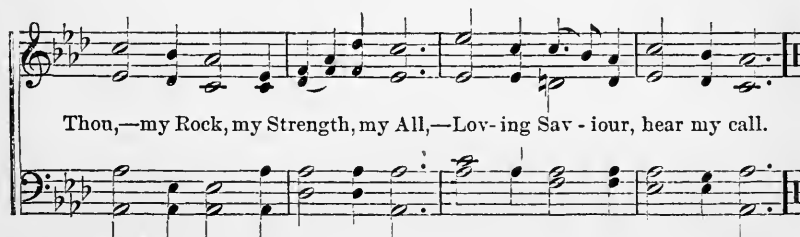


Thou,—my Rock, my Strength, my All,—Loving Saviour, hear my call.
Ev - er faith - ful may I be, On - ly trust-ing, Lord, in thee.
Let the bow of prom - ise then Shed its wel-come light a-gain.
Lead me gent - ly by thy hand To the gold - en sum - mer land.

CHORUS.



Hear my call, oh, hear my call, Let thy dews of mer - cy fall;

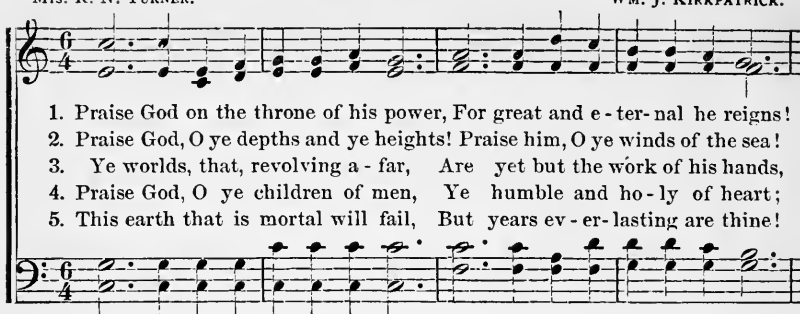


Thou,—my Rock, my Strength, my All,—Lov-ing Sav - iour, hear my call.

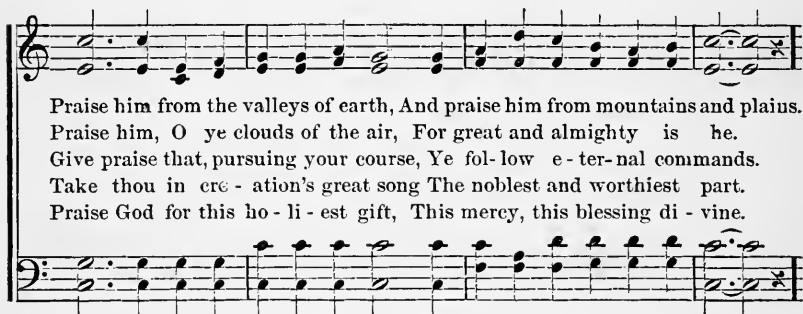
Creation's Hymn of Praise.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Praise God on the throne of his power, For great and e - ter - nal he reigns!
 2. Praise God, O ye depths and ye heights! Praise him, O ye winds of the sea!
 3. Ye worlds, that, revolving a - far, Are yet but the work of his hands,
 4. Praise God, O ye children of men, Ye humble and ho - ly of heart;
 5. This earth that is mortal will fail, But years ev - er - lasting are thine!

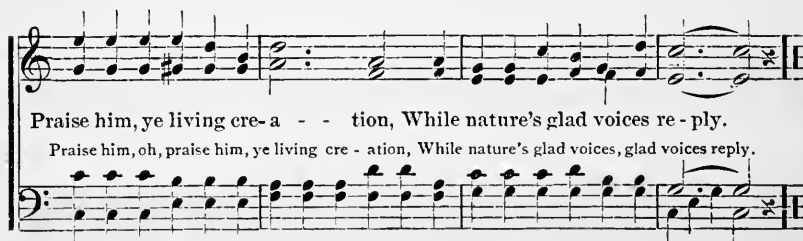


Praise him from the valleys of earth, And praise him from mountains and plains.
 Praise him, O ye clouds of the air, For great and almighty is he.
 Give praise that, pursuing your course, Ye fol - low e - ter - nal commands.
 Take thou in cre - ation's great song The noblest and worthiest part.
 Praise God for this ho - li - est gift, This mercy, this blessing di - vine.

CHORUS.



Praise him who liveth fore - - er, With glory enthroned in the sky;
 Praise him, oh, praise him who liveth for - ev - er, With glo - ry, with glo - ry enthroned in the sky;



Praise him, ye living cre - a - - tion, While nature's glad voices re - ply.
 Praise him, oh, praise him, ye living cre - ation, While nature's glad voices, glad voices reply.

Trusting On.

49

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Lord, with all my heart I praise thee For thy boundless love to me;
 2. Lord, with all my heart I bless thee For the light that cheers my way,
 3. Lord, with all my heart I thank thee For the bliss of answered prayer,
 4. I will praise thee, bless, and thank thee, Trusting on while here I roam,

On the Rock my faith is anchored, On - ly there my trust shall be.
 For the peace that calm-ly flowing Fills my soul from day to day.
 For its power that still upholds me, When my cross is hard to bear.
 Till within our Father's kingdom Thou shalt bid me welcome home.

CHORUS.

Trusting on, . . . thy grace adoring, Trusting on . . . thro' life I'll go;

Trusting on, . . . my hope aspiring More and more thy love to know.

D

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There is joy among the angels, There's a mighty shout of rapture; Far be-
 2. There is joy among the angels By the shining, crystal riv - er, For a
 3. There is ho - ly joy in heaven Higher, pur - er than the angels'; 'Tis the

yond the pearly gates the news has come Of a sinner now repenting, To the
 wand'ring one is safe within the fold; For the Shepherd sought and found him, And the
 Father's heart rejoicing in its love; 'Tis the Saviour-Shepherd singing O'er the

gospel-word consenting,—Of a contrite soul that seeks its better home.
 arms of love are round him; Hear the music grandly ring from harps of gold.
 lost one he is bringing, Bringing to the ev - erlast- ing home a - bove.

CHORUS.

Joy, joy, joy, joy in heaven, Souls are seeking now the living way; There is

Joy, joy, joy, joy among the angels; Join their hallelujah songs to-day. to-day.

In the Kingdom.

51

D. Y. STEPHENS.

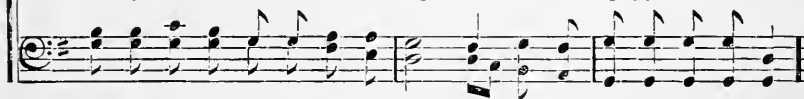
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Oh, the time is fly - ing fast, It will sure - ly end at last, Then
2. Our kind Saviour calls us on, On to join that hap - py throng That
3. When this earth shall pass away, As the mists be - fore the day, Then

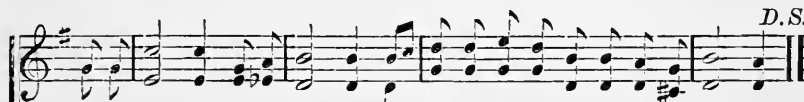
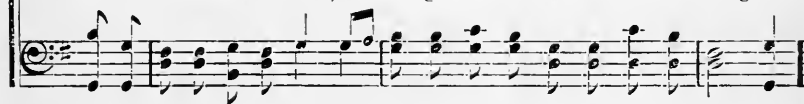


sweet - ly we'll be rest - ing in the kingdom; When the toil of life is o'er,
now is sweetly rest - ing in the kingdom; Bright and fair their faces shine,
sweet - ly we'll be rest - ing in the kingdom; Then how hap - py we shall be



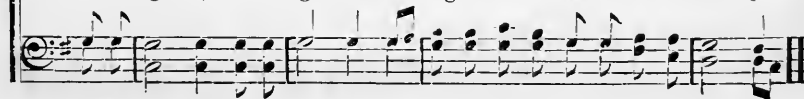
Fine.

We'll meet on the other shore, Then sweetly we'll be resting in the kingdom.
They have crossed the bound'ry line, And now are sweetly resting in the kingdom.
When our Saviour's face we see, When bright and fair we see him in the kingdom.



D. S.

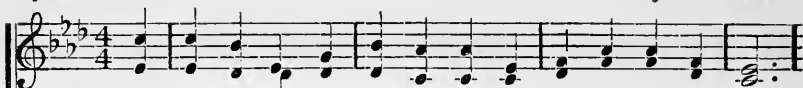
In the kingdom, in the kingdom, Then sweetly we'll be resting in the kingdom;
In the kingdom, in the kingdom. And now are sweetly resting in the kingdom;
In the kingdom, in the kingdom, When bright and fair we see him in the kingdom;





I will not Doubt.

JAMES L. BLACK.


JNO. R. SWENEY.



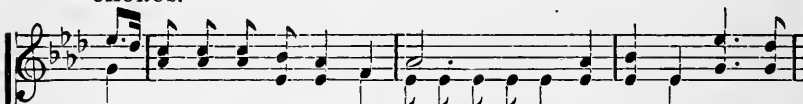
1. I will not doubt my Saviour's love, Who gave his life for me;
 2. I will not doubt my Saviour's hand, That all my life has led,
 3. I will not doubt my Saviour's care, That follows all my days;
 4. I will not doubt that by and by My soul shall dwell in peace

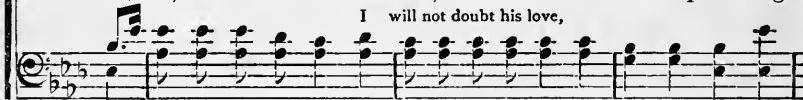
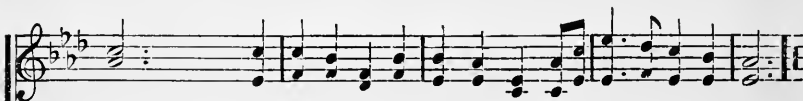
But in his all - a - ton - ing power My joy, my boast shall be.
 And o'er my path in dark - est hour The light of mer - cy shed.
 I know that he is good and just, And kind are all his ways.
 With him, my Saviour and my Lord, Where ev - 'ry doubt shall cease.




CHORUS.



Oh, no, I will not doubt his love, But still keep trusting
 I will not doubt his love,

on ; For there I find the on - ly rock My faith can rest upon.
 still keep trusting on ;



Come to Jesus while You may.

53

Mrs. C. N. PICKOP.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come to Je - sus, trembling sin - ner, With your load of guilt oppressed ;
 2. He is waiting, he is read - y, Ten - der, lov - ing words to say ;
 3. Time is fly - ing, do not tar - ry, Haste, while it is called to - day !
 4. Do not lin - ger, do not tri - fle, Heed your loving Saviour's call ;

Come to Je - sus, he will save you, Come, and he will give you rest.
 Will you not ac - cept his bless - ing? Give your heart to him to - day?
 Can you spurn his ten - der plead - ing? Can you turn this friend a - way?
 In his ten - der heart there's mer - cy, In his arms there's room for all.

CHORUS.

Come to Je - - - sus, come to Je - - - sus, Wea - ry
 Come, oh, come to - day, come, oh, come to - day,

sinner, come to Jesus while you may; He will save you, he will
 He will save to - day,

save you, Wea - ry sinner, he will save you, come to - day. come to - day.
 he will save to - day,

Pass it On.

Rev. HENRY BURTON, A. M.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on, pass it on! 'Twas not
 2. Did you hear the lov - ing word? Pass it on, pass it on! Like the
 3. Have you found the heavenly light? Pass it on, pass it on! Souls are

given for thee alone, Pass it on, pass it on! Let it trav-el down the
 sing-ing of a bird? Pass it on, pass it on! Let its mu-sic live and
 groping in the night, Daylight gone, daylight gone! Hold your lighted lamp on

years, Let it wipe an-oth-er's tears; Till in heaven the deed appears
 grow, Let it cheer an-oth-er's woe; You have reaped what others sow,
 high, Be a star in some one's sky, He may live who else would die,
D.S.—Christ, you live a-gain, Live for him, with him you reign,

Fine. CHORUS.

Pass it on, pass it on! Pass it on, pass it on! Cheerful

D.S.
 word or lov-ing deed, Pass it on, Live for self, you live in vain; Live for

Far, far from Home.

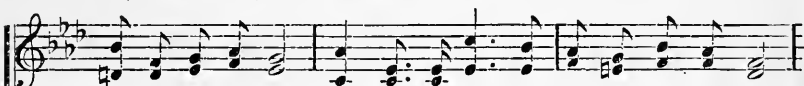
55

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



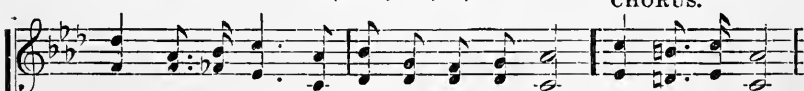
1. Far, far from home, an ex-ile on the deep, Thou hast no chart thy
2. Far, far from home, where storms relentless sweep, Where billows roll and
3. Far, far from home, and wilder grows the night; Thou hast refused the
4. O trembling heart, behold thy Saviour near,—Thy pleading cry has



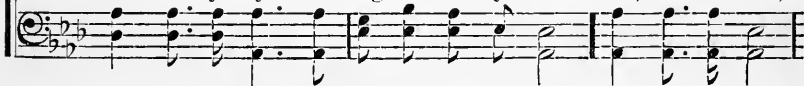
vessel's course to keep; Dark is the path, and dark-er yet may be,—
sur-ges nev-er sleep, Tossed to and fro on danger's reckless wave,
true and on-ly light; But look again where first its beams were shed,
reached his gracious ear; Faith guides thee now, and o'er the ocean's foam



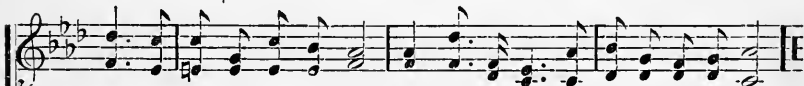
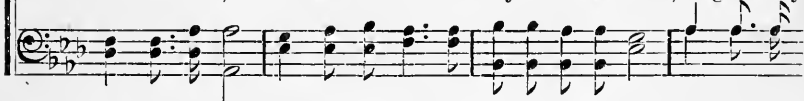
CHORUS.



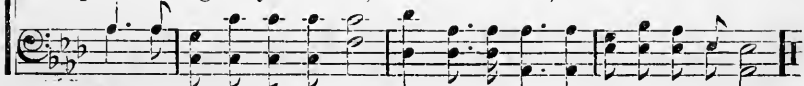
Dream as thou wilt, there is no rest for thee. No rest for thee,
Oh, turn to him whose power a-lone can save. No rest, etc.
Look and be saved ere hope's last spark has fled. No rest, etc.
Her stead-y ray will bring thee safe-ly home. Rest, rest for thee,



no rest for thee, O wand'rer lost up-on a treach'rous sea; Away from
sweet rest for thee, Trust now in him whose mercy makes thee free; Bright is thy



God, where will thy anchor be? Without his love there is no rest for thee.
path and brighter yet will be; O soul redeemed, there is a rest for thee.



Bless the Lord, My Soul.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Praise him for his glo - ry, praise him for his grace, For his help a -
 2. Praise for free forgiveness, power which makes us whole, For his touch of
 3. Praise him for the tri - als sent as cords of love, Binding us more

dapted to each time and place, For his promised presence all the pilgrim way,
 healing, strengthening the soul, For his gifts of kindness and his loving care,
 closely to the things above, For the faith that conquers, hope that naught can dim,

CHORUS.

For the flaming pillar, and the cloud by day. Praise . . . him, shining
 For the blest assurance that he answers prayer.
 For the land where loved ones gather home to him. Praise him, shining angels, on your

an - gels, on . . . your harps of gold, All . . . his hosts a -
 harps of gold, Praise him, shining angels, on your harps of gold, All his hosts adore him who his

dore him who . . . his face behold, Thro' . . . his great do -
 face be-hold, All his hosts adore him who his face behold, Thro' his great dominion, while the

min - ion, while . . . the ag - es roll, All his works shall
ag - es roll, Thro' his great domin - ion, while the ag - es roll,

praise him, all his works shall praise him,
All his works shall praise him; bless the Lord, my soul.

More Like Jesus.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. "Even Christ pleased not himself"—Rom. xv. 3. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Steps are before me, dear Sav-iour. Marking the path thou hast trod;
2. Dai-ly thy work was appoint-ed, Wrought by no hand but thine own;
3. Burdens were laid on thy shoulders, Meekly thou suffered the cross;
4. Not for thyself, but for oth - ers. Living and dy-ing for love;

Fine.

So would my feet be progress-ing Upward and on-ward to God.
So in my field I would la - bor, Tho' it be small and un - known.
So would I take up my tri - als, Counting them gain and not loss.
So would I dai-ly be spend-ing, Till I shall meet thee a - bove.

D.S.—Born in thine image, and growing More and more like un - to thee.

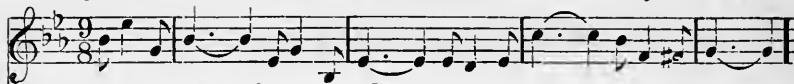
CHORUS. *D.S.*

More of thy likeness, dear Saviour, Less of my-self I would see;

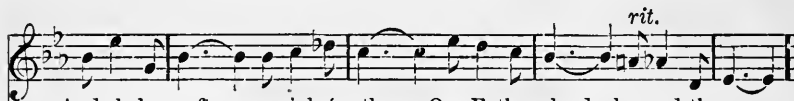
Our Fatherland.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



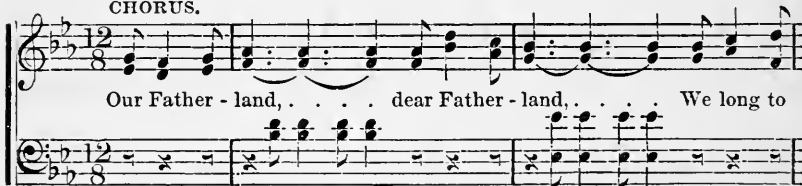
1. Our Fatherland, thy name so dear Our souls repeat while strangers here;
2. Above the stars, above the skies, Thy tow'ring hills majestic rise;
3. There Jesus reigns, our Saviour-King, And one by one his own will bring,
4. No tears shall dim, no pain destroy The light of peace, the smile of joy;



And oh, how oft we sigh for thee, Our Father-land beyond the sea.
 Thy sunny fields with verdure glow, And fadeless flowers in beauty grow.
 Thy songs to join, thy bliss to share, O Father-land, our Zi-on fair.
 No more we'll clasp the parting hand Within thy gates, our Father-land.



CHORUS.



rit.

band, . . . In thy sweet vales, . . . dear Fa-ther-land. . .
dear Fa-ther-land.

Fresh Springs.

E. E. HEWITT.
DUET.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Fresh springs so ho - ly, All need - ed power Find we in
2. Fresh springs of com - fort In des - erts dry, Till spring-time
3. Fresh springs in Je - sus, Source of all grace; Where fruits are

Je - sus, New for each hour. Fresh springs of mer - cy,
ver - dure Glad - dens the eye. Wells of sal - va - tion,
rich - est, His life we trace. Fresh springs in glo - ry,

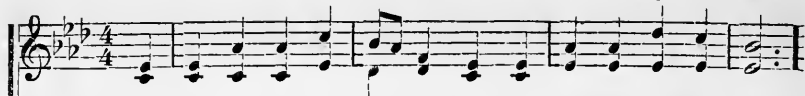
rit.

Bless - ing our days With glist'ning joy - drops, Bright rills of praise.
Riv - ers of peace, Pure, liv - ing wa - ters, Flow and in - crease.
Fill - ing the soul, When waves of rap - ture End - less - ly roll.

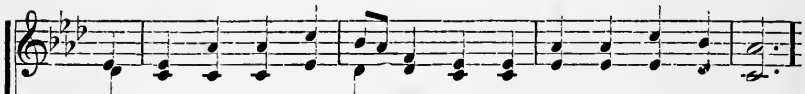
Calling Thee.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



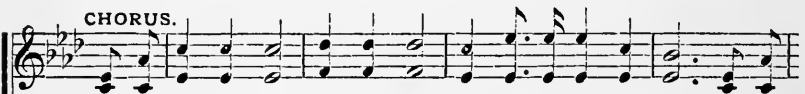
1. The heavenly Fa-ther calls for thee, O wayward, sin-ful child,
2. His voice is speaking to thy soul; The Spir-it strives within;
3. O wondrous love that calls us home! O height and depth of grace!
4. The blessed home-light shines beyond, And o - pen is the way;



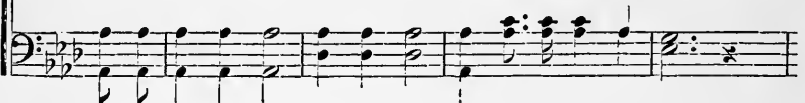
And asks thee in his gracious Word To come,—be re - con-ciled.
 He bids thee turn to him this hour; He'll par-don all thy sin.
 O sweet, constrain-ing power that draws Our hearts to seek his face!
 'Tis sprinkled with the Saviour's blood: Come, ent-er it to - day.



CHORUS.



He is call-ing thee, call-ing thee, Home to a Father's love; He is



call-ing thee to a "ti - tle clear," To a man-sion built a - bove.



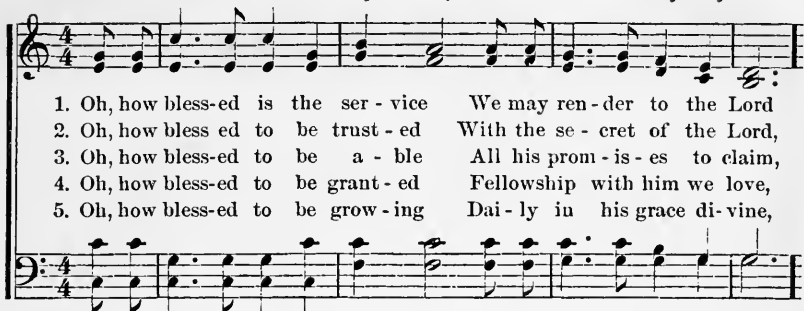
Friends, Not Servants.

61

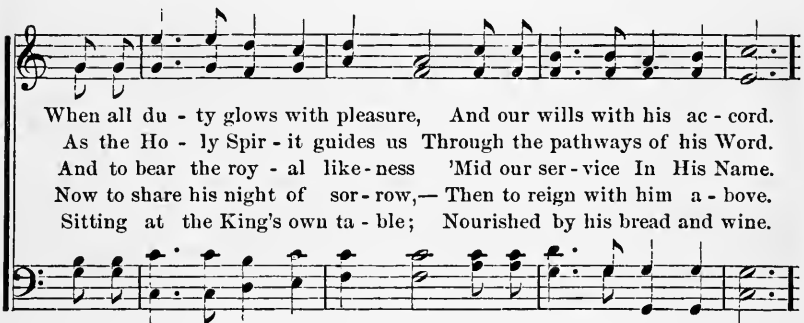
F. G. BURROUGHS.

John xv. 15.

JOHN J. HOOD.

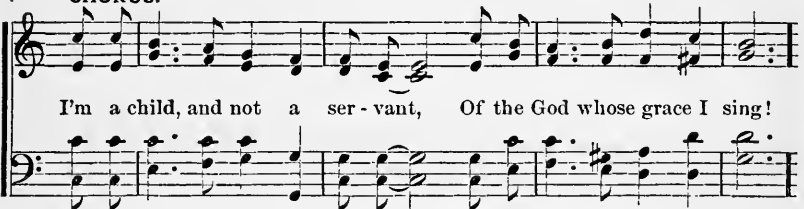


1. Oh, how bless-ed is the ser - vice We may ren - der to the Lord
 2. Oh, how bless-ed to be trust - ed With the se - cret of the Lord,
 3. Oh, how bless-ed to be a - ble All his prom - is - es to claim,
 4. Oh, how bless-ed to be grant - ed Fellowship with him we love,
 5. Oh, how bless-ed to be grow - ing Dai - ly in his grace di - vine,



When all du - ty glows with pleasure, And our wills with his ac - cord.
 As the Ho - ly Spir - it guides us Through the pathways of his Word.
 And to bear the roy - al like - ness 'Mid our ser - vice In His Name.
 Now to share his night of sor - row,— Then to reign with him a - bove.
 Sitting at the King's own ta - ble; Nourished by his bread and wine.

CHORUS.



I'm a child, and not a ser - vant, Of the God whose grace I sing!

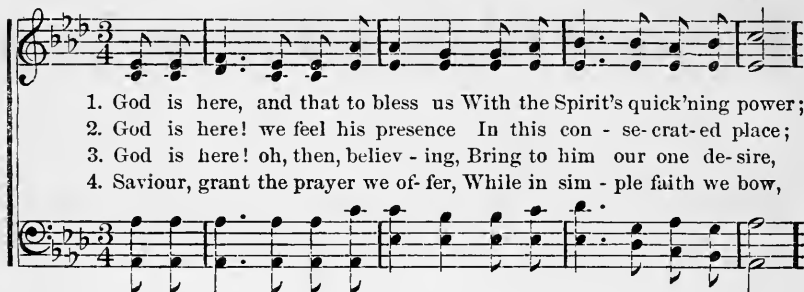


I'm an heir of life e - ter - nal,— I'm the friend of Christ my King!

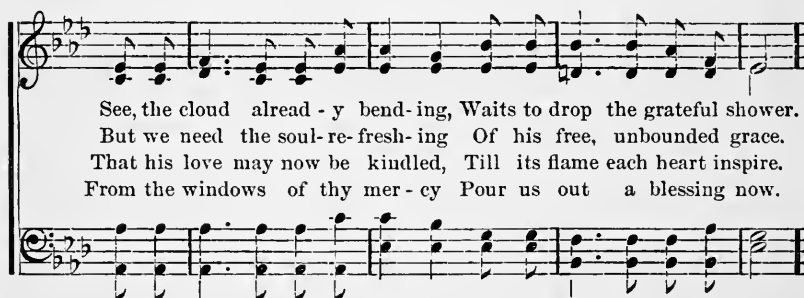
Revive the Hearts of All.

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

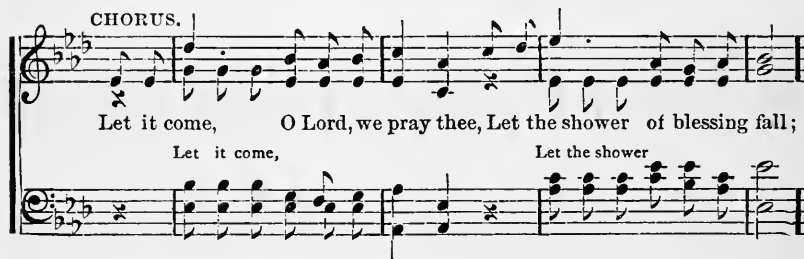


1. God is here, and that to bless us With the Spirit's quick'ning power;
 2. God is here! we feel his presence In this con - se - crat - ed place;
 3. God is here! oh, then, believ - ing, Bring to him our one de - sire,
 4. Saviour, grant the prayer we of - fer, While in sim - ple faith we bow,

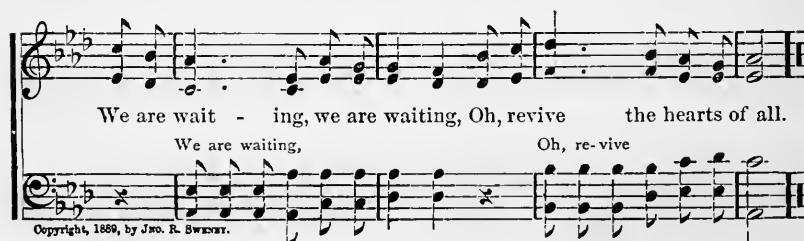


See, the cloud ahead - y bend - ing, Waits to drop the grateful shower.
 But we need the soul - re - fresh - ing Of his free, unbounded grace.
 That his love may now be kindled, Till its flame each heart inspire.
 From the windows of thy mer - cy Pour us out a blessing now.

CHORUS.



Let it come, O Lord, we pray thee, Let the shower of blessing fall;
 Let it come, Let the shower



We are wait - ing, we are waiting, Oh, revive the hearts of all.
 We are waiting, Oh, re - vive

How Long?

63

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

P. BILHORN. By per.

1. To-day the Redeem-er is call-ing, He of-fers his pardon and love,
 2. The world and its pleasures are pleading, The tempter is making his claim,
 3. Why linger in Satan's dominions? Your doubt and your waiting are vain,

He's "a-ble to keep you from falling, Presenting you faultless" a - bove.
 But Je-sus is now in-ter-ced-ing, And longing to call you by name.
 Fear not to meet scorn and deri-sion, The Saviour will keep and sustain.

CHORUS.

How long will you keep Jesus waiting? To-day he commands you to choose;

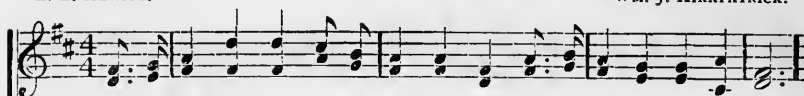
He of-fers a perfect sal-va-tion, And you must accept or re - fuse.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>4 How soon will you make the decision?
 Oh, what will you gain by delay?
 While halting between two opinions,
 Your life is fast passing away.</p> | <p>5 'Tis Jesus the Lord and Redeemer
 Who asks you this moment to choose;
 Be earnest, O trifer and dreamer!
 A kingdom and crown you may lose.</p> |
|---|--|

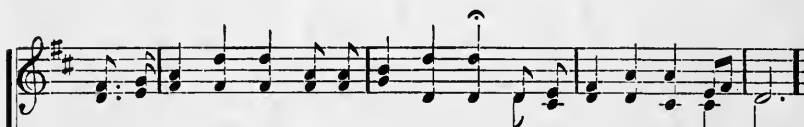
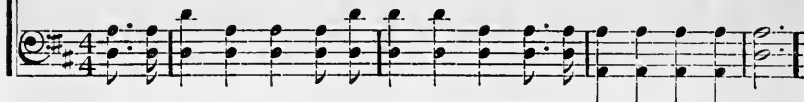
There's a Place for Me.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. There's a place for me at the Saviour's cross, When in sorrow bending low ;
2. There's a place for me at the mer-cy seat, When in Jesus' name I plead,
3. There's a place for me in his harvest field, And a work for me to do,
4. There's a place for me in the Father's house, There are mansions bright and fair,

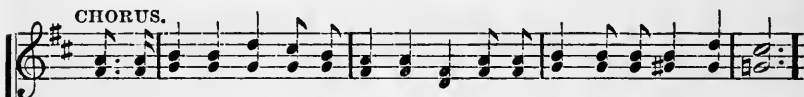


There is cleansing power in the precious blood; There's salvation in its flow.
When I lift my eyes to the throne above, Where he lives to in-ter-cede.

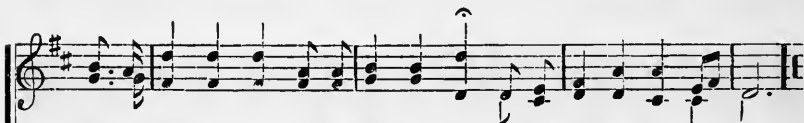
If I love the Lord who redeemed my soul, Let me serve him truly, too.
With my robes made white thro' his saving blood, There's a crown for me to wear.



CHORUS.



There's a place for me, blessed place for me, At the cross where my Saviour died;



There's a place for me in his lov-ing breast; Ever there may I a-bide.




Jesus, Love Me Still.

65

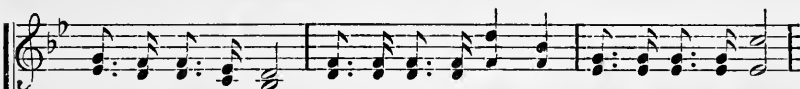
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

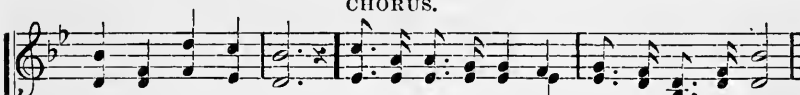


1. Oh, what utter weakness fills this soul of mine! How my frequent stumblings
 2. Man - y are the failures in my life I see; Man - y are the frailties
 3. Pi - ty me, dear Je - sus, if I sometimes fall; I among thy servants



wound thy heart di-vine! Count me not unworth-y, Jesus, keep me thine;
 cling-ing un - to me; Yet, O precious Saviour, smile complacent-ly,
 am the least of all; Weak-est of the weak ones who up-on thee call;

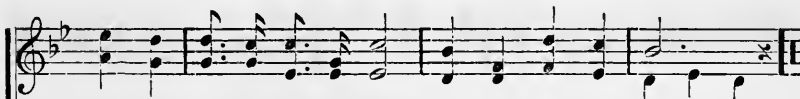
CHORUS.



Je - sus, love me still. Oh, what tender mercy! oh, what wondrous love!
 Love and bless me still.
 Je - sus, love me still.



Oh, what rich compas - sion hails me from a - bove; How can I but

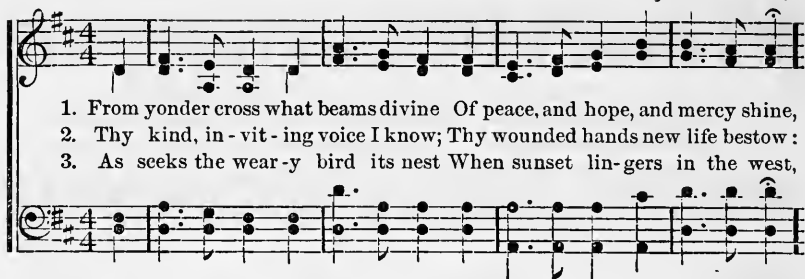


love thee, and thy grace a-dore! Oh, to love thee more!
 love thee more!

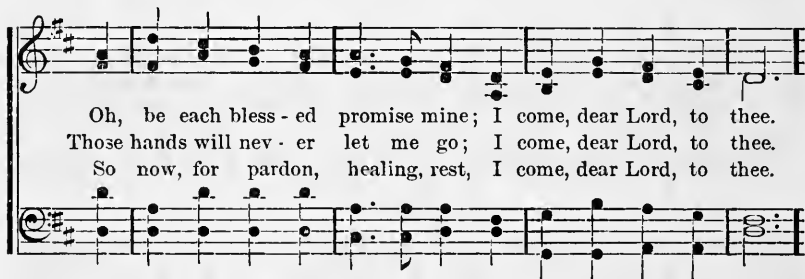
I Come to Thee.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. From yonder cross what beams divine Of peace, and hope, and mercy shine,
 2. Thy kind, in - vit - ing voice I know; Thy wounded hands new life bestow :
 3. As seeks the wear-y bird its nest When sunset lin-gers in the west,



Oh, be each bless - ed promise mine; I come, dear Lord, to thee.
 Those hands will nev - er let me go; I come, dear Lord, to thee.
 So now, for pardon, healing, rest, I come, dear Lord, to thee.

CHORUS.



I come to thee, I come to thee; Thine out-stretched arms I see;



I come to thee, I come to thee, Dear Lord, who died for me.

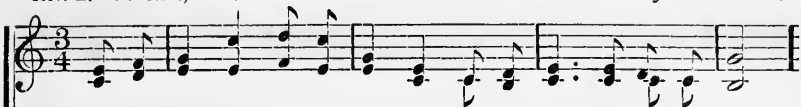
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>4 'Midst pressing care and daily need
 Thy overruling love I read,
 For help, thy "present held," I plead;
 I come, dear Lord, to thee.</p> | <p>5 In weakness be my mighty Tower,
 My Refuge in temptation's hour;
 My brightest joy when blessings
 I come, dear Lord, to thee. [showers;</p> |
|--|---|

Jesus Loves Me.

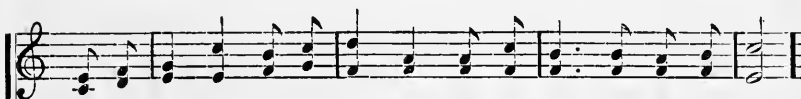
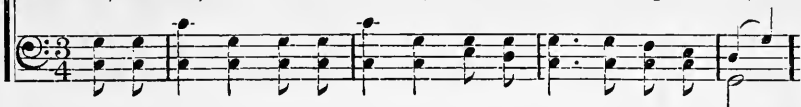
67

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

JNO R. SWENEY.



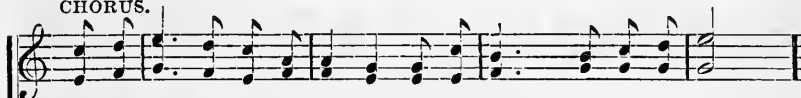
1. Je-sus loves me, fond-ly loves me, With a love broad as the sky;
2. Shall I give my soul to Je-sus? Answer quick-ly, O my soul!
3. Oh, how free-ly Je-sus suf-fered, Suffered deep and suffered long;
4. Yes, at once, now and for-ev-er, All I am and hope to be;



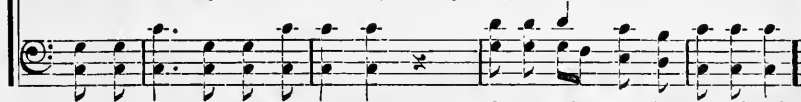
Je-sus loves me, fond-ly loves me, With a love which can-not die.
Shall I give my soul to Je-sus Long as end-less a-ges roll?
And shall I not suf-fer for him, Tho' like him I suf-fer wrong?
Whol-ly thine, O bless-ed Je-sus, Thine for all e-ter-ni-ty.



CHORUS.



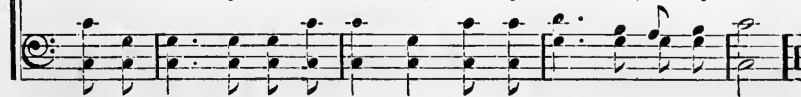
Je-sus loves my soul im-mor-tal, O my soul, im-mor-tal soul!



O my soul, my im-mor-tal soul!



Je-sus loves my soul im-mor-tal, Fond-ly loves thee, O my soul.



Tell it Out with Gladness.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

1. Are you hap-py in the Lord, Tell it out with gladness; Are you
 2. Are you walking in the light, Tell it out with gladness; Is your
 3. Do you love the place of prayer, Tell it out with gladness; Do you

trusting in his word, Tell it out with gladness; If a Saviour's love you feel,
 hope of glory bright, Tell it out with gladness; Have you perfect peace within,
 find a blessing there, Tell it out with gladness; While your thoughts on Jesus dwell,

Can your soul its power conceal? To the world your joy reveal, Tell it
 Are you try-ing still to win Constant victory o-ver sin, Tell it
 Does your soul with rapture swell? Can you say that all is well? Tell it

CHORUS.
 out with gladness. Tell it out, tell it out, tell it out with gladness, Tell it

out, tell it out, tell it out with gladness, Tell the world . . . the joy you
 world the joy you feel, tell the

feel, Tell it out, tell it out with glad - ness.
world the joy you feel,

Holy Spirit.

L. W. MUNHALL.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Teach - er thou! In hu - mil - i - ty we bow;
2. Com - fort - er in - deed thou art, Speak to ev - 'ry ach - ing heart;
3. Sent to be our Guide to - day, Walk - ing in the nar - row way;
4. Teach - er, Com - fort - er, and Guide, Ev - er in our hearts a - bide;

CHORUS.

Come, perform thine of - fice now, Teach us al - way. Ho - ly
Let us nev - er from thee part, Com - fort al - way.
From it may we nev - er stray, Guide us al - way.
And, whatev - er may be - tide, Help us al - way.

Spir - it, Teach us al - way; Com - fort, guide, and help us al - way.

The Lord is Good.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Unfold in beau-ty, flowers of spring, Unto your Maker's praise, Whose
2. Oh, sing his praise, dear, happy birds, And warble to his love, Who
3. The mighty waves, the wintry gale, The snow-flakes pure and white, All

breath is in the soft, south wind, Who sends the sunny days, And
clothes the trees with summer green, Who lights the skies a - bove; The
bear their part in that grand hymn In which his works u - nite; Much

let the sparkling, rippling rill Tell, as it on-ward flows, Our
orchard bloom, the pasture's smile, The riches of the field, Show
more, dear Lord, shall human lips And ransomed lives a - gree, As-

God is great, our God is good; His hand all good be - stows,
forth the glo - ry of our God, And glad thankgiv - ing yield.
crib - ing wis - dom, power, and might, And glory un - to thee.

CHORUS.

The Lord is good, is good to all; His ten-der mer-cies see:

In all his works, in all his ways, Praise him e-ter-nal-ly!

My Jesus Still Saves Me.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The world was like a storm-y night, My heart a trou-bled sea,
2. He holds me in a lov-ing clasp While billows on-ward roll;
3. Now all my sins are backward cast, All hid-den in the sea;
4. O praise the Lord whose wondrous love Searched thro' the depths for me;

ad lib. *Fine.*
I cried in an-guish and af-fright, O Je-sus, Lord, save me.
They can-not break that might-y grasp; His peace is in my soul.
His mer-cy can-cels all the past And keeps me pure and free.
And I shall scale the heights a-bove His glo-rious face to see.

D.S.—ev'-ry day with joy I say, My Je-sus still saves me.

CHORUS.

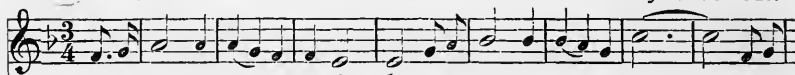
D.S.

He heard my prayer, he calmed the sea, He sought the depths to rescue me; And

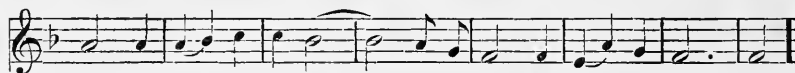
There's a Hand Held Out.

M. W. MORSE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



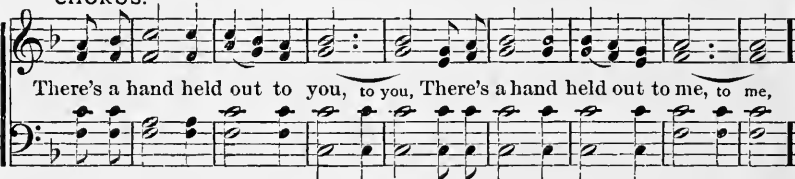
1. There's a hand held out in pi-ty, There's a hand held out in love; It will
 2. Oh, how gently will it lead us! Oh, how tender is its touch! 'Tis the
 3. Yes, 'tis love to me, a sin-ner, Prompts this hand to reach so low, Striving
 4. Shall I, to this hand extended, Pay no heed as it in-vites? Shall my



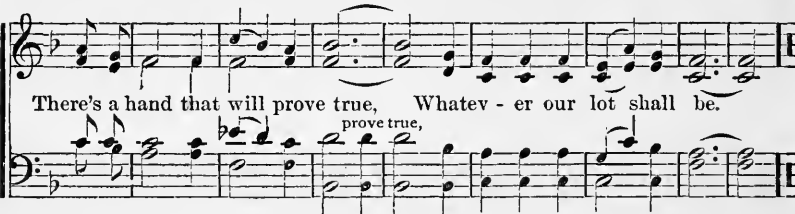
pi-lot to the ci-ty, Where our Father dwells a-bove.
 bless-ed hand of Je-sus; We all need it, oh, so much!
 thus to be the win-ner, Ere I reap what I shall sow.
 Sav-iour be of-fend-ed, Give I not to him his rights?



CHORUS.



There's a hand held out to you, to you, There's a hand held out to me, to me,



There's a hand that will prove true, Whatev-er our lot shall be.
 prove true,

- 5 Nay, I would this proffered hand take, Knowing that it leads aright;
 Yes, I would this loving choice make; Trusting in his love and might.
- 6 Then, as hand in hand together
 With my Saviour, with my Friend,
 With my Christ, my Elder Brother,
 Let him lead till life shall end.

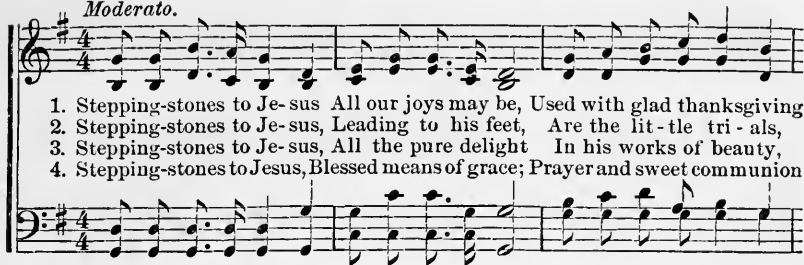
Stepping-stones to Jesus.

73

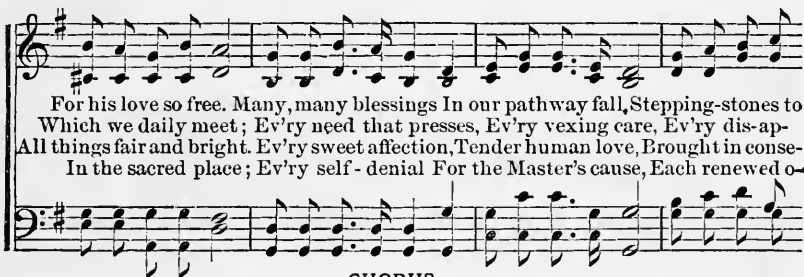
E. E. HEWITT.

Moderato.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

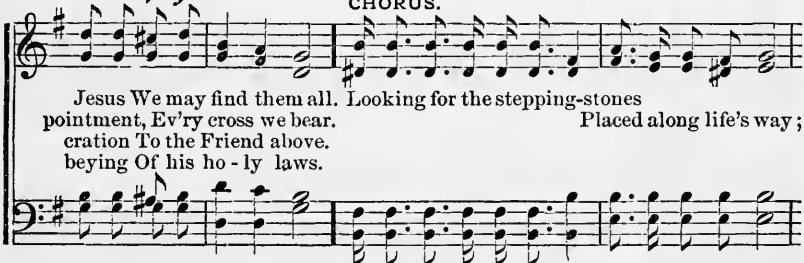


1. Stepping-stones to Je-sus All our joys may be, Used with glad thanksgiving
2. Stepping-stones to Je-sus, Leading to his feet, Are the lit-tle tri-als,
3. Stepping-stones to Je-sus, All the pure delight In his works of beauty,
4. Stepping-stones to Jesus, Blessed means of grace; Prayer and sweet communion

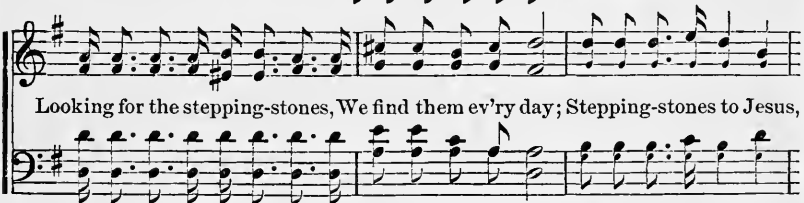


For his love so free. Many, many blessings In our pathway fall, Stepping-stones to
Which we daily meet; Ev'ry need that presses, Ev'ry vexing care, Ev'ry dis-ap-
All things fair and bright. Ev'ry sweet affection, Tender human love, Brought in conse-
In the sacred place; Ev'ry self-denial For the Master's cause, Each renewed o-

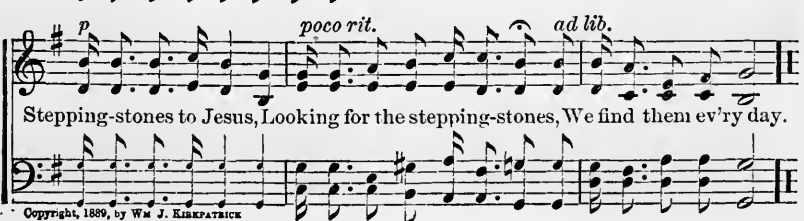
CHORUS.



Jesus We may find them all. Looking for the stepping-stones
pointment, Ev'ry cross we bear. Placed along life's way;
eration To the Friend above.
beying Of his ho-ly laws.



Looking for the stepping-stones, We find them ev'ry day; Stepping-stones to Jesus,



Stepping-stones to Jesus, Looking for the stepping-stones, We find them ev'ry day.

Christ is All.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."

W. A. WILLIAMS.

Effective as a Solo. *Ad lib.*

1 Peter ii. 7.

1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there,
 2. I stood beside a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with aching head,
 3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake,
 4. I saw the gos - pel her - ald go, — To Afrie's sand and Greenland's snow,

Yet peace and joy withal; I asked the lonely mother whence Her helpless
 Wait - ing for Jesus' call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May, And as his
 Nor death his soul appal, I asked him whence his strength was given. He looked tri -
 To save from Satan's thrall, Nor home nor life he counted dear, 'Midst wants and

CHORUS.

widowhood's defense, She told me "Christ was all." Christ is all, all in
 spir - it passed a - way, He whispered, "Christ is all."
 umphant - ly to heaven, And answered, "Christ is all."
 per - ils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."

1st time.

2d time.

all, Yes, Christ is all in all: Yes, Christ is all in all.

5 I dreamed that hoary time had fled,
 And earth and sea gave up their dead,
 A fire dissolved this ball,
 I saw the church's ransomed throng,
 I heard the burden of their song,
 'Twas "Christ is all in all."

6 Then come to Christ, oh, come to-day,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit say;
 The Bride repeats the call,
 For he will cleanse your guilty stains,
 His love will soothe your weary pains,
 For "Christ is all in all."

Draw Me to Thee.

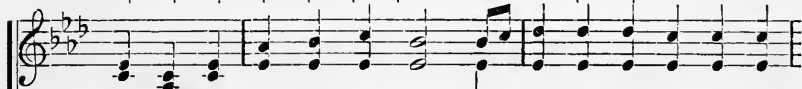
75

E. E. HEWITT.

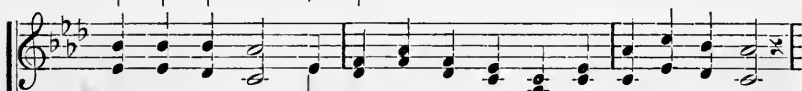
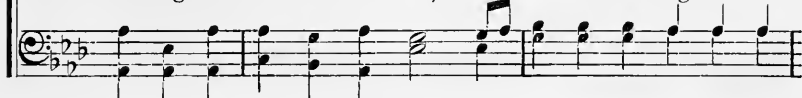
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Dear Saviour, each tri - al but brings me to thee; Thy ten - der com -
2. Dear Saviour, each tri - al but brings me to thee, Thou knowest my
3. Dear Saviour, each tri - al but brings me to thee, "In all points like
4. Dear Saviour, each tri - al but brings me to thee; How soon at thy



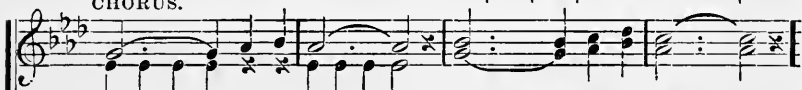
pas - sion my com - fort must be; I fal - ter with weakness, but
 sor - row, my heart thou canst see; Thy power is almight - y, thy
 tempted" thou feel - est for me; Oh, light are the burdens, dear
 bid - ding all trou - ble will flee; No cloud but will brighten when



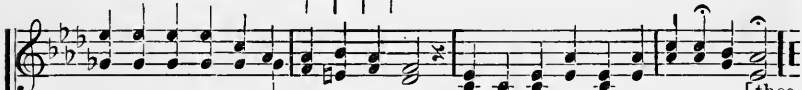
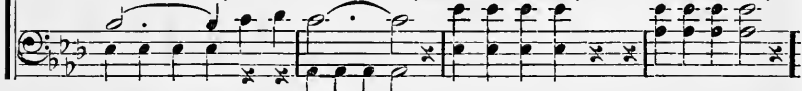
thou art so strong; Oh, help me, dear Saviour, my strength and my song.
 love is my rest, I know thou wilt help me in ways which are best.
 Lord, that I bear, While walking beside thee the load thou wilt share.
 beams thy kind smile, No grief can last long - er than earth's little while.



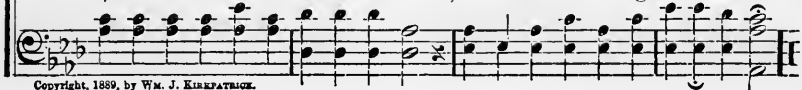
CHORUS.



Draw . . . me to thee, . . . Draw . . . me to thee; . . .
 Draw me to thee, draw me to thee, Draw me to thee, draw me to thee;



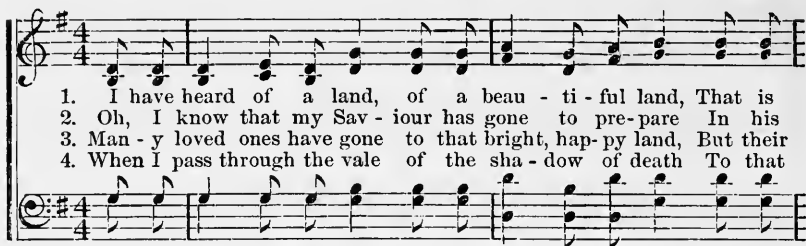
Saviour, who suffered the thorn-crown for me, All must be blessing that leads me to



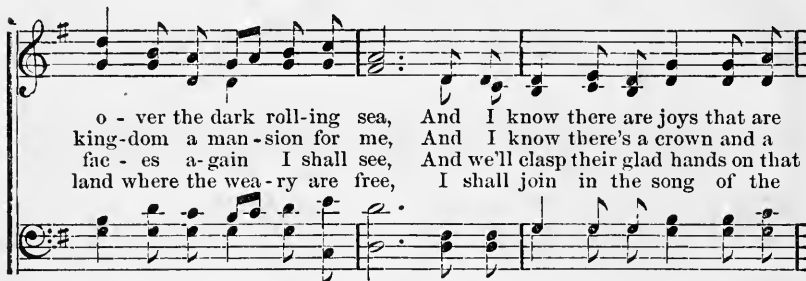
What will the First Greeting be?

P. H. DINGMAN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

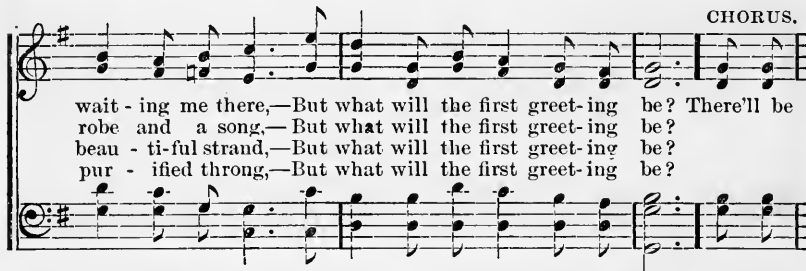


1. I have heard of a land, of a beau - ti - ful land, That is
 2. Oh, I know that my Sav - iour has gone to pre - pare In his
 3. Man - y loved ones have gone to that bright, hap - py land, But their
 4. When I pass through the vale of the sha - dow of death To that

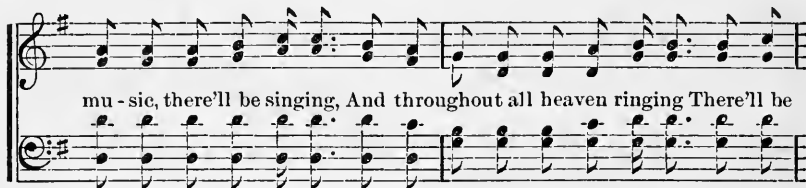


o - ver the dark roll - ing sea, And I know there are joys that are
 king - dom a man - sion for me, And I know there's a crown and a
 fac - es a - gain I shall see, And we'll clasp their glad hands on that
 land where the wea - ry are free, I shall join in the song of the

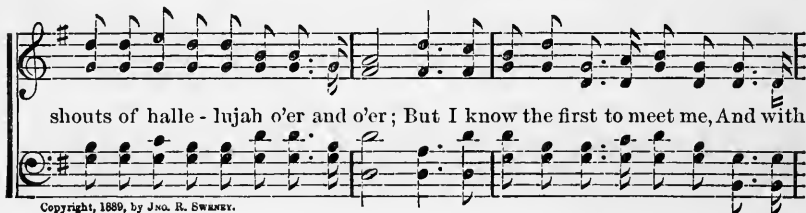
CHORUS.



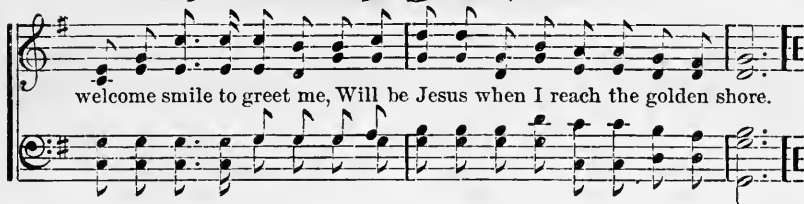
wait - ing me there,—But what will the first greet - ing be? There'll be
 robe and a song,—But what will the first greet - ing be?
 beau - ti - ful strand,—But what will the first greet - ing be?
 pur - i - fied throng,—But what will the first greet - ing be?



mu - sic, there'll be singing, And throughout all heaven ringing There'll be



shouts of halle - lujah o'er and o'er; But I know the first to meet me, And with

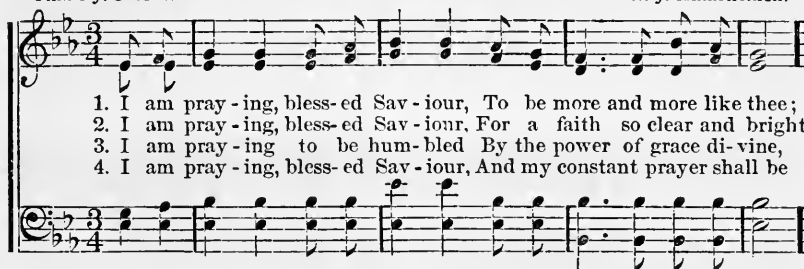


welcome smile to greet me, Will be Jesus when I reach the golden shore.

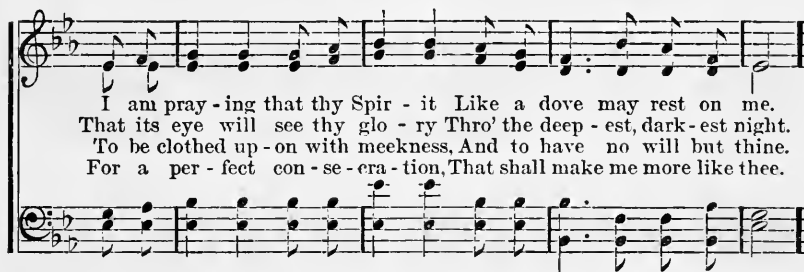
Hear and Answer Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

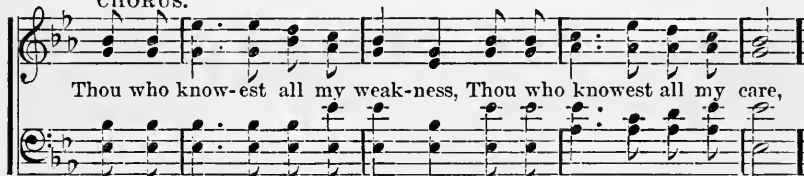


1. I am pray-ing, bless-ed Sav-iour, To be more and more like thee;
2. I am pray-ing, bless-ed Sav-iour, For a faith so clear and bright
3. I am pray-ing to be hum-bled By the power of grace di-vine,
4. I am pray-ing, bless-ed Sav-iour, And my constant prayer shall be

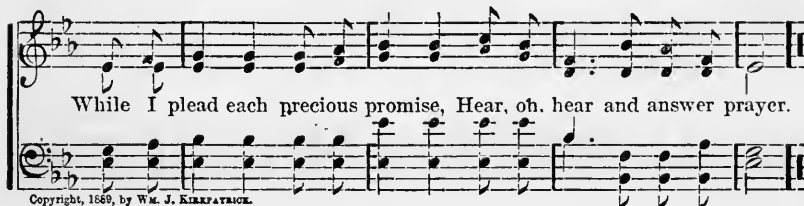


I am pray-ing that thy Spir-it Like a dove may rest on me.
That its eye will see thy glo-ry Thro' the deep-est, dark-est night.
To be clothed up-on with meekness, And to have no will but thine.
For a per-fect con-se-ra-tion, That shall make me more like thee.

CHORUS.



Thou who know-est all my weak-ness, Thou who knowest all my care,



While I plead each precious promise, Hear, oh, hear and answer prayer.

Lead Me, Saviour.

F. M. D.

"For thy name's sake lead me, guide me."—Ps. xxxi. 3.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

With expression.

1. Saviour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent-ly lead me all the way;
 2. Thou the refuge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll,
 3. Saviour, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,

1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly lead me all the way;

I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love abide.
 I am safe when thou art nigh, All my hopes on thee rely.
 To the land of endless day, Where all tears are wiped away.

I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love abide.

CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray; . . .
 lest I stray;

rit. e dim.

Gently down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.
 stream of time, all the way.

Since I Have Been Redeemed.

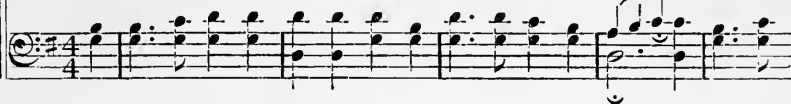
79

E. O. E.

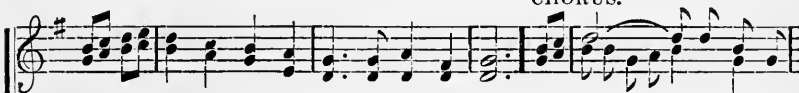
E. O. EXCELL. By per.



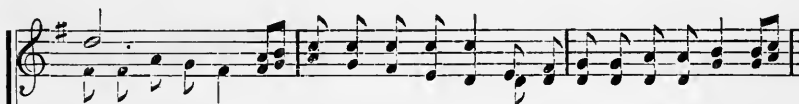
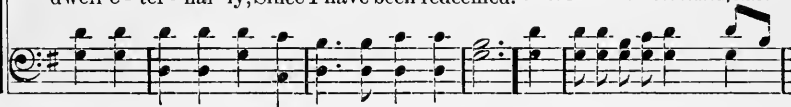
1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been redeemed, Of my Re-
2. I have a Christ that satis-fies, Since I have been redeemed, To do his
3. I have a Witness bright and clear, Since I have been redeemed, Dispelling
4. I have a joy I can't express, Since I have been redeemed, All thro' his
5. I have a home prepared for me, Since I have been redeemed, Where I shall



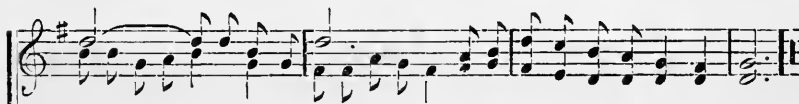
CHORUS.



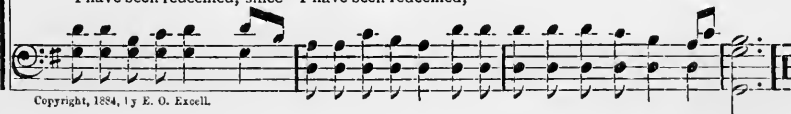
deemer, Saviour King, Since I have been redeemed. Since I . . . have been re-
will my highest prize, Since I have been redeemed.
every doubt and fear, Since I have been redeemed.
blood and righteousness, Since I have been redeemed.
dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been redeemed. Since I have been redeemed, since



deemed, Since I have been redeemed, I will glory in his name, Since
I have been redeemed,



I . . . have been redeemed, I will glory in the Saviour's name.
I have been redeemed, since I have been redeemed,



BESSIE Q. JORDAN.

P. G. FITHIAN.

1. The past we nev - er can un - do, Tho' with thrice bitter tears,
 2. Could we but live it o'er a - gain, How different it should be;
 3. But it is gone be - yond our reach, With all its weight of sin;

And deep - est gloom we it review,—'Tis sealed up with the years.
 We would not have this aw - ful pain Which gnaws so constant - ly.
 And tho' we mourn too deep for speech, 'Twill never come a - gain.

CHORUS.

O Lord, forgive, O Lord, receive, And bless thy err - ing child;

I do repent and now be - lieve That thou art re - con - ciled.

4 But God has given us the now,—
 The past himself will take;
 And if to him in faith we go
 He'll save, for Jesus' sake.

5 No matter what thy past may be,
 Just leave that all with Christ;
 He knows it all, yet calleth thee,
 And bids thee dare to trust.

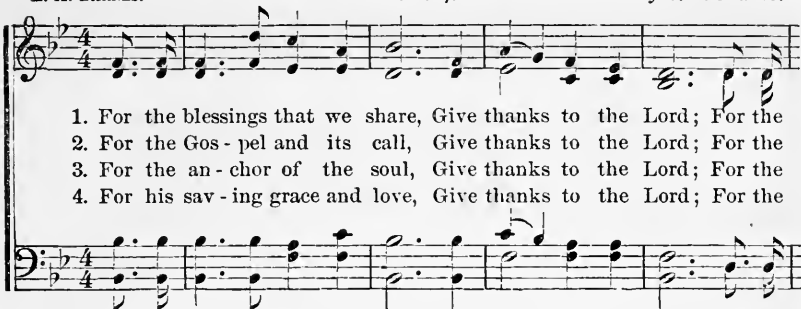
For the Blessings.

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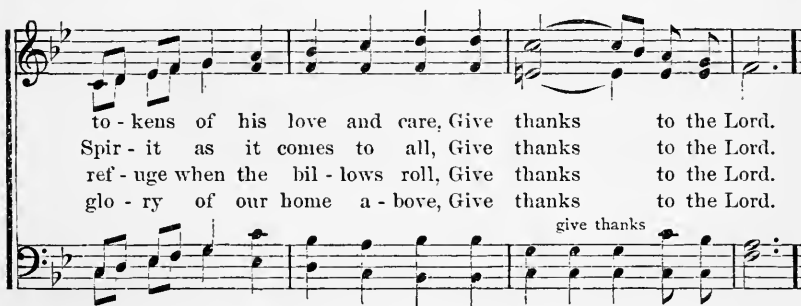
E. A. BARNES.

1 Tim. vi. 17.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

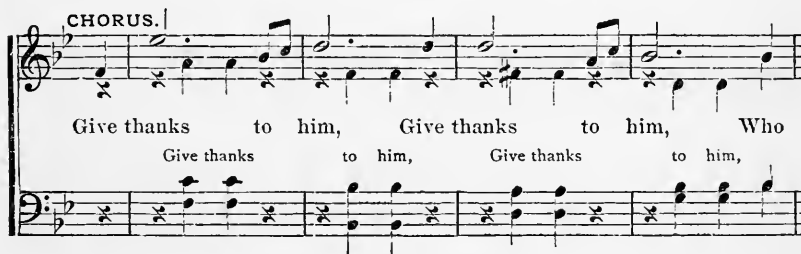


1. For the blessings that we share, Give thanks to the Lord; For the
 2. For the Gos - pel and its call, Give thanks to the Lord; For the
 3. For the an - chor of the soul, Give thanks to the Lord; For the
 4. For his sav - ing grace and love, Give thanks to the Lord; For the



to - kens of his love and care, Give thanks to the Lord.
 Spir - it as it comes to all, Give thanks to the Lord.
 ref - uge when the bil - lows roll, Give thanks to the Lord.
 glo - ry of our home a - bove, Give thanks to the Lord.

CHORUS.



Give thanks to him, Give thanks to him, Who
 Give thanks to him, Give thanks to him,



giv - eth us rich - ly all things to en - joy, Give thanks to him.
 give thanks

Give Thanks.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O give thanks unto the Lord, Give thanks, give thanks! Swell the full, tri-
 2. For the way in which he leads, Give thanks, give thanks! Timely care in
 3. For the greatness of his might, Give thanks, give thanks! All in vain his

um-phant chord, Give thanks! For his wonderful cre - a - tion, For his
 all our needs, Give thanks! Daily bread his hand provid - ing, Pathway
 foes u - nite, Give thanks! For his banner o'er us streaming, For his

glo - rious salvation, Give all praise and adoration, O give thanks, give thanks.
 thro' the seas dividing, Thro' the desert safely guiding, O give thanks, give thanks.
 love upon us beaming, For his grace our souls redeeming, O give thanks, give thanks.

CHORUS.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, For his mer-cy en-

dur-eth for - ev - er; O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good,

For his mercy en-dur-eth for-ev - er, O give thanks, O give thanks.

Work, oh, Work for Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Work, oh, work for Jesus; in his blessed ser-vice There is room for all;
2. Work, oh, work for Jesus; tho' it be in weakness, Claim his mighty power;
3. Work, oh, work for Jesus, tho' thy field of labor Small and humble be;
4. Work, oh, work for Jesus, for each faithful servant His reward shall share;

Something for the youngest, something for the oldest; Who will heed his call?
 He can give us counsel, give us faith and courage, For each try-ing hour.
 There, until the Master bids thee "come up higher," Serve him patiently.
 Happy, happy entrance to the Royal Pal-ace, Crowns of glo-ry there!

CHORUS.

Work, work for Jesus, heed the Master's cry;
 Work, work for Jesus, the hours are flitting by;

Broad the fields of harvest, see how white they lie: Work, go work to-day.

Why Linger?

Mrs. W. L. BROWN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, why do you linger yet long - er? O sinner, to Jesus draw nigh;
 2. The pleasures of earth are delud - ing, They soon, ah, they soon pass away,
 3. The darkness of death will o'ertake you, And life with its pleasures be gone;
 4. Then look to the Saviour for mer - cy, You've only to look and be - lieve;

The Saviour is loving - ly call - ing, "Dear sinner, oh, why will ye die?"
 Thy grasp they are often e - lud - ing, And then, yes, ah, then they de - cay.
 The hopes that have cheered will forsake you, And leave you in darkness forlorn.
 His arms are extended to save you; He lov - ing - ly waits to re - ceive.

CHORUS.

Why lin - - - ger, why lin - ger, While mer - - cy is nigh?
 Why lin - ger, dear sin - ner, why lin - ger, While mer - cy, while mercy is nigh?

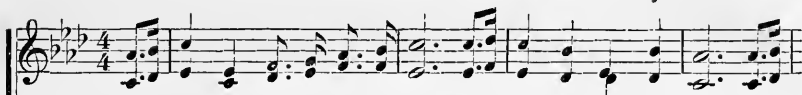
Why lin - - - ger, why lin - ger? Oh, why will ye die?
 Why lin - ger, dear sin - ner, why lin - ger?

Sunshine in the Soul.

85

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



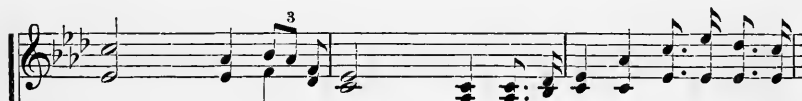
1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright Than
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King, And
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near The
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love, For



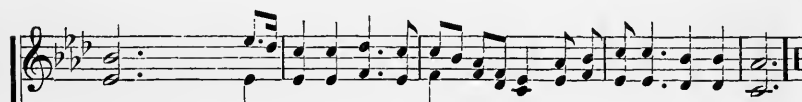
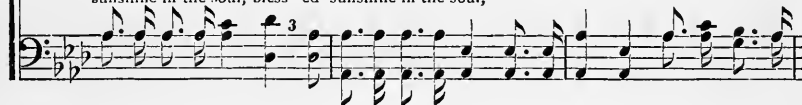
REFRAIN.



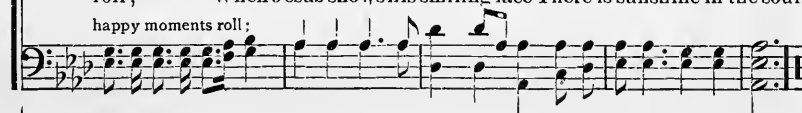
glows in an - y earthly sky, For Je - sus is my light. Oh, there's
 Je - sus, list - ening, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
 dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap - pear.
 blessings which he gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.



sun - - shine, blessed sun - shine, When the peaceful, happy moments
 sunshine in the soul, bless - ed sunshine in the soul,



roll ; When Jesus shows his smiling face There is sunshine in the soul.
 happy moments roll ;



Saviour, Receive Me.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I will go, I will go, to the Saviour I'll go, Burdened with sin and fear;
 2. I will go, I will go, to the Saviour I'll go, Pleading his own dear love;
 3. I will go, I will go, to the Saviour I'll go, Seeking my soul's true home;
 4. I will go, I will go, to the Saviour I'll go, Blest Lamb of Calva - ry;

He'll forgiveness impart,—he will speak to my heart Comforting words of cheer.
 With the blood shed for sin he will cleanse me within, Fit me to dwell above.
 My atonement is made and my ransom is paid; Now to his arms I come.
 I am seeking his face, for I know that his grace Waits now to welcome me.

REFRAIN.

Sav-iour, receive me, Sav-iour, receive me, Here at thy feet I bow;

Sav-iour, receive me, Sav-iour, receive me, Sav-iour, receive me now.

Learn of Him.

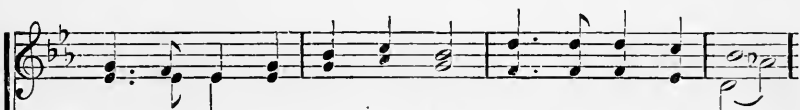
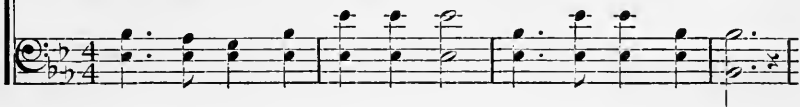
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JOHN FRANKLIN.

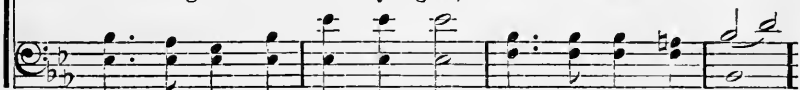
JNO. R. SWENEY.



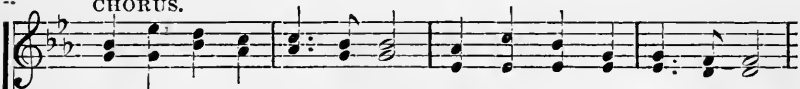
1. Come and sit at Je - sus' feet, Come and learn of him;
2. Take his yoke up - on thee now, Come and learn of him;
3. How to trust for ev - 'ry day, Come and learn of him;
4. For his glo - ry wouldst thou live? Come and learn of him;



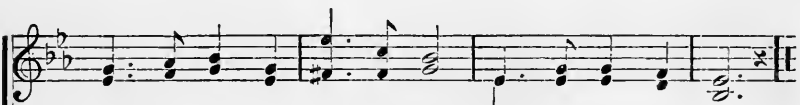
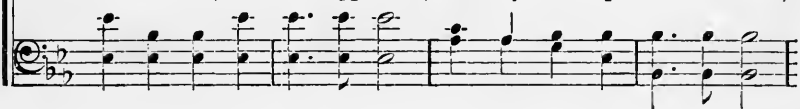
Words of com - fort, pure and sweet, Come and learn of him.
 Ask, and he will teach thee how, Come and learn of him.
 How to watch, as well as pray, Come and learn of him.
 He the grace will free - ly give, Come and learn of him.



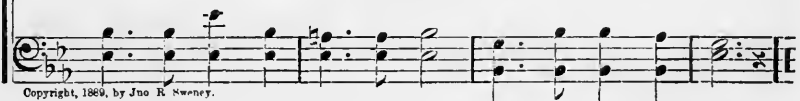
CHORUS.



Learn of him, O toil - oppressed; Lean thy head up - on his breast;



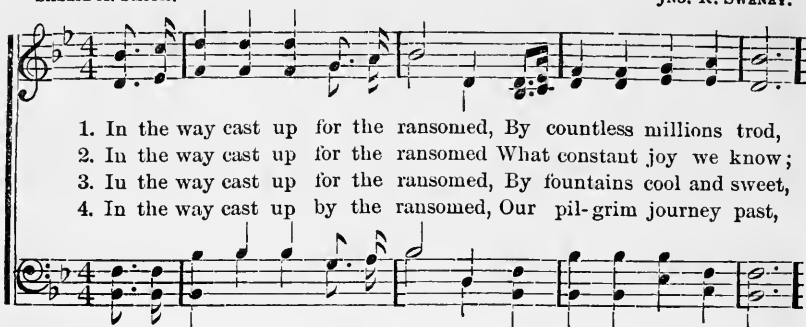
He will give thee per - fect rest,—Come and learn of him.



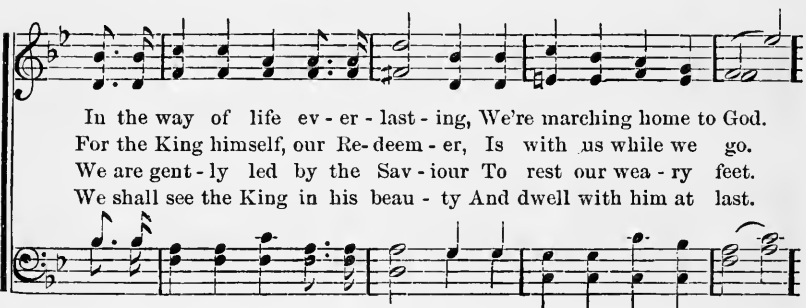
Marching in the King's Highway.

SALLIE A. SMITH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

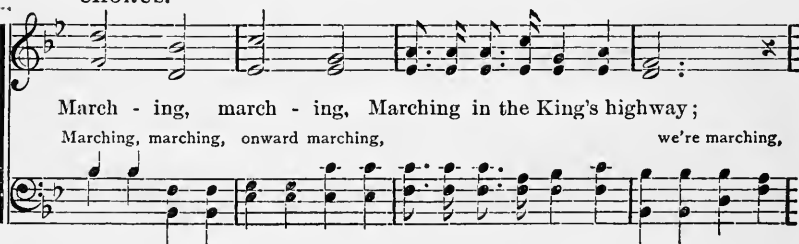


1. In the way cast up for the ransomed, By countless millions trod,
 2. In the way cast up for the ransomed What constant joy we know;
 3. In the way cast up for the ransomed, By fountains cool and sweet,
 4. In the way cast up by the ransomed, Our pil-grim journey past,



In the way of life ev - er - last - ing, We're marching home to God.
 For the King himself, our Re-deem - er, Is with us while we go.
 We are gent - ly led by the Sav - iour To rest our wea - ry feet.
 We shall see the King in his beau - ty And dwell with him at last.

CHORUS.



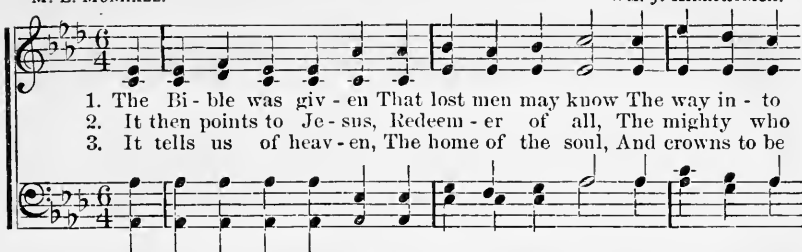
March - ing, march - ing, Marching in the King's highway;
 Marching, marching, onward marching, we're marching,



March - ing, march - ing Onward to the realms of day.
 March-ing, march-ing, march-ing, march-ing

M. L. MUNHALL.

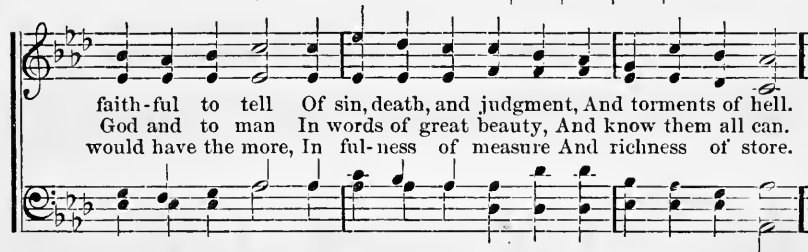
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. The Bi - ble was giv - en That lost men may know The way in - to
 2. It then points to Je - sus, Redeem - er of all, The mighty who
 3. It tells us of heav - en, The home of the soul, And crowns to be



heav - en, And shun hell be - low. It does not de - ceive us; Is
 frees us From curse of the fall. It shows us our du - ty To
 giv - en, While ag - es shall roll. Oh, heav - en - born trea - sure! We

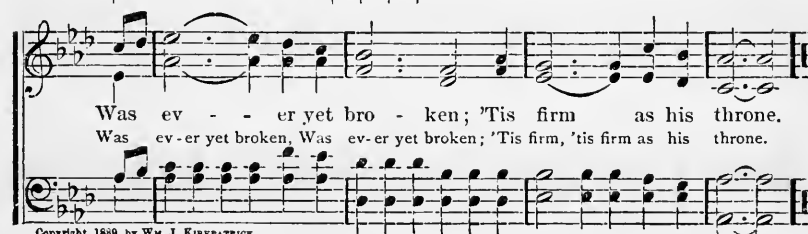


faith - ful to tell Of sin, death, and judgment, And torments of hell.
 God and to man In words of great beauty, And know them all can.
 would have the more, In ful - ness of measure And richness of store.

CHORUS.



No word ev - er spo - ken By God to his own
 No word ev - er spoken By God to his own, No word ev - er spoken By God to his own



Was ev - - er yet bro - ken; 'Tis firm as his throne.
 Was ev - er yet broken, Was ev - er yet broken; 'Tis firm, 'tis firm as his throne.

Riches Unsearchable.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Riches unsearchable, riches untold,—Purer and brighter than silver or gold,—
 2. Riches unsearchable thou wilt bestow When to thy throne in thy Spirit we go;
 3. Riches unsearchable, drop'd from above Into our souls from thy store-house of love,
 4. Riches unsearchable, not for a day,—Not for the years that shall circle away,—

Riches unsearchable, priceless, divine, Blessed Cre - ator and Saviour, are thine.
 When in thy promise we trust and believe, Riches unsearchable we shall receive.
 What will they be when our race we have run?
 What will they be when our crown we have won?
 Riches eternal, exhaustless, divine, Blessed Cre - a tor and Saviour, are thine.

CHORUS.

O . . . for a harp . . . and a voice . . . to pro - claim, . . .
 O for a harp and a voice to proclaim, O for a harp and a voice to proclaim,

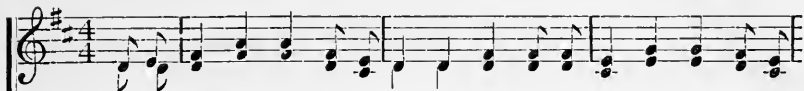
Glo - - ry and praise . . . to thy ex - - - cellent name.
 Glo - ry and praise to thy ex - cel - lent name, Praise to thy ex - cel - lent name.

A Blessing in Prayer.

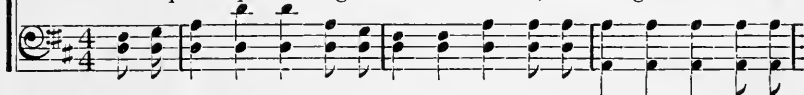
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E. E. HEWITT.

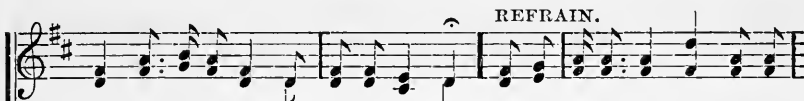
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. There is rest, sweet rest, at the Master's feet, There is favor now at the
2. There is grace to help in our time of need, For our friend above is a
3. When our songs are glad with the joy of life, When our hearts are sad with its
4. There is perfect peace though the wild waves roll; There are gifts of love for the

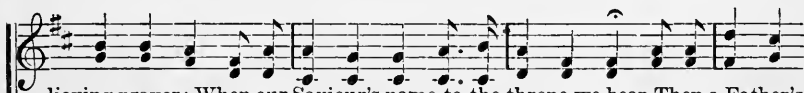
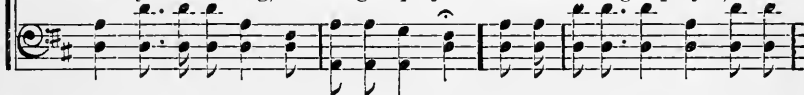


mer - cy seat, For a - ton - ing blood has been sprinkled there; There is
friend in - deed, We may cast on him ev - 'ry grief and care; There is
ills and strife, When the powers of sin would the soul ensnare, There is
seek - ing soul; Till we praise the Lord in his home so fair, There is

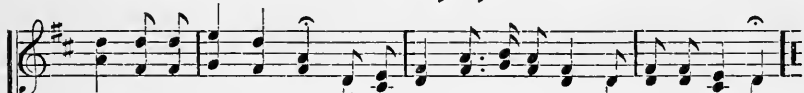


REFRAIN.

always a blessing, a blessing in prayer. There's a blessing in prayer, in be -



lieving prayer; When our Saviour's name to the throne we bear, Then a Father's



love will receive us there; There is always a blessing, a blessing in prayer.

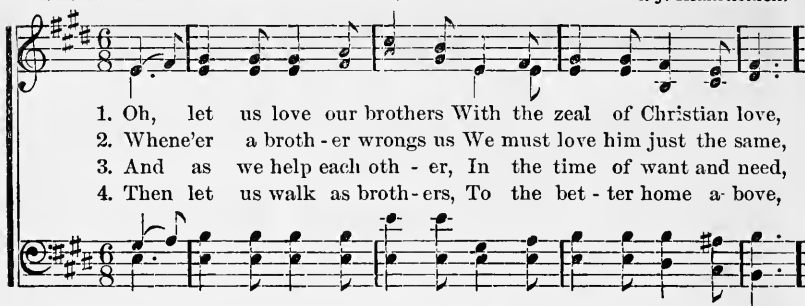


Let Brotherly Love Continue.

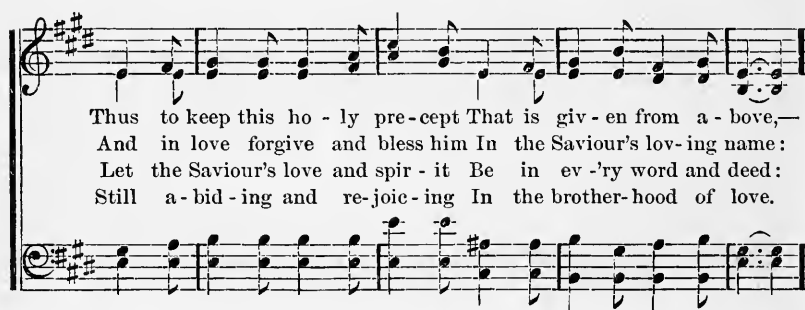
E. A. BARNES.

Heb. xiii. 1.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Oh, let us love our brothers With the zeal of Christian love,
 2. Whene'er a broth - er wrongs us We must love him just the same,
 3. And as we help each oth - er, In the time of want and need,
 4. Then let us walk as broth - ers, To the bet - ter home a - bove,



Thus to keep this ho - ly pre-cept That is giv - en from a - bove,—
 And in love forgive and bless him In the Saviour's lov - ing name:
 Let the Saviour's love and spir - it Be in ev - 'ry word and deed:
 Still a - bid - ing and re - joic - ing In the brother-hood of love.

CHORUS.



Let broth - er - ly love con - tin - ue, Broth - er - ly love,



broth - er - ly love, Let brother - ly love con - tin - ue Ev - er - more.

My Soul Shouts Glory.

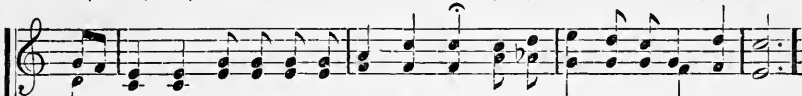
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FANNY J. CROSBY.

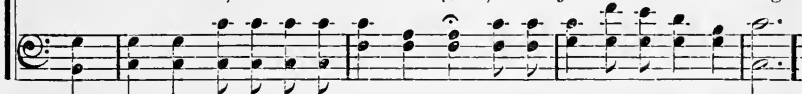
JNO. R. SWENEY.



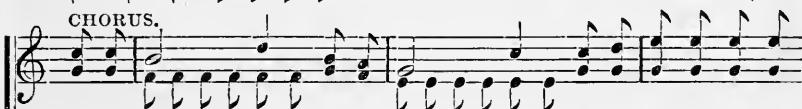
1. My soul shouts glo-ry to the Son of God For the work free grace has done;
2. My soul shouts glo-ry to the Son of God, Not a cloud nor care I see;
3. My soul shouts glo-ry to the Son of God, In his se-cret place I dwell;
4. My soul shouts glo-ry to the Son of God, And I know it-will not be long



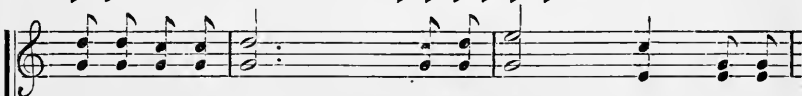
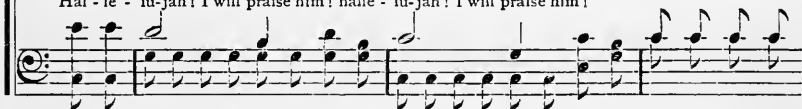
My faith looks upward with a steadfast eye That is clear as the noonday sun.
My hope is clinging with a perfect trust To the cross he has borne for me.
His constant presence overshades me there, And my joy there is none can tell.
Till o'er the river, where the saints have gone, I shall join their eter-nal song.



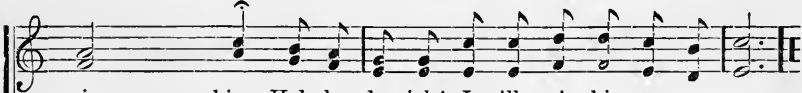
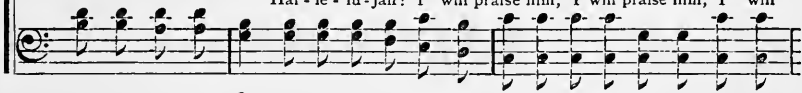
CHORUS.



Hal-le-lu - - jah! hal-le-lu - - jah! Hal-le-lu-jah to the
Hal-le-lu-jah! I will praise him! hal-le-lu-jah! I will praise him!



Saviour I a-dore; I will praise him, I will
Hal-le-lu-jah! I will praise him, I will praise him, I will



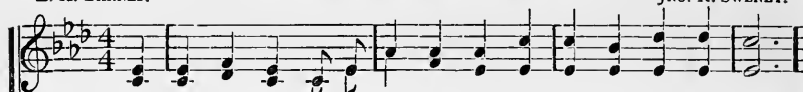
praise him, Hal-le-lu-jah! I will praise him ev-er-more.
praise him and a-dore,




All Things are Mine.

E. A. BARNES.


JNO. R. SWENEY.




1. 'Tis mine to walk in the nar-row way, With Je-sus for a guide;
 2. 'Tis mine to know, in its rich sup- ply, The fullness of his love;
 3. 'Tis mine to watch for the coming Lord, While waiting in this vale;



'Tis mine to stand in his strength to-day, Whatev-er may be-tide;
 'Tis mine to hold as the days pass by The faith that looks a-bove;
 'Tis mine to rest in the promised word, And know it will not fail;



'Tis mine to have in my dai-ly life, His Spir-it sweet and free:
 'Tis mine to have, 'mid the storms of life, A Ref-uge near and strong:
 'Tis mine to rise at the fin-al day, E-ter-nal things to see:



Yes, free-ly mine are these gifts divine, Thro' Christ who died for me.
 Yes, free-ly mine are these gifts divine, Thro' Christ my shield and song.
 Yes, free-ly mine are these gifts divine, Thro' Christ who died for me.

CHORUS.



All things are mine, halle-lu-jah! Free-ly mine, free-ly mine;

Musical score for the song "All Things are Mine". It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The song concludes with a double bar line.

All things are mine! oh, rejoice and sing! Now and forever all are mine.

Lead Me, Precious Saviour.

Mrs. J. F. K.

Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP. By per.

Musical score for the song "Lead Me, Precious Saviour". It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The song concludes with a double bar line.

1. Lead me, lead me, Lead me, precious Saviour, In- to the narrow way, In-
 2. I will love thee, Ev-er, ev-er love thee; May sinful thoughts depart, Oh,
 3. Lead me, fold me, Guide, and ever keep me, And thanks my heart will give, Dear

CHORUS.

Musical score for the chorus of "Lead Me, Precious Saviour". It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The chorus concludes with a double bar line.

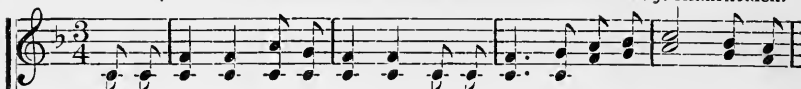
to the narrow way, Fold me, fold me, Fold me to thy bo-som, And
 take them from my heart.
 Saviour, while I live.

Musical score for the continuation of the chorus of "Lead Me, Precious Saviour". It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The chorus concludes with a double bar line.

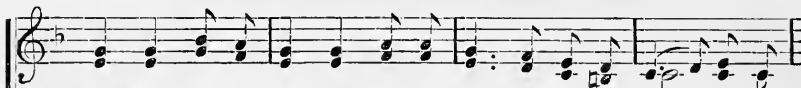
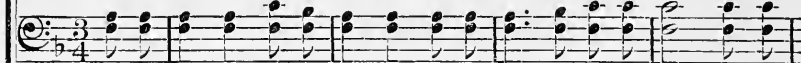
may I never stray, oh, nev-er stray, And I will praise thee ev-ermore, yes,

Musical score for the final line of the chorus of "Lead Me, Precious Saviour". It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The chorus concludes with a double bar line.

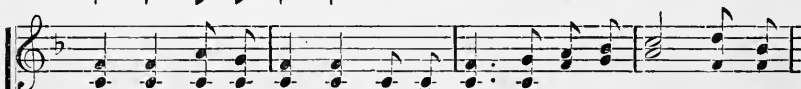
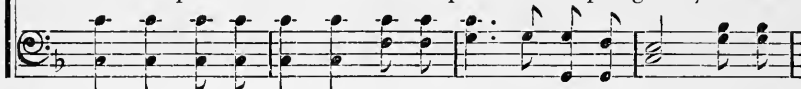
ev-er-more, And I will praise thee ev-ermore, yes, ev-er-more.



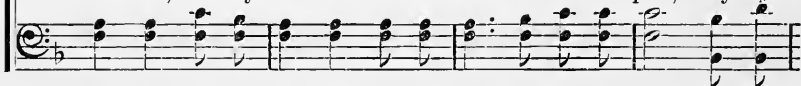
1. Lit-tle sunbeams in their brightness Wondrous stories oft repeat; Little
2. Lit-tle sunbeams on the mountain Melt away the winter's snow; Lit-tle
3. Lit-tle sunbeams lift the curtain Of the dark and cheerless night; Little
4. Little sunbeams bring the showers And the spring-time's early bloom, Little



snow-flakes in their whiteness Clothe the hills and barren street; Lit-tle
rain-drops swell the fountain, And the streamlet's gentle flow, Lit-tle
sunbeams, it is certain, Help to make the world more bright. Lit-tle
sunbeams paint the flow-ers And dis-pel earth's deepest gloom; Lit-tle



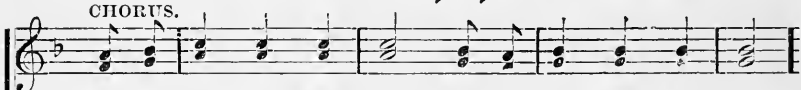
rills of hope and beauty Sweetly sing - ing thro' the dell, Whis-per
rills, the brooklets swelling, Sing of glad-ness all the day, And of
sunbeams nev-er wea - ry Noblest ser - vice to per-form; Tho' the
chil-dren, if they ev - er Like the sunbeams do their part, May by



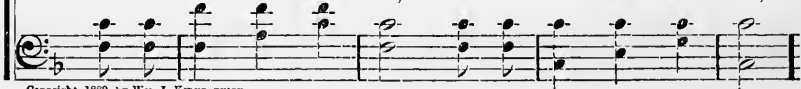
both of love and du - ty, And of fu - ture triumphs tell.
won - ders new seem tell - ing, As they has - ten on their way.
earth grows dark and drear - y, And they face the howling storm.
ev - 'ry true en-deav - or Lift some bur - den from the heart.



CHORUS.



Lit - tle sun-beams are we, Lit - tle sun-beams are we,



Little sun-beams, mer-ry sun-beams, Happy sun-beams are we.

Turn Unto Me.

FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Trust not the path be-fore thee, O wand'rer, cease to roam!
2. Was ev - er love so ten - der? Was ev - er love so free?
3. Oh, come, thou heav-y-lad - en, With all thy guilt op-pressed;
4. A step, and he will meet thee; A word, and he'll for - give;

The vail of night hangs o'er thee, Oh, thou art far from home.
Then give thy heart to Je - sus, Who gave his life for thee.
Now take his yoke up - on thee, And find in him thy rest.
Believe, and faith will save thee; Oh, look! and thou shalt live.

CHORUS.

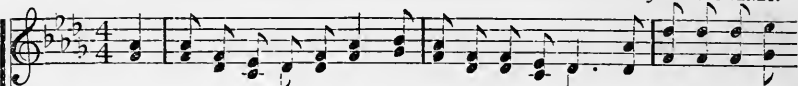
Turn unto me, turn unto me! Hark! 'tis the blessed One pleading with thee;

Turn un-to me, turn un-to me, Turn thou, my child, unto me.

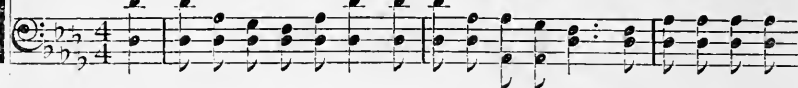
I will Shout His Praise in Glory.

P. H. DINGMAN.

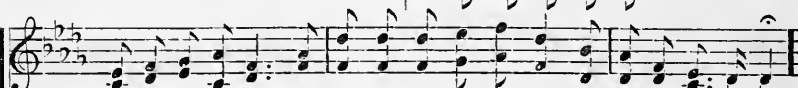
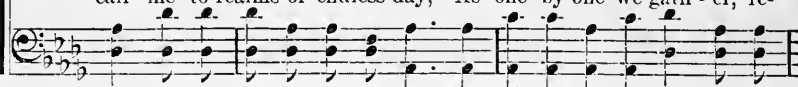
JNO R. SWENEY.



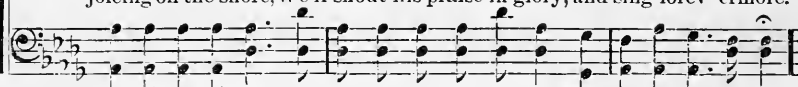
1. You ask what makes me happy, my heart so free from care, It is because my
2. I was a friendless wand'r'er till Jesus took me in, My life was full of
3. I wish that ev'ry sinner before his throne would bow; He waits to bid them
4. I mean to live for Jesus while here on earth I stay, And when his voice shall



Sav - iour in mercy heard my prayer; He brought me out of darkness and
sor - row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood so precious spoke
welcome, he longs to bless them now; If they but knew the rapture that
call me to realms of endless day, As one by one we gath - er, re-



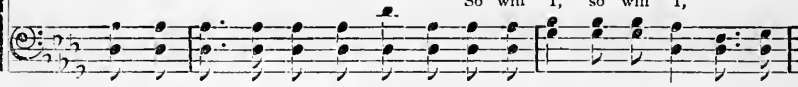
now the light I see; O blessed, loving Saviour! to him the praise shall be.
pardon to my soul; Oh, blissful, blissful moment! 'twas joy beyond control.
in his love I see, They'd come and shout salvation, and sing his praise with me.
joicing on the shore, We'll shout his praise in glory, and sing fore-ermore.



CHORUS.



I will shout his praise in - glo - ry, So will I, so will I, And we'll



all sing halle - lu-jah in heav-en by and by; I will shout his praise in



glo - ry, . . . And we'll all sing hallelujah in heaven by and by.
So will I, so will I,

Have You Something Good to Tell.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too slow.

1. Have you something good to tell us, My Christian friend, to - day?
2. Have you something good to tell us Of Je - sus kind and true?
3. We are waiting now to hear you Proclaim his grace so free;

Tell how the Lord has met you, And helped you on your way.
Of hopes that reach to heav - en? Of mer - cies ev - er new?
Speak out and tell each sin - ner "His love has pardoned me."

CHORUS.

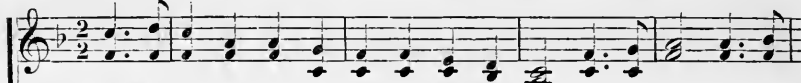
Tell of the lov - ing Sav - iour Who keeps us day by day;

Oh, tell of the pre - cious Saviour,—'Twill help us on our way.


Jesus, the Sure Foundation.

Mrs R. N. TURNER.


WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



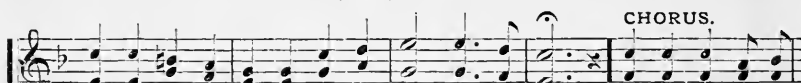
1. Are you building your foundation Strong and sure, Strong and sure, On the
2. Build not thou thy precious dwelling On the sand, On the sand, For when
3. What a blessed, sure foundation, Christ our Lord! Christ our Lord! May we



Rock that through all a - ges Shall en - dure, Shall en - dure? For the
sweeps the rag - ing tor - rent Thro' the land, Thro' the land, Then shall
build our full sal - va - tion On his word! On his word! Then in




floods will soon be com - ing Here and there, Here and there, Storm and
come thy swift de - struc - tion, And thy fall, And thy fall; And no
glorious strength and beauty Shall it last, Shall it last, All the



CHORUS.

tempest wildly beating Ev - 'rywhere, Ev - 'rywhere. Jesus Christ is the
stone be left in hon - or On thy wall, On thy wall.
waves of time enduring, Strong and fast, Strong and fast.



Sure Foundation: Built on him you never can fail; Je - sus Christ is the

Jesus, the Sure Foundation.—CONCLUDED. 101

poco rit. [Omit last time. || Last ending.]

Sure Founda- tion, Mighty, Ev - er-last-ing Rock for all. for all.

This musical score is for the song 'Jesus, the Sure Foundation'. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked 'poco rit.' (ritardando). The lyrics are 'Sure Founda- tion, Mighty, Ev - er-last-ing Rock for all. for all.' The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign, with the instruction '[Omit last time. || Last ending.]' above the final measure.

Down, Down, Down.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

BASS SOLO.

1. In the storm of life, in the waves of sin, While the maddened billows
2. In temptation's whirl, in the blinding glare Of the lightning flashes

This musical score is for the song 'Down, Down, Down'. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are '1. In the storm of life, in the waves of sin, While the maddened billows' and '2. In temptation's whirl, in the blinding glare Of the lightning flashes'. The score includes a bass solo section.

rush wildly in;
through the air;

Los - ing, a - las! his manhood's crown, Many-a
Los - ing the bright, e - ter - nal crown, Many-a

This musical score continues the song 'Down, Down, Down'. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are 'rush wildly in; through the air;' and 'Los - ing, a - las! his manhood's crown, Many-a' and 'Los - ing the bright, e - ter - nal crown, Many-a'.

bright, young life goes down, down, down, An immortal soul goes down.
precious life goes down, down, down, An immor - tal soul goes down.

This musical score continues the song 'Down, Down, Down'. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are 'bright, young life goes down, down, down, An immortal soul goes down.' and 'precious life goes down, down, down, An immor - tal soul goes down.'.

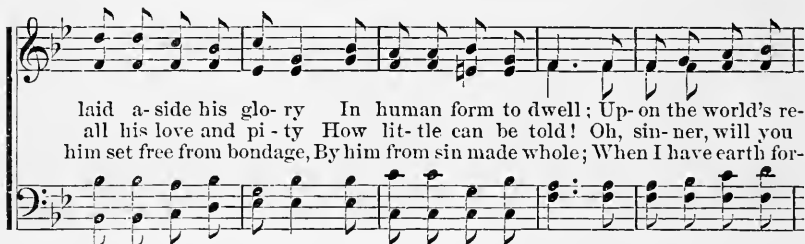
Oh, Praise His Name Forever.

E. R. Latta.

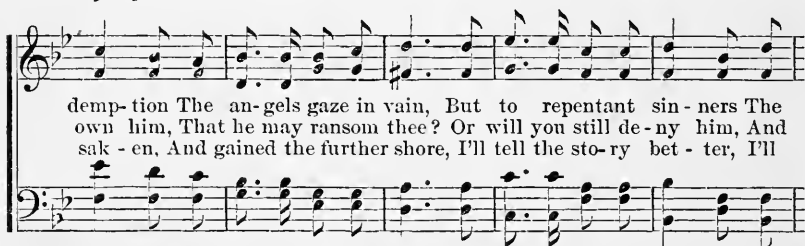
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Oh, praise his name for-ev-er! The wondrous sto-ry tell, He
 2. Oh, praise his name for-ev-er! His life and death be-hold! Of
 3. Oh, praise his name for-ev-er! My glad, triumphant soul, By

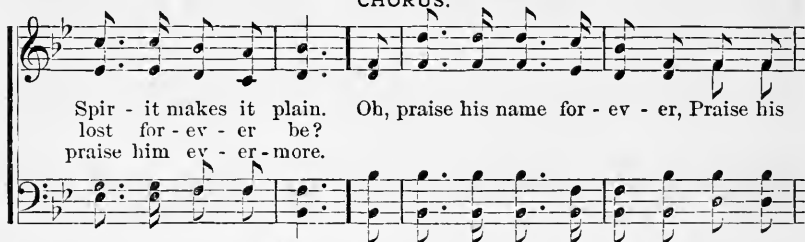


laid a-side his glo-ry In human form to dwell; Up-on the world's re-
 all his love and pi-ty How lit-tle can be told! Oh, sin-ner, will you
 him set free from bondage, By him from sin made whole; When I have earth for-

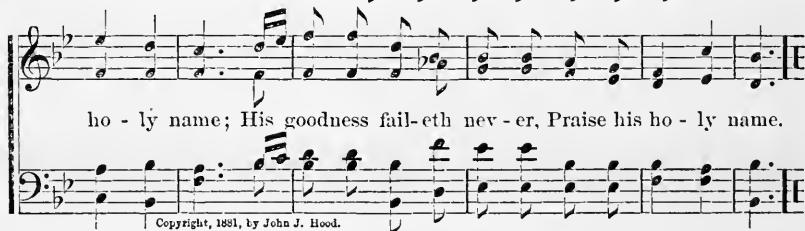


demp-tion The an-gels gaze in vain, But to repentant sin-ners The
 own him, That he may ransom thee? Or will you still de-ny him, And
 sak-en, And gained the further shore, I'll tell the sto-ry bet-ter, I'll

CHORUS.



Spir-it makes it plain. Oh, praise his name for-ev-er, Praise his
 lost for-ev-er be?
 praise him ev-er-more.



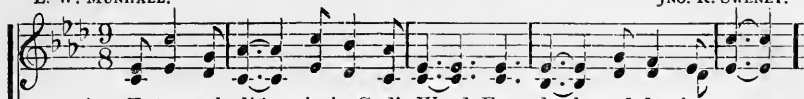
ho-ly name; His goodness fail-eth nev-er, Praise his ho-ly name.

O Blessed Word.

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L. W. MUNHALL.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



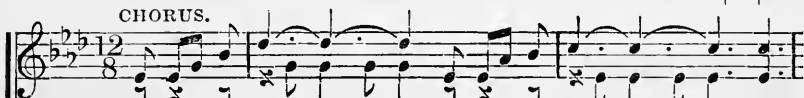
1. E-ter-nal life is in God's Word For dead and dy-ing men;
2. God's strength is in his Ho-ly Word; We need it ev-ry day;
3. By this same Word we know our task, And how it should be done;



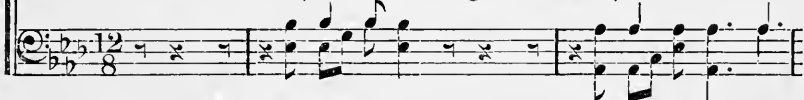
By it a-lone we know the Lord, Un - seen by mor-tal ken.
In all our con-flicts this the sword Our spir - it foes to slay.
How now to live, and how at last Our crown is to be won.



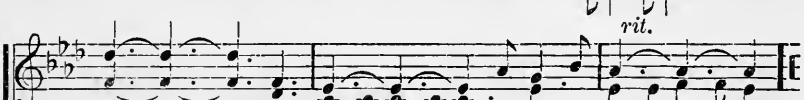
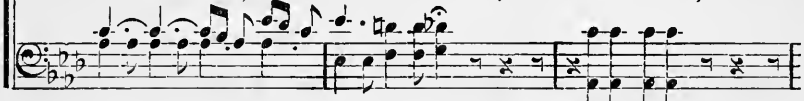
CHORUS.



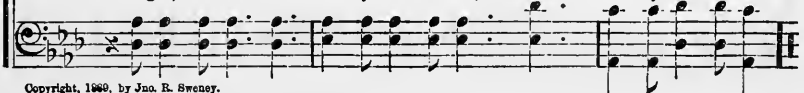
O bless-ed Word, . . . O gracious Word, . . . We'll



love . . . thee more and more; . . . Be thou our Life, our Strength, our
love thee more and more, We'll love thee more and more; Be thou our Life,



Sword . . . 'Till earth - - ly strife is o'er. . . .
our Strength, our Sword 'Till earth - ly strife is o'er, 'Till earth - ly strife is o'er.



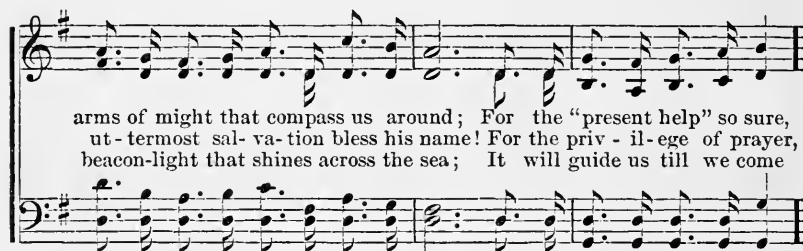
Oh, be Joyful in the Lord.

E. E. HEWITT.

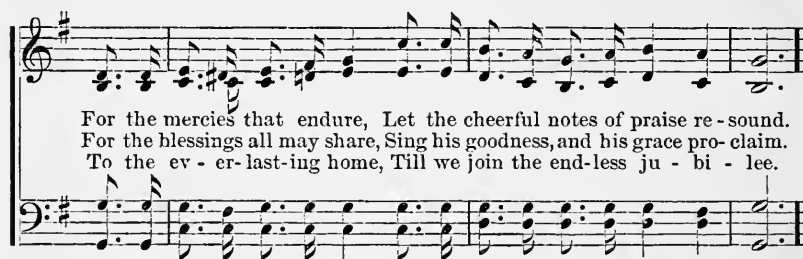
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Oh, be joy - ful in the Lord For his love like sunshine poured, For the
 2. Oh, be joy - ful in the Lord; Swell the grand thanksgiving chord, For the
 3. Oh, be joy - ful in the Lord For the promise-bearing Word, Like a




arms of might that compass us around; For the "present help" so sure,
 ut - termost sal - va - tion bless his name! For the priv - il - ege of prayer,
 beacon-light that shines across the sea; It will guide us till we come



For the mercies that endure, Let the cheerful notes of praise re - sound.
 For the blessings all may share, Sing his goodness, and his grace pro - claim.
 To the ev - er - last - ing home, Till we join the end - less ju - bi - lee.

CHORUS.



Oh, be joy - ful in the Lord, And the welcome tid - ings tell, Like a



p rit.
 gladly ringing chorus, like a sweetly chiming bell; That he makes his people
p rit.

Oh, be Joyful in the Lord.—CONCLUDED. 105

happy, That he "doeth all things well," Oh, be joy-ful in the Lord.

He Saves Me Now.

E. E. H.

W. J. K.

1. Je-sus saves me; blest assurance, Whispering within; Oh, the precious
2. Jesus keeps me; ever watchful Lest my feet should stray; Safe upholding
3. Jesus guides me, and his presence Cheering help bestows, For he went this
4. Jesus saves me, keeps me, guides me; Glory to his name! Oh, this wonder-

CHORUS.

"blood of sprinkling," Cleansing from all sin. Je-sus saves me;
while I fol-low In the nar-row way.
way be-fore me, Ev'-ry step he knows.
ful sal-va-tion, Kindling love's pure flame!

praise his name forev-er! Je-sus saves me, saves me ev-en now; Je-sus

saves me; his shall be the glo-ry; Halle-lu-jah! he saves me now.

What the Lord has Done for Me.

E. E. HSWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Come, dear friends, and let me tell you What the Lord has done for me;
 2. He has written out my par - don In a covenant signed with blood;
 3. It is sweet to tell the sto - ry Of his kindness, day by day;
 4. Hear the "new song" of re - joic - ing He has taught my heart to sing;

For he saw my bit - ter bond - age, And his mer - cy set me free.
 And the Spir - it, dwelling in me, Sheds abroad the "peace of God."
 How the flowers of love bloom 'round me. And his smile illumines the way.
 Oh, the beau - ty of my Sav - iour! Oh, the glo - ry of my King!

CHORUS.

We will sing it out in heaven, And more sweetness shall be given To the

chords of that eternal harmo - ny; While the list'ning angels wonder To our
 e - ter - nal har - mo - ny;

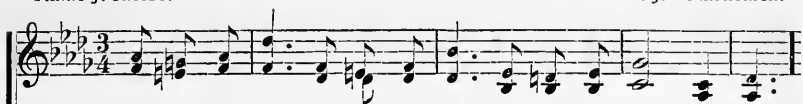
songs, like mighty thunder, Telling what the Lord hath done for you and me.

I Trust and Wait.

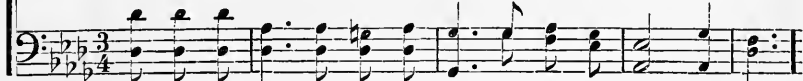
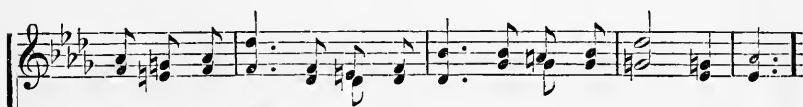
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FANNY J. CROSBY.

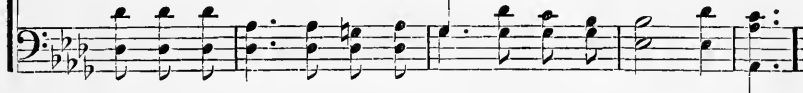
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I know not what a day may bring Of joy or pain to me;
 2. I know not what a day may bring, Or where my path may lead;
 3. I know not what a day may bring, It matters naught to me;
 4. I know not if my waking eyes An-oth-er day may see;

But from the past my soul has learned To trust, O Lord, in thee.
 But ev'-ry prom-ise in thy word My soul de-lights to plead.
 Since like a child by faith I rest, Con-fid-ing, Lord, in thee.
 But an-gel wings will quickly bear My raptured soul to thee.



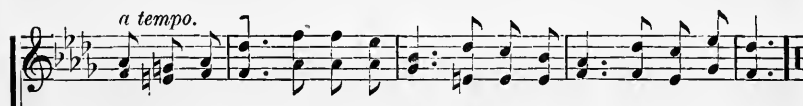
CHORUS.



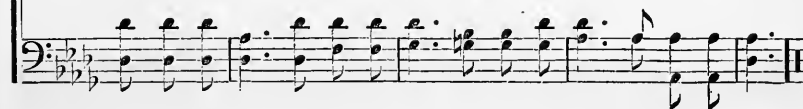
poco rall.
 And so, whate'er my spir-it fill, I trust and wait thy sovereign will;



a tempo.



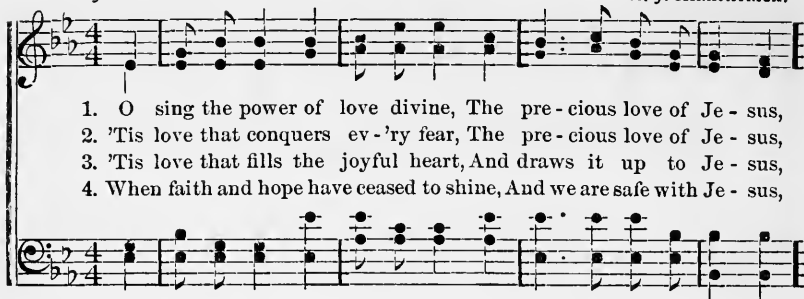
Be-lieving this, that thou, my Friend, Wilt guide me safely to the end.



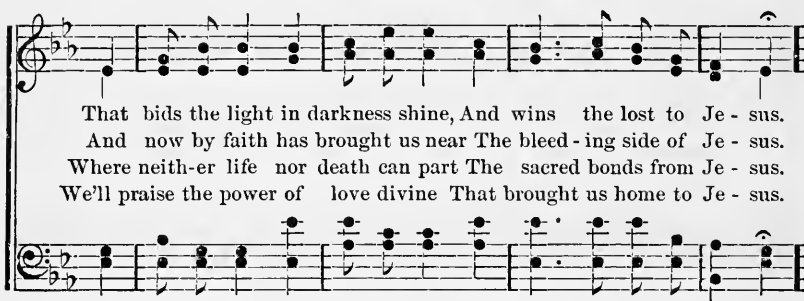
The Precious Love of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

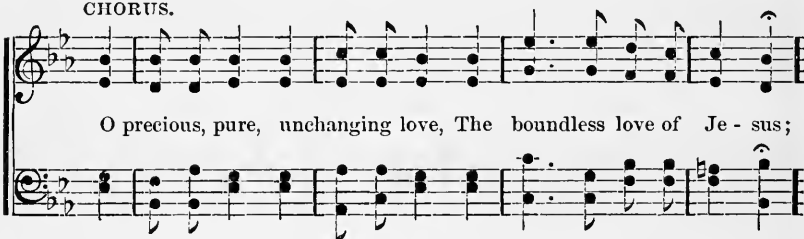


1. O sing the power of love divine, The pre-cious love of Je - sus,
 2. 'Tis love that conquers ev-'ry fear, The pre-cious love of Je - sus,
 3. 'Tis love that fills the joyful heart, And draws it up to Je - sus,
 4. When faith and hope have ceased to shine, And we are safe with Je - sus,

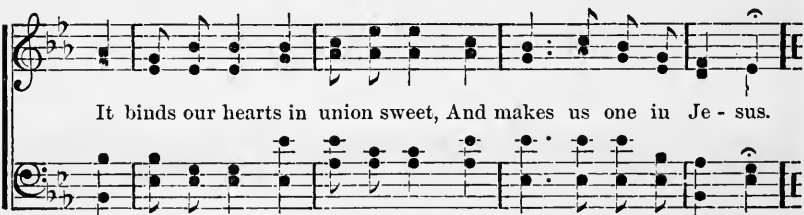


That bids the light in darkness shine, And wins the lost to Je - sus.
 And now by faith has brought us near The bleed-ing side of Je - sus.
 Where neith-er life nor death can part The sacred bonds from Je - sus.
 We'll praise the power of love divine That brought us home to Je - sus.

CHORUS.



O precious, pure, unchanging love, The boundless love of Je - sus;



It binds our hearts in union sweet, And makes us one in Je - sus.

More about Jesus.

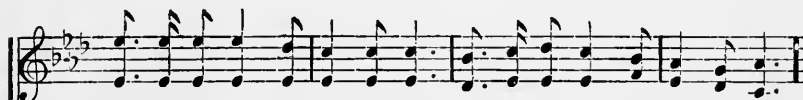
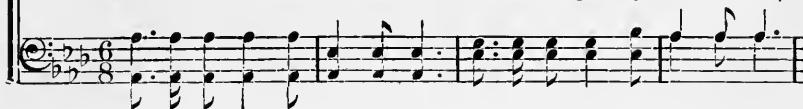
109

E. E. HEWITT.

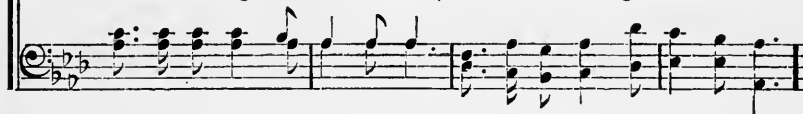
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. More about Je-sus would I know, More of his grace to oth-ers show;
2. More about Je-sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will discern;
3. More about Je-sus; in his word, Holding communion with my Lord;
4. More about Je-sus; on his throne, Riches in glo - ry all his own;



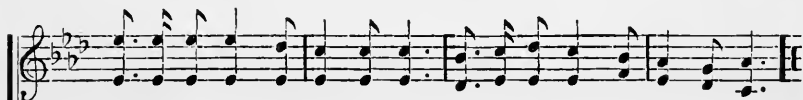
More of his sav-ing ful-ness see, More of his love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teacher be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
Hearing his voice in ev - 'ry line, Making eacn faithful say - ing mine.
More of his kingdom's sure increase; More of his coming, Prince of Peace.



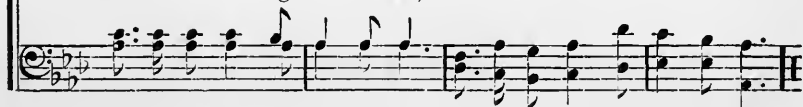
REFRAIN.



More, more a-bout Je - sus, More, more a-bout Je - sus;



More of his sav-ing ful-ness see, More of his love who died for me.



I Love Thy Will.

Rev. JOHN PARKER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Thy will to me, O God, Is al-ways wise and good: I
 2. Thou hast enlarged my heart, Taught me this bet-ter part, To
 3. My life of doubt is past, My fears are gone at last, I
 4. My ev-'ry hour be spent, My life a sweet con-sent, To
 5. I love it more than life, With it I have no strife, I

love thy will. I have no earth-ly bliss That can compare with
 know thy will. The mists have fled a-way, And each more blissful
 love thy will. Mine is a life of joy, No fears my soul an-
 all thy will. I want no oth-er way, Mine on-ly to o-
 love thy will. I shall for-ev-er-more, On yon-der bliss-ful

this, Thy lov-ing hand I kiss,— I love thy will.
 day I run thy will to-o-bey,— I love thy will.
 noy, Thy will gives blest em-ploy,— I love thy will.
 bey Thy will from day to day, Thy per-fect will.
 shore, With all the saints a-dore Thy bless-ed will.

CHORUS.

A-men, a-men to all thy will, A-men to all thy word.

What-e'er thy will, I love it still; A-men, a-men, my Lord.

Kingdom, Power, and Glory.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. { We praise thee, our Fa-ther, we worship in gladness; Thou rul-est
The light of thy count'nance dispell-ing our sad-ness, We yield our
2. { We praise thee, our Fa-ther, how safe our con-fid-ing, For mer-cy
All goodness and blessing thy love is pro-vid-ing, Thy strong arm

D.S.—thine is the kingdom, the power and the glo-ry, For-ev-er

1st. the waves of the sea; *2d.* al-legiance to thee. *Fine.* For thine is the kingdom, the
upholdeth thy throne; defending thine own.
and ev-er, a-men.

D.S.
power, and the glo-ry, For-ev-er and ev-er, for-ev-er, a-men; For

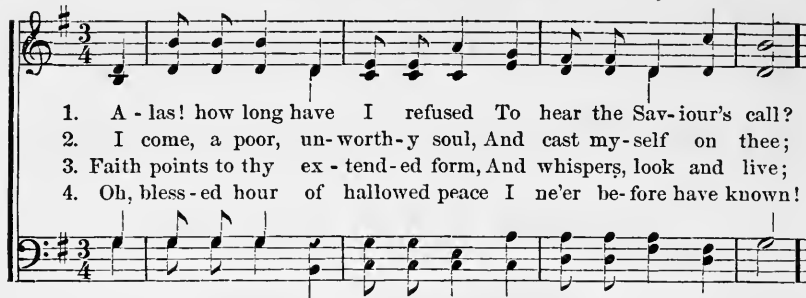
3 We praise thee, our Father, we bless and adore thee,
With bright, gleaming hosts of the sky;
With reverent spirits we bow down before thee;
Thy name is exalted most high.

4 We praise thee, our Father, our God everlasting;
The ages thy glories repeat;
The saints in thy mansions with rapture are casting
Their starry-gemmed crowns at thy feet.

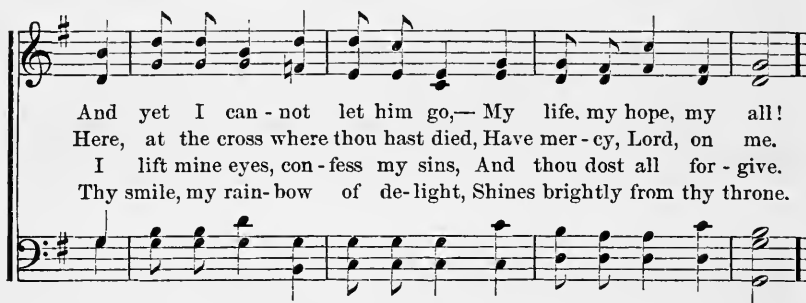
Saviour, Stay.

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. A - las! how long have I refused To hear the Sav-iour's call?
 2. I come, a poor, un-worth-y soul, And cast my-self on thee;
 3. Faith points to thy ex - tend-ed form, And whispers, look and live;
 4. Oh, bless-ed hour of hallowed peace I ne'er be-fore have known!




And yet I can - not let him go,— My life, my hope, my all!
 Here, at the cross where thou hast died, Have mer-cy, Lord, on me.
 I lift mine eyes, con-fess my sins, And thou dost all for - give.
 Thy smile, my rain-bow of de-light, Shines brightly from thy throne.

CHORUS.



v. 1, 2. O Sav - - iour, stay, I will o - bey Thy
 v. 3, 4. O Sav - - iour, stay, I now o - bey Thy

O Sav-iour, stay, Sav-iour, stay,



voice of love di - vine; O Sav - iour,
 voice of love di - vine; O Sav - iour,
 thy voice of love di - vine;

O Saviour, stay,



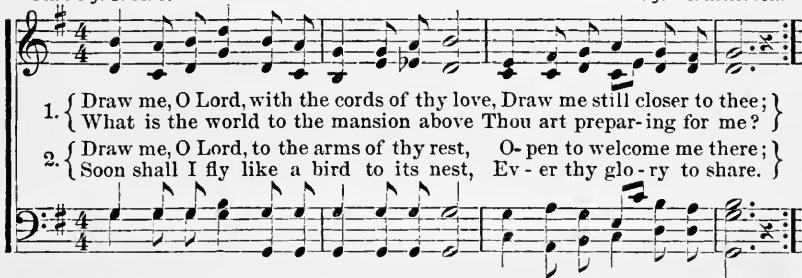
stay, go not a - way, But take this heart of mine.
 stay, and seal to - day My heart for - ev - er thine.

Saviour, stay,

Draw Me, O Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

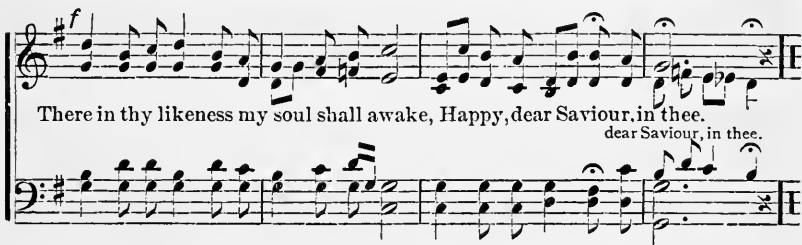


1. { Draw me, O Lord, with the cords of thy love, Draw me still closer to thee; }
 { What is the world to the mansion above Thou art prepar-ing for me? }
 2. { Draw me, O Lord, to the arms of thy rest, O - pen to welcome me there; }
 { Soon shall I fly like a bird to its nest, Ev - er thy glo - ry to share. }

CHORUS.



There is my home, my beauti-ful home, Over the wave-girded sea;



There in thy likeness my soul shall awake, Happy, dear Saviour, in thee.
 dear Saviour, in thee.

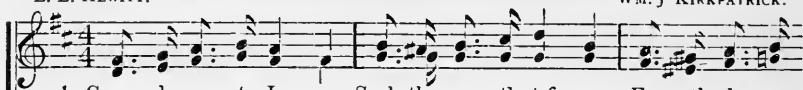
3 Draw me, O Lord, where the friends of
 the past
 Roam on that bright, sunny plain;
 O that my spirit may join them at last,
 Never to lose them again.

4 Draw me, O Lord, where the faithful
 and tried
 Labor and sorrow no more;
 Draw me away where I hope to abide,
 Anchored and safe on the shore.

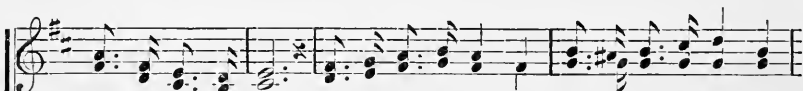
Come, oh, Come to Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.


WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Come, oh, come to Je - sus, Seek the grace that frees us, From the heavy
2. See the fountain flow - ing, Life and peace bestow - ing: 'Twas for you his
3. Come, oh, come to Je - sus, Take the grace that frees us, Take the great sal -



bond-age of our sin; Guilt and need confessing, Ask the promised blessing,
precious blood he gave; Sweet old gospel sto - ry! 'Tis his highest glo - ry
va - tion for your own; Making full surren - der, Drawn by love so tender,

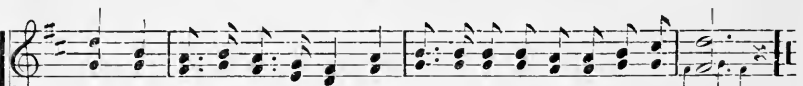


CHORUS.

Come, and let him make you pure within. Come, oh, come to Je - sus,
Ev' - ry trusting soul to ful - ly save.
Learn the joy of be - ing his a - lone.



At his altar bow; Not a moment waiting, Come to Jesus now! Come, oh, come to



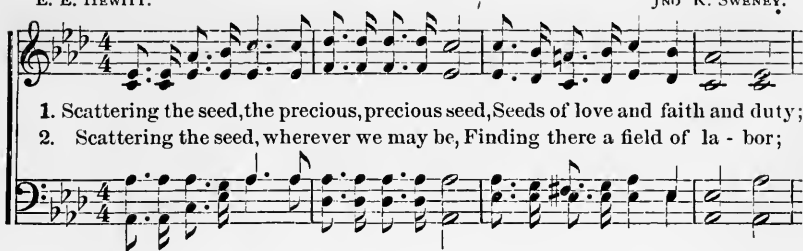
Jesus, Come, oh, come to Jesus, Come, oh, come to Jesus and be saved, be saved.

Let Us Not be Weary.

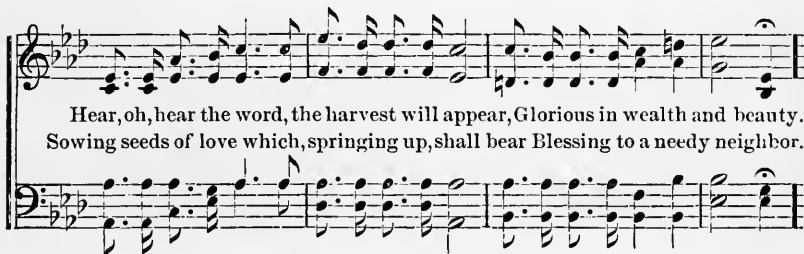
115

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO R. SWENEY.

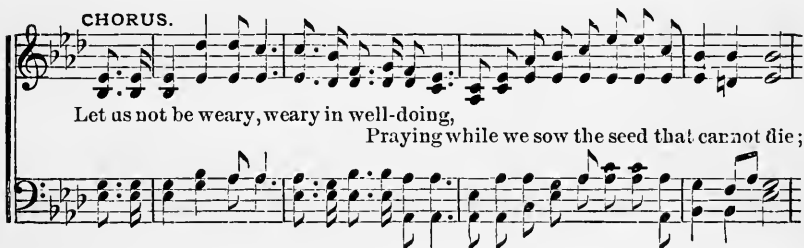


1. Scattering the seed, the precious, precious seed, Seeds of love and faith and duty;
2. Scattering the seed, wherever we may be, Finding there a field of la - bor;

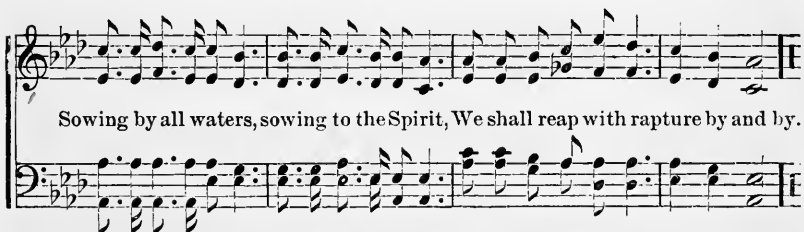


Hear, oh, hear the word, the harvest will appear, Glorious in wealth and beauty.
Sowing seeds of love which, springing up, shall bear Blessing to a needy neighbor.

CHORUS.



Let us not be weary, weary in well-doing,
Praying while we sow the seed that cannot die;



Sowing by all waters, sowing to the Spirit, We shall reap with rapture by and by.

3 Scattering the seed thro' weary, dark-
some hours,
Long may seem the night of weeping;
But the day will dawn of happy harvest
time,
Time of everlasting reaping.

4 Scattering the seed with willing heart
and hand,
Joyful is the harvest story;
Bringing home the sheaves, we'll shout
the jubilee,
To our Lord be all the glory!

Never Go Back.

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWRNEY.

1. How can we fall if the Sav-iour uphold us? How can we fail if his
 2. How can we fall when the Saviour is leading Stead-i-ly forth thro' the
 3. How can we fall tho' our foes may surround us? What tho' a legion a-
 4. On, for the day of rejoicing draws nearer, Soon the bright standard of

ban-ner we see? Where is the faith that must arm for the conquest
 war-fare of life? How can we doubt when his arm has de-feat-ed
 gainst us may rise! He is at hand who will sure-ly de-fend us;
 triumph shall wave; On, till the storm of the bat-tle is o-ver,

CHORUS.

All that for Je-sus true soldiers would be? On like the armies that have
 Ma-ny a foe-man of per-il and strife?
 • Truth and its forc-es they can-not surprise.
 Look un-to Je-sus the, Might-y to Save.

conquered before us, Leaving their footprints, we follow their track; On with a

courage that cannot be shaken, Press our way forward, and never go back.

Come, ye Blessed.

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FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. { When our Saviour in his glo - ry With the an - gel host shall come, }
 { When in clouds from heaven descending He shall call his children home. }
 2. { To the well of liv - ing wa - ter If the thirsty we have led, }
 { If the stranger we have sheltered, And the hungry we have fed, }
 3. { If we give our lives to Je - sus And delight to do his will, }
 { If we fol - low out his teaching, And his great commands ful - fill, }

When be - fore him shall be gath - ered All the na - tions far and near,
 If a wea - ry, faint - ing broth - er We have tried to help and cheer,
 If our light is seen by oth - ers, Like the noonday bright and clear,

What a shout of joy will greet him, When the welcome words we hear:
 Oh, the rest that we shall ent - er, When the welcome words we hear:
 What a joy - ful, joy - ful meet - ing, When the welcome words we hear:


CHORUS. (Matt. xxv. 34.)

Come, ye bless - ed of my Fa - ther, Come, ye bless - ed of my Fa - ther, In -

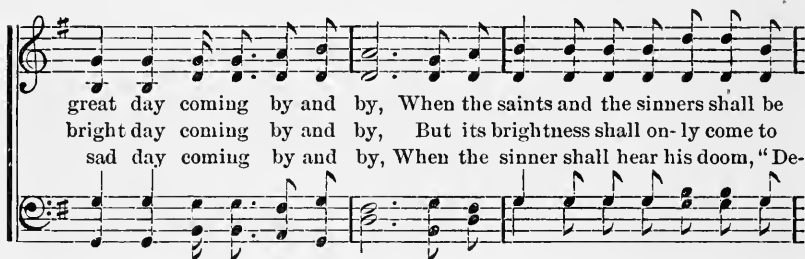
her - it the king - dom prepared for you From the foundation of the world.

W. L. T.

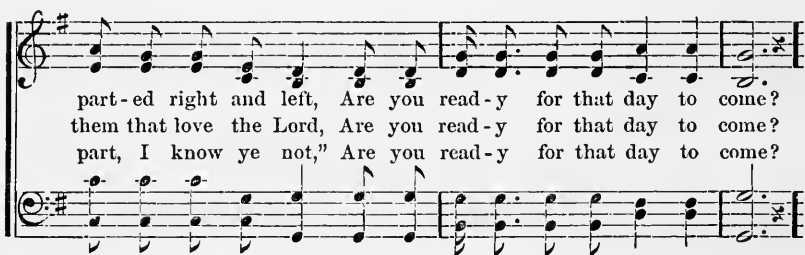
W. L. THOMPSON.



1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a

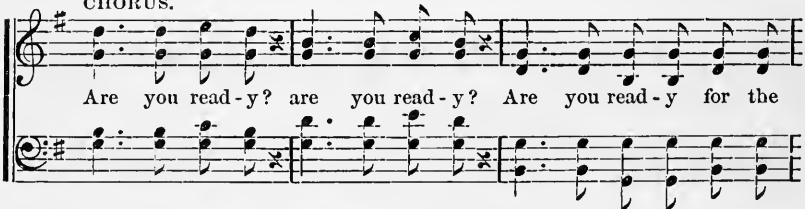


great day coming by and by, When the saints and the sinners shall be
 bright day coming by and by, But its brightness shall on-ly come to
 sad day coming by and by, When the sinner shall hear his doom, "De-

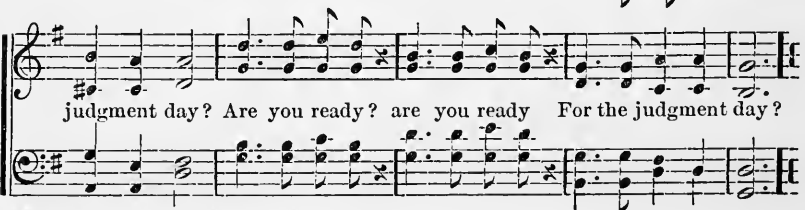


part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 part, I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS.



Are you read-y? are you read-y? Are you read-y for the



judgment day? Are you ready? are you ready For the judgment day?

Return.

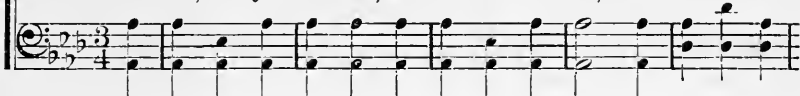
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JAMES L. BLACK.

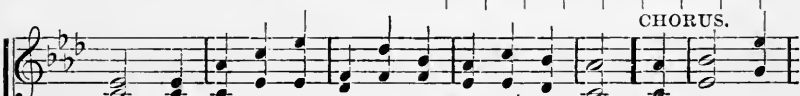
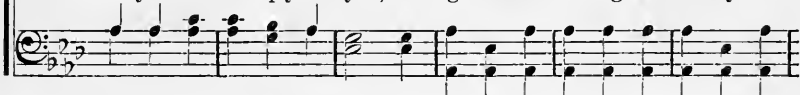
JNO R. SWENEY.



1. Re- turn, O ye lost ones, for why will ye stray Where cold winds are
2. Re- turn, O ye lost ones, self- ex- iled from home, The voice of the
3. Re- turn, O ye lost ones, and wan- der no more, For soon will the
4. Re- turn, O ye lost ones; this moment a - rise, To him who re-

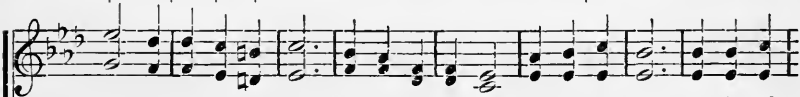


blowing, and dark is the way, Perhaps but a footfall 'twixt you and the
Spir - it entreats you to come; He calls, but you heed not; he speaks to your
summer and harvest be o'er; The sheaves will be gathered, and what will you
deemed you now lift up your eyes; The light star is shining all love-ly and

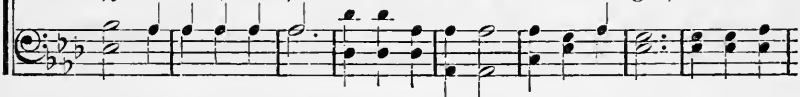


CHORUS.

grave? Re- turn un - to Je- sus the Mighty to Save. Re- turn, re-
heart; Beware, lest in sorrow from you he de- part.
do If there is no welcome in glo- ry for you?
bright, Re- turn un- to Je- sus, he'll save you to- night.



turn, ye lost ones, return, Haste from the darkness in- to the light; Let there be

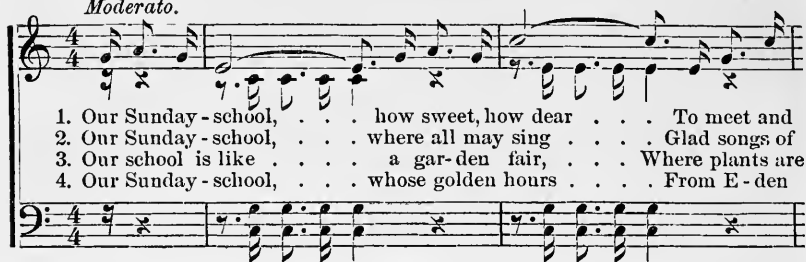


joy in the presence of the angels Over your new-born souls to- night.

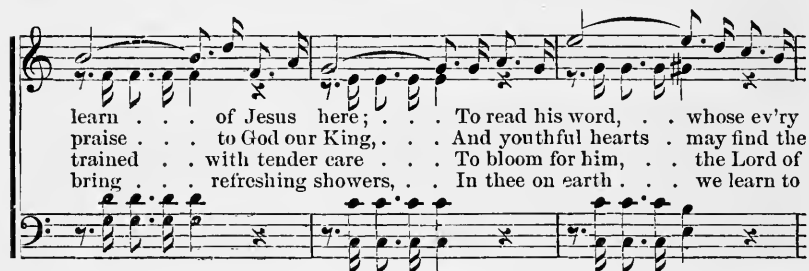


JAMES R. SMITH.
Moderato.

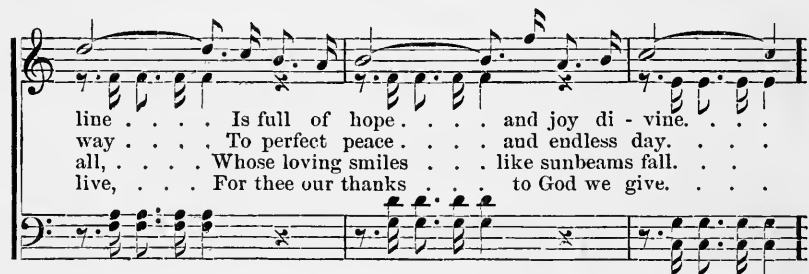
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Our Sunday-school, . . . how sweet, how dear . . . To meet and
 2. Our Sunday-school, . . . where all may sing . . . Glad songs of
 3. Our school is like . . . a gar-den fair, . . . Where plants are
 4. Our Sunday-school, . . . whose golden hours . . . From E-den

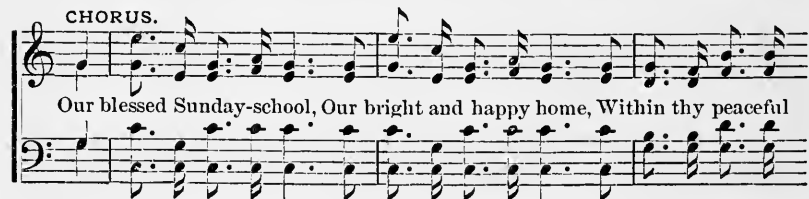


learn . . . of Jesus here; . . . To read his word, . . . whose ev'ry
 praise . . . to God our King, . . . And youthful hearts . . . may find the
 trained . . . with tender care . . . To bloom for him, . . . the Lord of
 bring . . . refreshing showers, . . . In thee on earth . . . we learn to

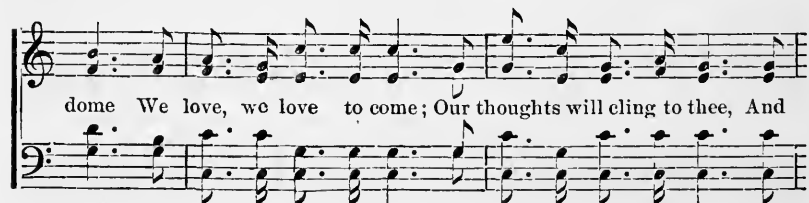


line . . . Is full of hope . . . and joy di-vine. . . .
 way . . . To perfect peace . . . and endless day. . . .
 all, . . . Whose loving smiles . . . like sunbeams fall. . . .
 live, . . . For thee our thanks . . . to God we give. . . .

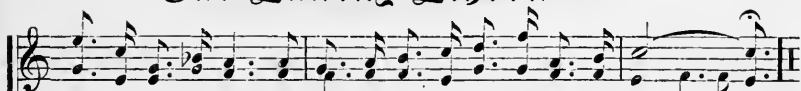
CHORUS.



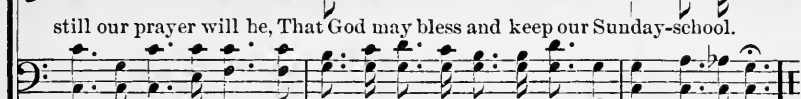
Our blessed Sunday-school, Our bright and happy home, Within thy peaceful



dome We love, we love to come; Our thoughts will cling to thee, And



still our prayer will be, That God may bless and keep our Sunday-school.

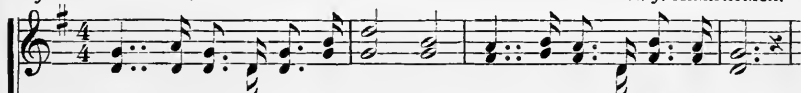


Sunday-school.

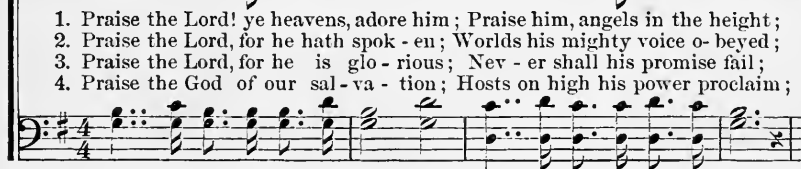
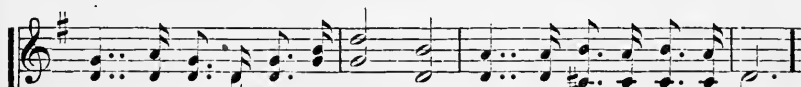
Praise the Lord, ye Heavens.

JOHN KEMPTHORNE.

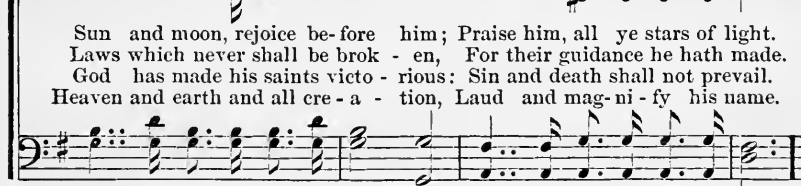
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.




1. Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore him; Praise him, angels in the height;
2. Praise the Lord, for he hath spok - en; Worlds his mighty voice o - beyed;
3. Praise the Lord, for he is glo - rious; Nev - er shall his promise fail;
4. Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high his power proclaim;

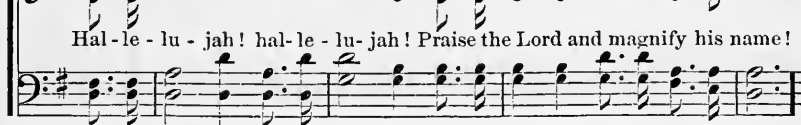
Sun and moon, rejoice be - fore him; Praise him, all ye stars of light.
 Laws which never shall be brok - en, For their guidance he hath made.
 God has made his saints victo - rious: Sin and death shall not prevail.
 Heaven and earth and all cre - a - tion, Laud and mag - ni - fy his name.



CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord and magnify his name!



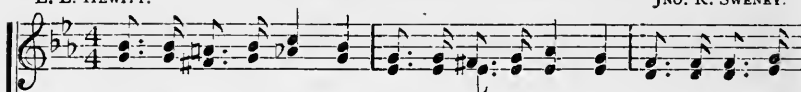

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - lelujah! Praise the Lord! his mighty power proclaim.



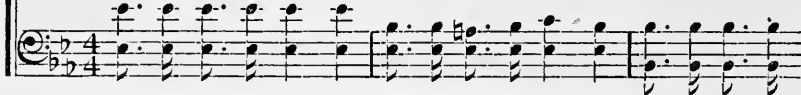

Open Thou Mine Eyes.

E. E. HEWITT.

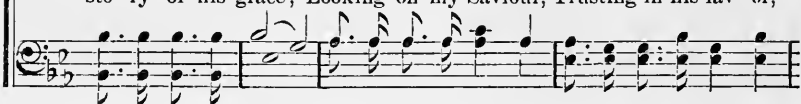
JNO. R. SWENEY.




1. Wait-ing by the way-side For the com-ing Mas-ter, List'n-ing for his
2. Wait-ing now no long-er, Faith is grow-ing stronger, With the gracious
3. In my sin and sor-row Cour-age I will bor-row From this sweet old

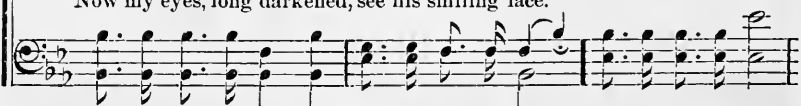
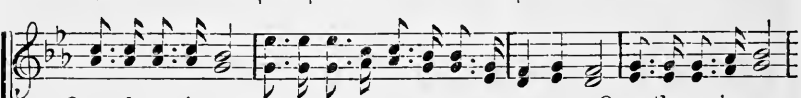
footsteps drawing nigh; All is dark and dreary, Waiting, sad and weary,
Master standing near; What is this glad greeting? Hasten to the meeting!
sto-ry of his grace; Looking on my Saviour, Trusting in his fav-or,



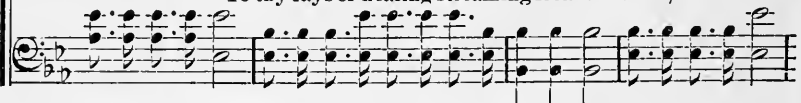
CHORUS.



Help me, Je-sus, Mas-ter; hear, oh, hear my cry. Open thou mine eyes,
Mer-cy now is streaming from the sunlit skies.
Now my eyes, long darkened, see his smiling face.

Open thou mine eyes Open thou mine eyes,
To thy rays of healing streaming from the skies;




Open thou mine eyes, Mer-cy now is streaming from the sunlit skies.



Healing at the Fountain.

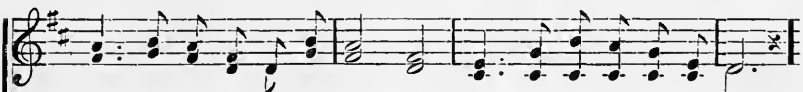
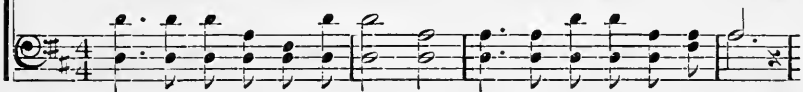
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FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



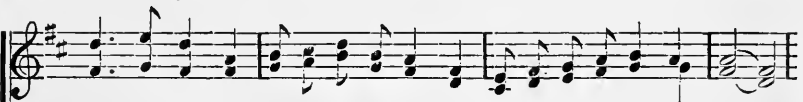
1. There is healing at the fount-ain, Come, behold the crimson tide,
2. There is healing at the fount-ain, Come and find it, wea-ry soul,
3. There is healing at the fount-ain, Look to Je-sus now and live,
4. There is healing at the fount-ain, Precious fountain filled with blood,



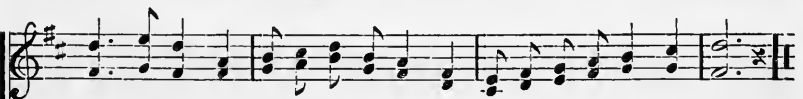
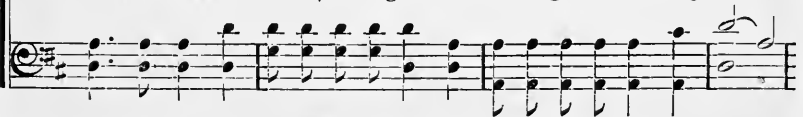
Flowing down from Calvary's mountain, Where the Prince of Glory died.
There your sins may all be cov-ered; Je-sus waits to make you whole.
At the cross lay down your bur-den; All your wanderings he'll forgive,
Come, O come, the Saviour calls you; Come and plunge beneath its flood.



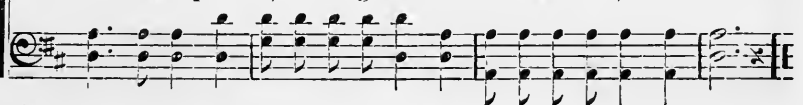
CHORUS.



O the fountain! blessed, healing fountain! I am glad 'tis flowing free,



O the fountain! precious, cleansing fountain! Praise the Lord, it cleanseth me.



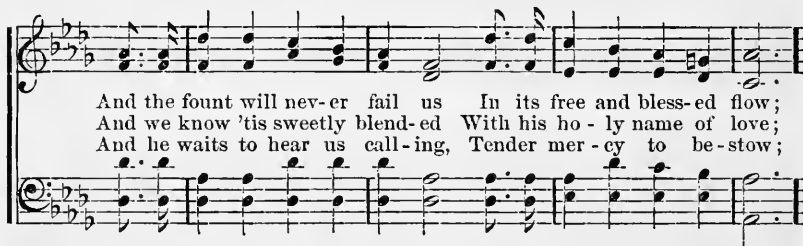
The Lord is Rich in Mercy.

E. A. BARNES.

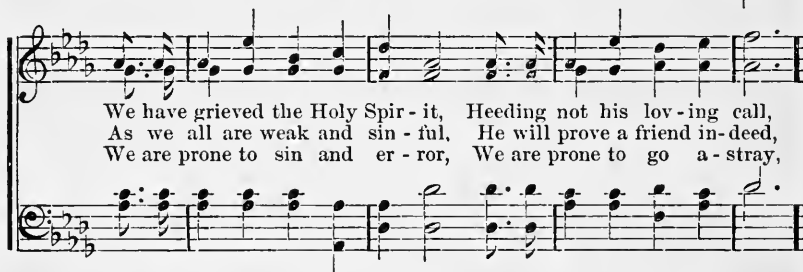
"Great are thy tender mercies, O Lord."—Ps. cxix. 156. JNO. R. SWENEY.



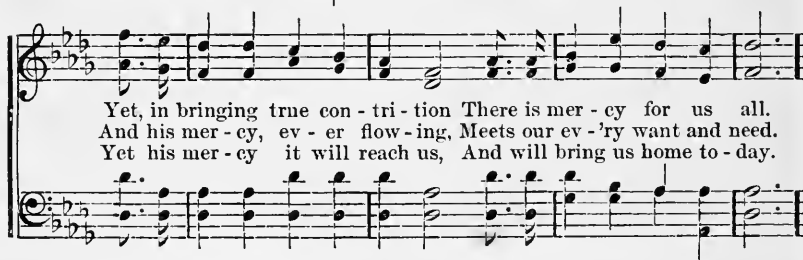
1. Oh, the Lord is rich in mer - cy, As his word will sweetly show,
 2. Oh, the Lord is rich in mer - cy, As he reigns in life a - bove,
 3. Oh, the Lord is rich in mer - cy, As we all may see and know,



And the fount will nev - er fail us In its free and bless - ed flow;
 And we know 'tis sweetly blend - ed With his ho - ly name of love;
 And he waits to hear us call - ing, Tender mer - cy to be - stow;

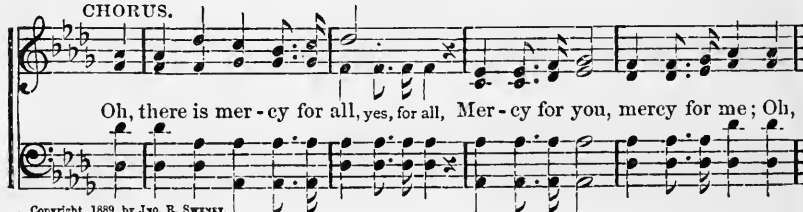


We have grieved the Holy Spir - it, Heeding not his lov - ing call,
 As we all are weak and sin - ful, He will prove a friend in - deed,
 We are prone to sin and er - ror, We are prone to go a - stray,



Yet, in bringing true con - tri - tion There is mer - cy for us all.
 And his mer - cy, ev - er flow - ing, Meets our ev - 'ry want and need.
 Yet his mer - cy it will reach us, And will bring us home to - day.

CHORUS.



Oh, there is mer - cy for all, yes, for all, Mer - cy for you, mercy for me; Oh,

there is mer - cy for all; yes, for all, Mer - cy for you and me.

Open Your Heart to Jesus.

A. A. A.

A. A. ARMEN.

1. O - pen your heart to Je - sus, He's calling, "Come home to-day;"
2. O - pen your heart to Je - sus, Oh, o - pen it *now* and wide;
3. O - pen your heart to Je - sus, From wells of sal - va - tion drink;
4. O - pen your heart to Je - sus, He's waiting with o - pen hand;

You will but wan - der far - ther The long - er you stay a - way.
 Je - sus is ev - er read - y To en - ter and there a - bide.
 Mer - cy's to you ex - tend - ed, Tho' standing on ru - in's brink.
 Fly for your life to Je - sus, The "Rock in a wea - ry land."

CHORUS.

O - pen your heart to Je - sus; Oh, give him a wel - come there;

O - pen your heart to Je - sus, And rich - est of treasures share.

The Beautiful Light.

R. KELSO CARTER.

JNO R. SWENEY.

1. Je-sus is the light, the way, We are walking in the light, We are
 2. We who know our sins forgiven, We are walking in the light, We are
 3. As we journey here be-low, We are walking in the light, We are
 4. We will sing his power to save, We are walking in the light, We are

walking in the light; Shining brighter day by day, We are walking in the
 walking in the light; Find on earth the joy of heaven, We are walking in the
 walking in the light; Oh, what joy and peace we know, We are walking in the
 walking in the light; We will triumph o'er the grave, We are walking in the

REFRAIN.

beautiful light of God. We are walk - - ing in the light, We are
 Walking in the light, beautiful light of God,

walk - - ing in the light, We are walk - - ing in the
 Walking in the light, beau-ti-ful light of God, Walking in the light,

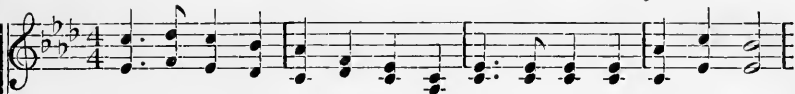
light, We are walking in the beau-ti-ful light of God.
 Walk-ing in the light,

Jehovah's Mighty Love.

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SALLIE MARTIN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Oh, the deep, un-fathomed o - cean Of Je - hovah's mighty love!
2. On that deep, un-fathomed o - cean, While I gaze with raptured eyes,
3. On that deep, un-fathomed o - cean I can hear the ech-oes ring
4. On that deep, un-fathomed o - cean In - to life I soon shall glide,



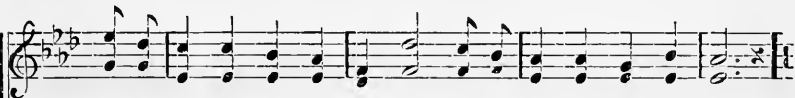
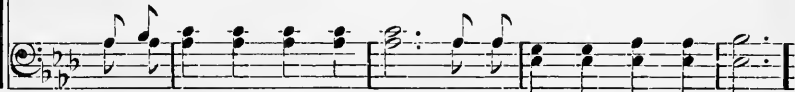
How it bears me on its bo - som To the mountain heights above!
 I am lost a - mid the grandeur, Overwhelmed with glad surprise.
 Through the jas - per gates that o - pen To the pal - ace of the King.
 Float - ing still in bliss e - ter - nal O'er its calm and peaceful tide.



CHORUS.



Oh, there's glory in my soul! And my joy I can - not tell,



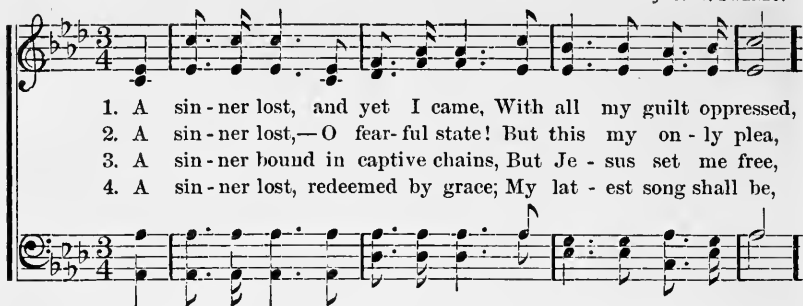
For I know that with my Saviour I am go - ing home to dwell.



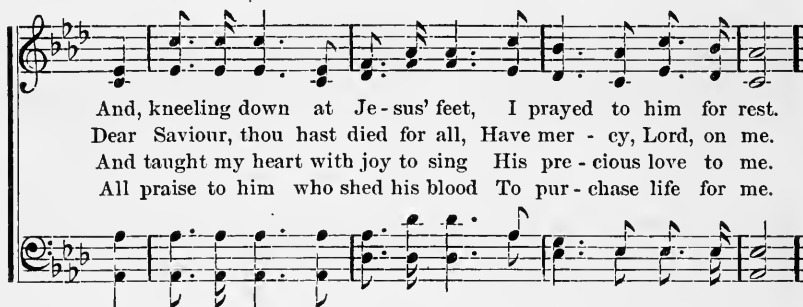
The Heard My Prayer.

SALLIE SMITH

JNO. R. SWENBY.

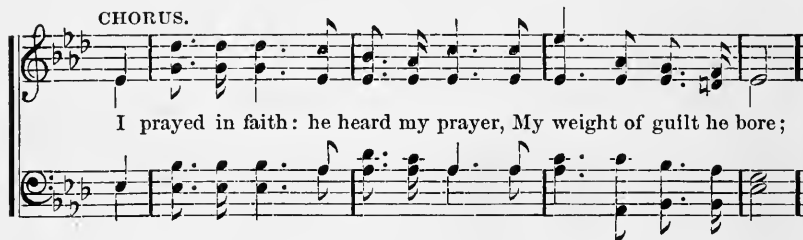


1. A sin - ner lost, and yet I came, With all my guilt oppressed,
 2. A sin - ner lost,—O fear - ful state! But this my on - ly plea,
 3. A sin - ner bound in captive chains, But Je - sus set me free,
 4. A sin - ner lost, redeemed by grace; My lat - est song shall be,

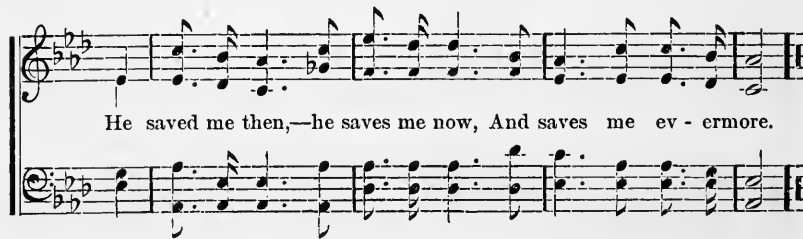


And, kneeling down at Je - sus' feet, I prayed to him for rest.
 Dear Saviour, thou hast died for all, Have mer - cy, Lord, on me.
 And taught my heart with joy to sing His pre - cious love to me.
 All praise to him who shed his blood To pur - chase life for me.

CHORUS.



I prayed in faith: he heard my prayer, My weight of guilt he bore;



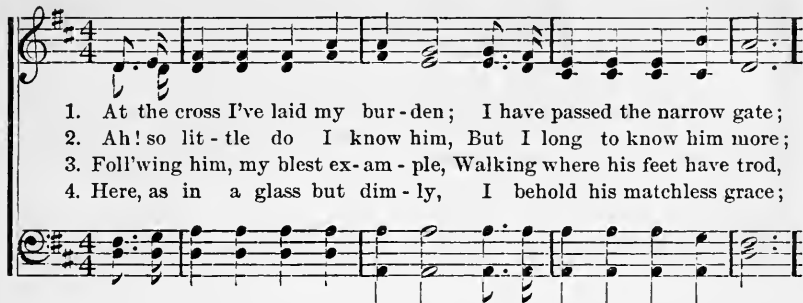
He saved me then,—he saves me now, And saves me ev - ermore.

Following On to Know.

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E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

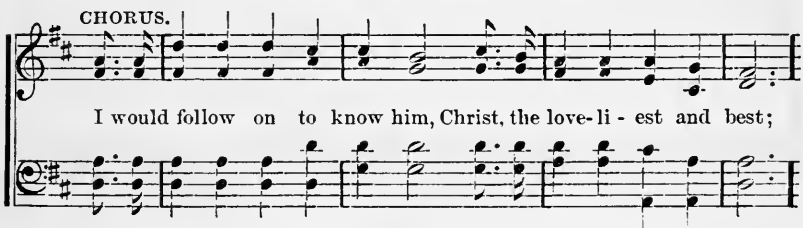


1. At the cross I've laid my bur - den; I have passed the narrow gate;
 2. Ah! so lit - tle do I know him, But I long to know him more;
 3. Foll'wing him, my blest ex - am - ple, Walking where his feet have trod,
 4. Here, as in a glass but dim - ly, I behold his matchless grace;

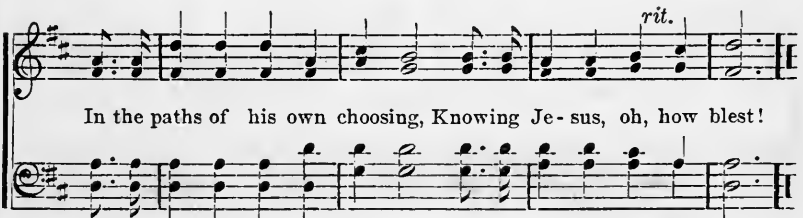


Seek - ing for the ho - ly ci - ty; On the King's command I wait.
 He has giv - en me his prom - ise; Let me plead it o'er and o'er.
 Guid - ed by his word and Spir - it, Pleasing not my - self, but God.
 Soon, beyond the si - lent riv - er, I shall see him face to face.

CHORUS.



I would follow on to know him, Christ, the love - li - est and best;



In the paths of his own choosing, Knowing Je - sus, oh, how blest!

J. G. T. CRUSE.

HOWARD T. GOOGINS.

1. Land a - head! a light is gleaming O'er the dark and sullen waves,
2. Land a - head! "the night of weeping" Yields to dawn of endless day;

While the world at large is dreaming, Thinking not of him who saves.
Jesus comes to wake the sleeping Jewels that are laid a-way.

Land a - head! sweet words so cheering To the tem - pest-tost and tried,
Land a - head! our home in glo - ry, Pilgrims soon its shores will throng;

For the heaven - ly port we're nearing, Land for which we oft have sighed.
Then we'll sing "the old, old sto - ry," And will shout redemption's song.

CHORUS.

But a - mid . . . the tempest's roar, . . . Zion's ship . . .
But a - mid the tem - pest's roar, the tempest's roar, Zi - on's

is nearing shore; Get the an - chor o'er the
ship is near - ing shore, is near-ing shore; Get the an-chor o'er the rail,
rail. . . . Soon we'll cast . . . within the veil.
with - in the veil.

E. E. HEWITT.

Looking to Jesus.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Not too slow.

1. Looking to Jesus, bright Star of the day Looking to Jesus, the Truth and the Way,
2. Looking to Jesus with faith in his name, Seeing the cross where he suffer'd our shame,
3. Looking to Jesus, 'tis comfort and peace, Help ever present when trials increase;

Fine.

Looking, be-lieving, 'tis life ev - ermore, Praise him, my soul, and adore.
Humbly re-ceiving his pardon and grace, Patiently running the race.
All fulness dwells in our Saviour and King; Vic-to-ry, vic - to - ry sing.

D.S.—Looking to Je-sus, 'tis life ev - ermore, Praise him, my soul, and adore.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Praise him, my soul, and adore. Praise him, my soul, and adore;
Praise him, O praise him, Praise him, O praise him,

Marching On to Victory.

NATHAN DUN, B.D.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The temperance cause is moving on, Our State and nation shall be free;
 2. Thy kingdom come, O Lord, we pray; 'Tis coming soon, the world shall see;
 3. The temperance banner soon shall wave From north to south, from sea to sea:

A better day begins to dawn: We're marching on to victo - ry!
 God save our homes, we cry to-day, While marching on to victo - ry.
 With earnest step, ye true and brave, We're marching on to victo - ry!

CHORUS.

We're marching on, . . . we're marching on, . . . We're marching

on . . . to vic - to - ry; . . . A better day . . . begins to
 We're marching on to vic - to - ry, to vic - to - ry,

on . . . to vic - to - ry.
 dawn, . . . We are marching, marching on to victory. to vic - to - ry.

4 We soon shall join the glad refrain:
 "The land we love at last is free!
 Hosanna! swell the joyful strain!"
 We're marching on to victory!

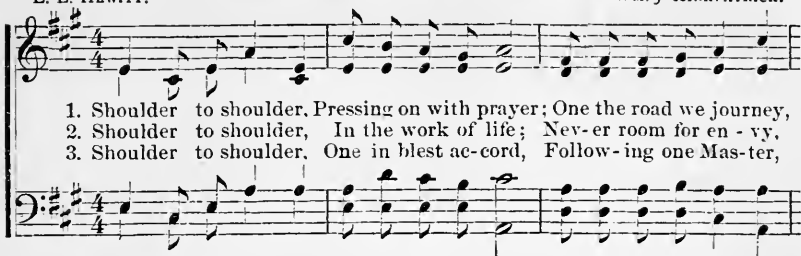
5 The crowning work will soon be done:
 God speed the coming jubilee!
 Behold, the day is almost won!
 We're marching on to victory!

Shoulder to Shoulder.

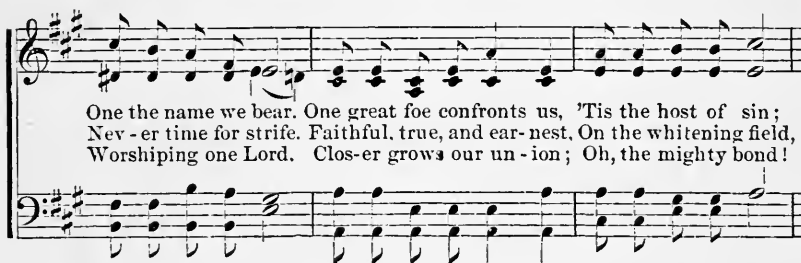
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E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

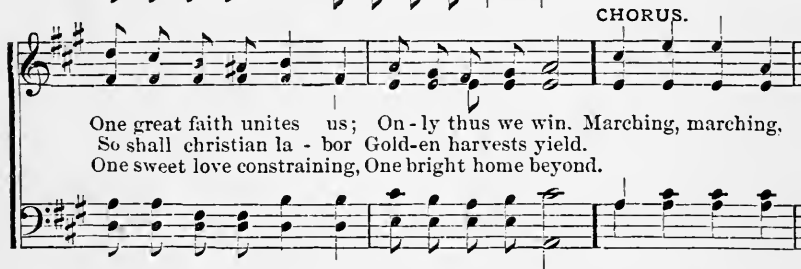


1. Shoulder to shoulder, Pressing on with prayer; One the road we journey,
 2. Shoulder to shoulder, In the work of life; Nev-er room for en - vy,
 3. Shoulder to shoulder, One in blest ac-cord, Follow-ing one Mas-ter,

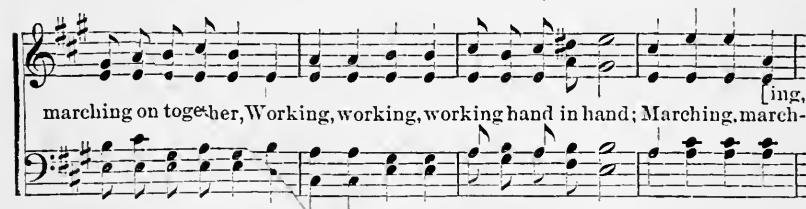


One the name we bear. One great foe confronts us, 'Tis the host of sin;
 Nev-er time for strife. Faithful, true, and ear-nest, On the whitening field,
 Worshipping one Lord. Clos-er grows our un-ion; Oh, the mighty bond!

CHORUS.



One great faith unites us; On-ly thus we win. Marching, marching,
 So shall christian la - bor Gold-en harvests yield.
 One sweet love constraining, One bright home beyond.



ing,
 marching on to-gether, Working, working, working hand in hand; Marching, march-



on to ho-ly war-fare, On to brightest glo-ry in Immanuel's land.

Victory is Near.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

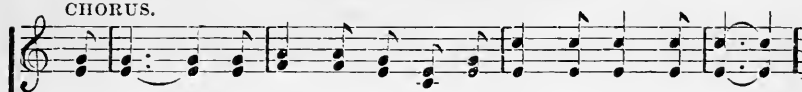
1. A bu - gle note of tri - umph Is sounding thro' the land,
 2. There once was but a hand - ful Who dared to strike a blow;
 3. The prayers of wives and moth - ers, The life - blood of the brave,

A note that stirs the na - tion To help the temp'rance band;
 But now a might - y arm - y Is fight - ing with the foe.
 The cease - less toil of thou - sands U - nite the lost to save.

And loy - al, faith - ful work - ers, Who toiled 'mid hope and fear,
 New re - in - forcements dai - ly Are greet - ed with a cheer,
 There is no gift too pre - cious To aid a cause so dear;

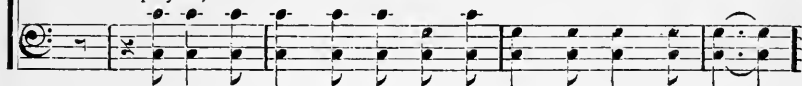
Proclaim with glad thanksgiv - ing That vic - to - ry is near.
 For fresh recrui - ts tell plain - ly That vic - to - ry is near.
 No sac - ri - fice too cost - ly When vic - to - ry is near.

CHORUS.

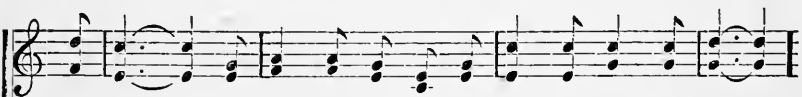


Pray on, . . . and work to-geth-er, And fight with-out a fear;

pray on,



We'll give to God the glo - ry, That vic - to - ry is near:

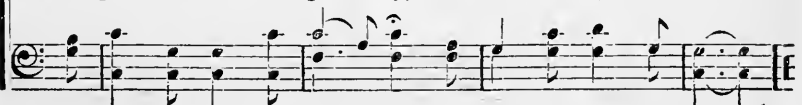


Pray on, . . . and work to-geth-er, And fight with-out a fear;

pray on,

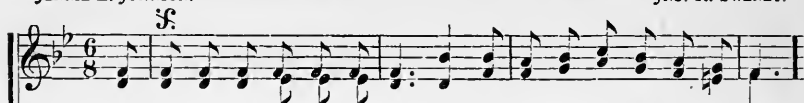


We'll give to God the glo - ry, That vic - to - ry is near.

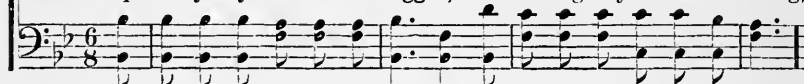


JENNIE E. JOHNSON.

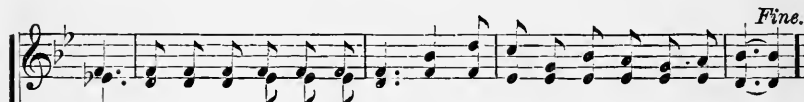
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Oh, we are young soldiers for Je- sus, And he, our Commander and Friend,
2. Oh, we are young soldiers for Je- sus, And promise to follow him still;
3. Our pathway may sometimes be rugged, Our marching may sometimes be long,



D. S.—we are young soldiers for Je- sus, And he, our Commander and Friend,



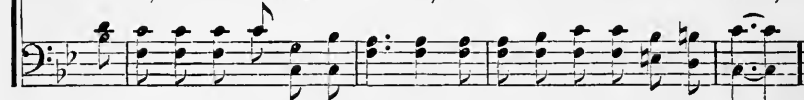
Will help us each one to be faith-ful, And lead us safe on to the end;
 A place in the Sunday-school army To-day we are hap- py to fill;
 But glad-ly our footsteps shall ev-er Keep time to the voice of our song;



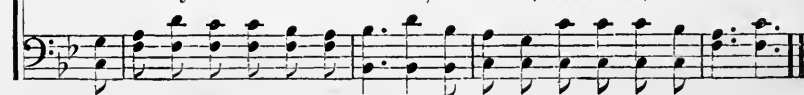
Will help us each one to be faith-ful, And lead us safe on to the end;



Wherev - er the post of our du - ty Let none of us fal-ter nor fear;
 Yes, we are young soldiers for Je- sus, And proudly our colors we show;
 And oh, when the warfare is o - ver, And Jesus our Saviour shall come,



Remember no danger can harm us When Jesus our Saviour is near. Oh,
 Our watchword is RIGHT and PRESS ONWARD; We dread not the field nor the foe.
 How sweetly we'll rest on his bo- som, In Ed- en, dear Eden, our home.



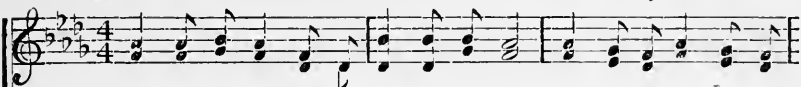
He's Mighty to Save.

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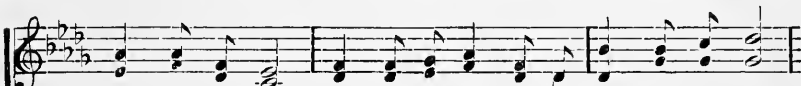
E. E. HEWITT.

Isaiah lxiii. 1.

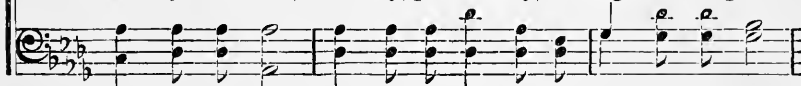
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Je - sus is wait-ing his grace to be-stow ; Sin "red like crimson" he
2. Stand-ing a-lone in the strife we shall fail, Close to our Leader his
3. Take him the bur-den that weighs on your heart, Take him the trouble, he'll
4. Up from the val-ley the dark-ness is gone When Jesus brings there the



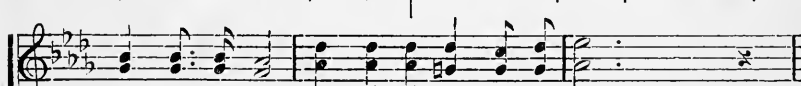
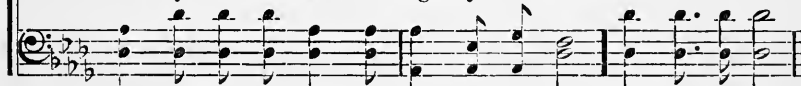
makes white as snow ; Lov-ing us free-ly, his life-blood he gave ;
might will pre-vail ; Or if a bless-ing for oth-ers we crave ;
com-fort im-part ; Held by his hand we can walk on the wave ;
beau-ty of dawn ; Vic-t'ry, glad vic-t'ry, we sing o'er the grave !



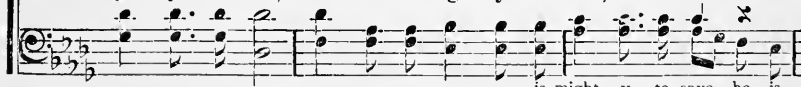
CHORUS.



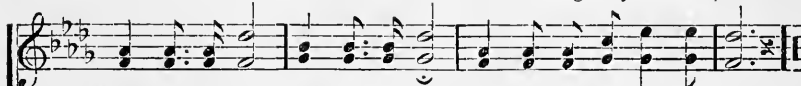
Bless-ed Redeem-er ! he's might-y to save. Might-y to save,
Pray on, be-liev-ing,—he's might-y to save.
Look up to Je-sus, he's might-y to save.
Glo-ry to Je-sus ! he's might-y to save.



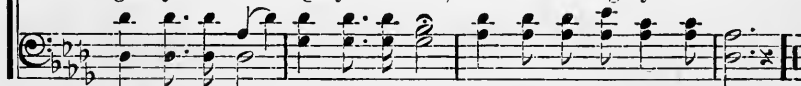
might-y to save, Je-sus is might-y to save ;



is might-y to save, he is



Might-y to save, mighty to save, Je-sus is mighty to save.



Awake, Awake.

GEO. K. THOMPSON,
FULL CHORUS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Awake, awake, with cheerful heart and voice, To Zion's God our sweetest anthem

raise; Awake, awake, let heav'n and earth rejoice, And shout aloud in

(2d time go to Solo.)
tuneful strain Jehovah's praise, And shout aloud in tuneful strain Jehovah's praise.

DUET. *A little slower.*
He crowns the year with mercy, He fills our cup with joy,

His love is ev-er-last-ing, Let praise our tongues employ;

His blessings fall around us Like dew and summer showers,

He cheers the path before us, And makes it bright with flowers,

He cheers the path before us, And makes it bright with flowers.

D. C.

SOLO.

He is watching kind-ly o'er us, Bending low our song to hear,

And we know with ev'-ry mo-ment Guardian an-gels hov-er near,

And we know with ev' - ry mo - ment Guardian an - gels hov - er near.

FULL CHORUS.

Joy - ful, joy - ful, glo - ri - fy his name, Now in his tem - ple

grate - ful homage pay, Hail him, hail him, join the loud ac - claim,

Sing hallelujah, worship him to - day; Shout, shout aloud, come with one accord,

Sing hal - le - lujah, praise ye the Lord, Sing hallelu - jah, praise ye the Lord.

Fine.

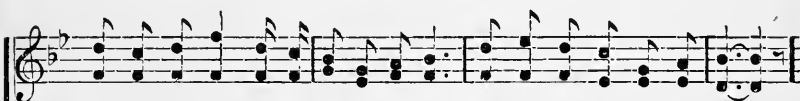
Jesus is Strong to Deliver.

141

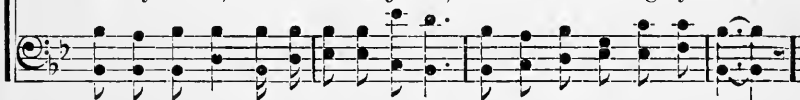
J. P. W.



1. When in the tempest he'll hide us, When in the storm he'll be near;
2. When in my sorrow he found me, Found me, and bade me be whole,
3. Why are you doubting and fearing, Why are you still under sin?
4. You say, "I-am weak, I am helpless, I've tried again and again;" Well.



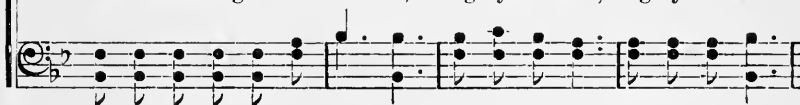
All the way 'long he will carry us on,—Now we have nothing to fear.
Turn'd all my night into heavenly light, And from me my burden did roll.
Have you not found that his grace doth abound, He's mighty to save, let him in!
this may be true, but it's not what *you* do, 'Tis *he* who's the "mighty to save."



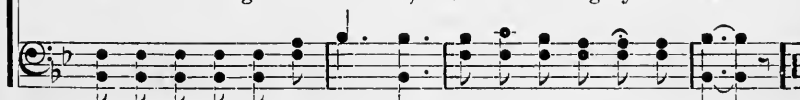
CHORUS.



Je-sus is strong to de-liv-er, Mighty to save, mighty to save!



Je-sus is strong to de-liv-er, Je-sus is mighty to save!

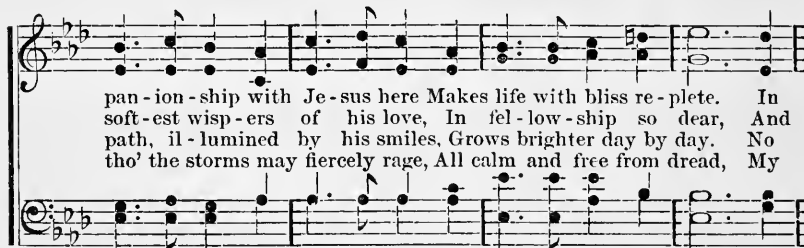


MARY D. JAMES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Oh, bless-ed fel-low-ship divine! Oh, joy supremely sweet! Com-
 2. I'm walking close to Je-sus' side, So close that I can hear The
 3. I'm lean-ing on his lov-ing breast, Along life's weary way; My
 4. I know his shelt'ring wings of love Are always o'er me spread, And

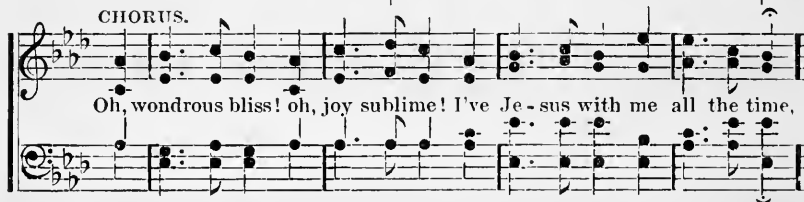


pan-ion-ship with Je-sus here Makes life with bliss re-plete. In
 soft-est wisp-ers of his love, In fel-low-ship so dear, And
 path, il-lu-mined by his smiles, Grows brighter day by day. No
 tho' the storms may fiercely rage, All calm and free from dread, My

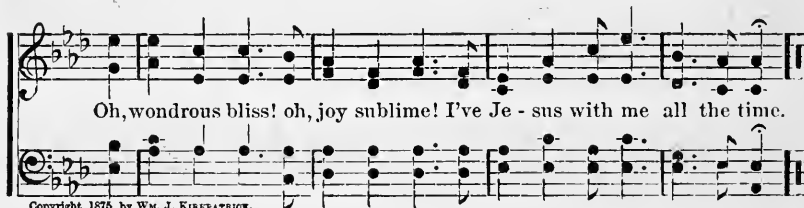


un-ion with the pur-est one I find my heav'n on earth be-gun.
 feel his great, al-might-y hand Protects me in this hos-tile land.
 foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my al-might-y Friend so near.
 peace-ful spir-it ev-er sings, "I'll trust the cov-ert of thy wings."

CHORUS.



Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je-sus with me all the time,



Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je-sus with me all the time.

Consecrate Me Now.

143

FANNY J. CROSEY.

JNO R. SWENEY.

1. Con - se - crate me now, Je - sus, my Redeem - er, Thine alone, and
 2. Near - er would I live; near - er, ev' - ry moment, Let my faith with
 3. When my work is done, when its cares are o - ver, When the gates of

thine for - ev - er, Lord, I would be; Pu - ri - fy my heart,
 cloudless vis - ion mount up to thee; Pas - sive in thy hand,
 yon - der ci - ty joy - ful I see, Then be - fore the throne,

D.S.—Con - se - crate me now,

Fine.
 all its dross re - moving, Let thine own Eter - nal Spirit dwell with me.
 by thy will direct - ed, Still in perfect, calm submission hold thou me.
 shouting hal - le - lu - jah, I will give the praise and glory, Lord, to thee.

Je - sus, my Redeemer, all I have is on the al - tar, all is thine.

CHORUS. *D.S.*
 O my Saviour, come and bless me, Come in the fulness of love di - vine;

Satisfied.

CLARA TEARE

Psalm xxxvi. 8.

R. E. HUDSON. By per.

1. All my life long I had pant-ed For a draught from some cool spring,
 2. Feeding on the husks a-round me, Till my strength was almost gone,
 3. Poor I was, and sought for rich-es, Something that would satis-fy,
 4. Well of wa-ter ev-er springing, Bread of life so rich and free,

That I hoped would quench the burning Of the thirst I felt with-in.
 Longed my soul for something bet-ter, On-ly still to hunger on.
 But the dust I gathered round me On-ly mocked my soul's sad cry.
 Untold wealth that nev-er fail-eth, My Redeem-er is to me.

REFRAIN.

Hal-le-lu-jah! I have found it—What my soul so long has craved!

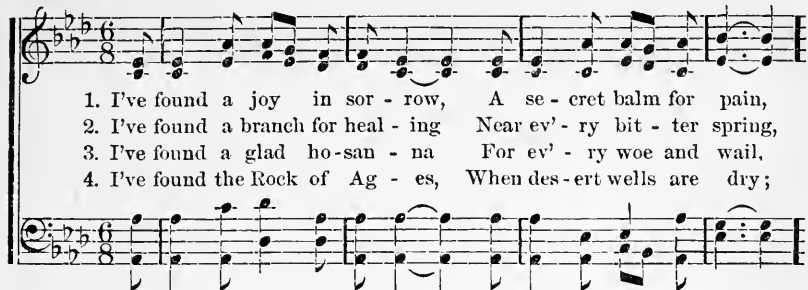
Je-sus sat-is-fies my long-ings; Thro' his blood I now am saved.

Jesus, My Joy.

145

Mrs. J. F. CREWDSON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I've found a joy in sor - row, A se - cret balm for pain,
 2. I've found a branch for heal - ing Near ev' - ry bit - ter spring,
 3. I've found a glad ho - san - na For ev' - ry woe and wail,
 4. I've found the Rock of Ag - es, When des - ert wells are dry;



A beau - ti - ful to - mor - row Of sunshine af - ter rain.
 A whispered promise steal - ing O'er ev' - ry bro - ken string.
 A handful of sweet man - na, When grapes of Es - chol fail.
 And af - ter wea - ry stag - es, I've found an E - lim nigh.

CHORUS.



'Tis Jesus, my portion forev - er, 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last;



A help ver - y present in trou - ble, A shelter from every blast.

5 An Elim with its coolness,
 Its fountains and its shade;
 A blessing in its fulness,
 When buds of promise fade.

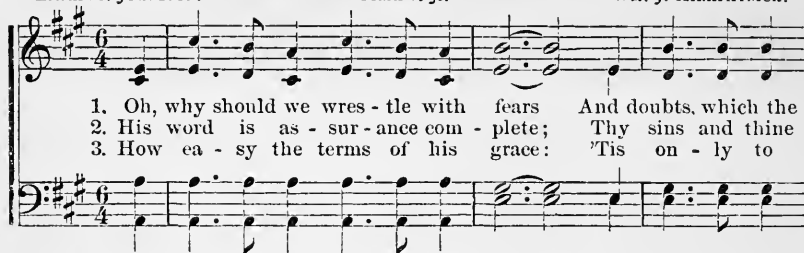
6 O'er tears of soft contrition
 I've seen a rainbow light;
 A glory and fruition,
 So near!—yet out of sight.

Only Believe.

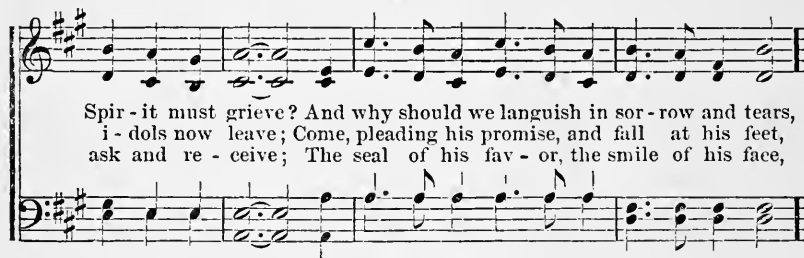
EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

Mark v. 36.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

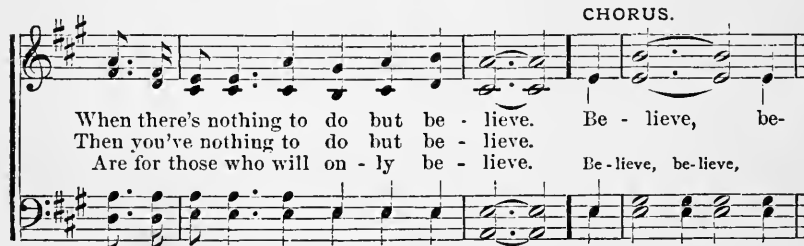


1. Oh, why should we wres - tle with fears And doubts, which the
 2. His word is as - sur - ance com - plete; Thy sins and thine
 3. How ea - sy the terms of his grace: 'Tis on - ly to



Spir - it must grieve? And why should we languish in sor - row and tears,
 i - dols now leave; Come, pleading his promise, and fall at his feet,
 ask and re - ceive; The seal of his fav - or, the smile of his face,

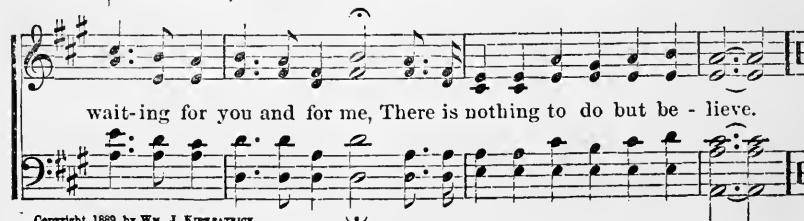
CHORUS.



When there's nothing to do but be - lieve. Be - lieve, be -
 Then you've nothing to do but be - lieve.
 Are for those who will on - ly be - lieve. Be - lieve, be - lieve,



lieve, On - ly on Je - sus be - lieve; Sal - va - tion is
 be - lieve,



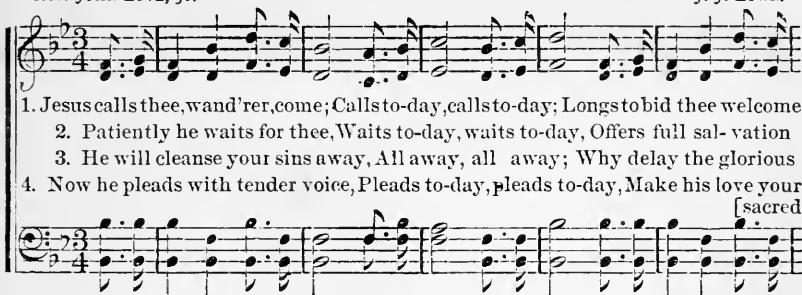
wait - ing for you and for me, There is nothing to do but be - lieve.

The Pleading Saviour.

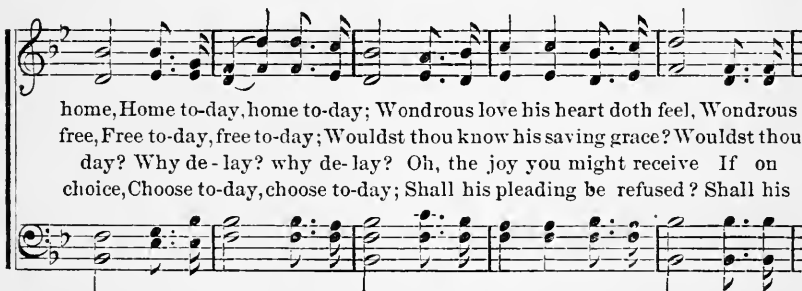
147

Rev. JOHN LOVE, Jr.

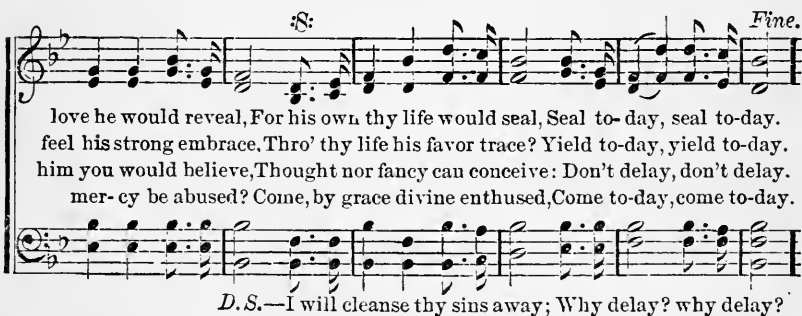
J. J. LOWK.



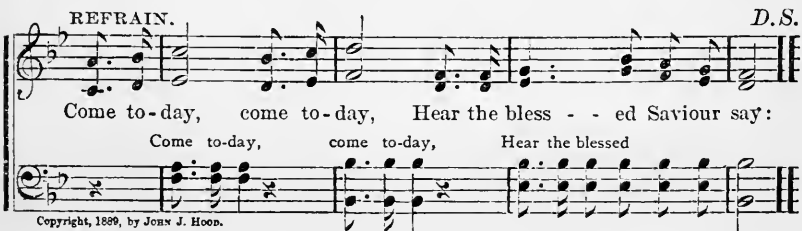
1. Jesus calls thee, wand'rer, come; Call to-day, call to-day; Long to bid thee welcome
 2. Patiently he waits for thee, Waits to-day, waits to-day, Offers full sal- vation
 3. He will cleanse your sins away, All away, all away; Why delay the glorious
 4. Now he pleads with tender voice, Pleads to-day, pleads to-day, Make his love your ^[sacred]



home, Home to-day, home to-day; Wondrous love his heart doth feel, Wondrous
 free, Free to-day, free to-day; Wouldst thou know his saving grace? Wouldst thou
 day? Why de- lay? why de- lay? Oh, the joy you might receive If on
 choice, Choose to-day, choose to-day; Shall his pleading be refused? Shall his



Fine.
 love he would reveal, For his own thy life would seal, Seal to-day, seal to-day.
 feel his strong embrace, Thro' thy life his favor trace? Yield to-day, yield to-day.
 him you would believe, Thought nor fancy can conceive: Don't delay, don't delay.
 mer- cy be abused? Come, by grace divine enthused, Come to-day, come to-day.
D. S.—I will cleanse thy sins away; Why delay? why delay?



REFRAIN. *D. S.*
 Come to-day, come to-day, Hear the bless - - ed Saviour say:
 Come to-day, come to-day, Hear the blessed

1. There is per - fect cleansing in the precious blood That flows for
 2. I am saved each moment thro' the cleansing blood That now by
 3. O the blood that keeps me from the power of sin My con-stant
 4. There is life e - ter - nal in the precious blood That still is

all so free, There is full sal - va-tion in its crimson flood; There's a
 faith I see; I am sweetly resting at the cross I love; There's a
 theme shall be; I have laid my burden at the Saviour's feet; There's a
 flow-ing free, And my soul shall glory in the Saviour's cross; There's a

CHORUS.

blessing from the Lord for me. There's a blessing for me, There's a

blessing for me, A blessing from the Lord for me; There is
 for me,

full salvation in the crimson flood; There's a blessing from the Lord for me.

My Heart's Dear Home.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When lost among the wild, dark mountains, Far, far from thee, I heard thy gentle
2. When lost among the wild, dark mountains, Sad was my cry, Till softly came the
3. O teach me to adore and praise thee, Saviour divine; Now I have made a
4. Wherever thou wilt lead, I'll follow Close, close to thee; One prayer alone my

voice, my Saviour, Calling in love to me. Safe within thy arms of mercy,
 words so tender, "Fear not, for here am I."
 full sur-render, All that I am is thine.
 soul is breathing, Saviour, abide with me.

D.S.—peace fore-er, Safe in my heart's dear home.

Nev - er more to roam; O, let me rest in
 Nev - er more to roam;

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Jesus Sought Me.

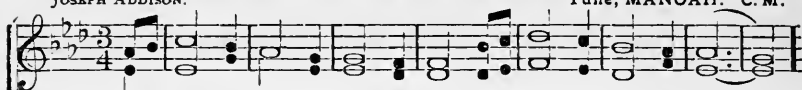
Tune above.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Long, weary years in sin I wandered,
 Far from the fold: [me.
 Till Christ, the loving Shepherd, found
 Out in the midnight cold.
 Hungry and thirsty then he led me
 Where waters flow,
 And with refreshing manna fed me,
 He washed me white as snow.</p> <p>CHO.—Vain, delusive world, forever,
 Now I sing farewell,
 Jesus, my loving Saviour, keeps me,
 His love I'll gladly tell.</p> <p>2 O for a heart to praise my Saviour!
 For he has died,</p> | <p>And my exulting soul finds favor
 Close to his bleeding side;
 There may I cling through life, and never
 Grieve him away,
 And in those heavenly mansions ever
 Spend an eternal day.</p> <p>3 Salvation thrills my soul with glad-
 Praise ye the Lord! [ness;
 No more I'll yield again to sadness,
 But trust in the blessed Word.
 To Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 All three in one,
 Be glory through a Saviour's merit,
 Ever thy will be done.</p> |
|--|---|

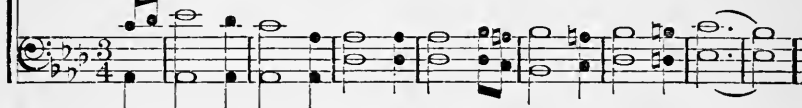
When all Thy Mercies.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

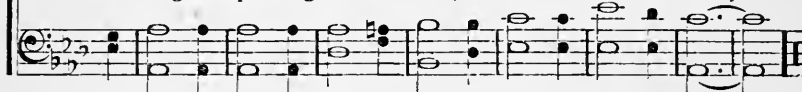
Tune, MANOAH. C. M.



1. When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys,
 2. Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths, It gently cleared my way;



Transport-ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.
 And through the pleasing snares of vice, More to be feared than they.



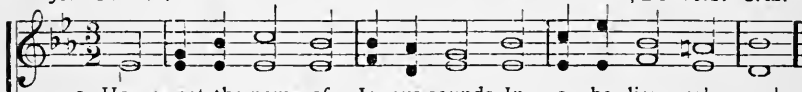
- 3 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The pleasing theme renew.

- 4 Through all eternity to thee
 A grateful song I'll raise;
 But oh, eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

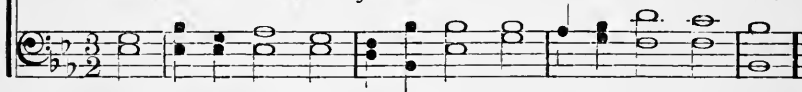
How Sweet the Name.

JOHN NEWTON.

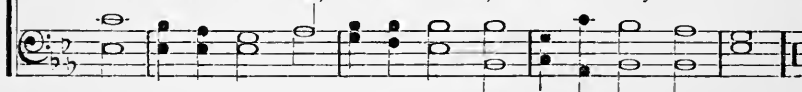
Tune, DOWNS. C. M.



1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear!



It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.



- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.

- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place;
 My never-failing treasure, filled
 With boundless stores of grace!

- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring!

- 5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 'So shall the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

153 Watchman, Tell us of the Night.

Sir JOHN BOWRING.

Tune, WATCHMAN. 7s, d.

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are;
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height See that glo-ry-beam-ing star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy for-tell?
Traveler, yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is-ra-el.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends!
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night.
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

154

The Lord's my Shepherd.

Tune, DOWNS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want:
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.</p> <p>2 My soul he doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.</p> <p>3 Yea, though I walk through death's
Yet will I fear no ill, [dark vale,</p> | <p>For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.</p> <p>4 A table thou hast furnished me
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.</p> <p>5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.</p> |
|---|--|

1. Go, la- bor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa-ther's will;

It is the way the Master went; Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast
down;

Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

4 Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice,

The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

1. A- wake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve, And press with vigor on; A

heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown, And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
Shall blend in common dust. [gems

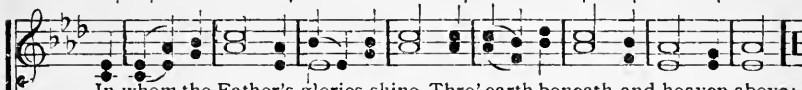
5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

C. WESLEY.

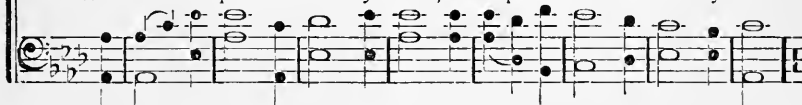
Tune, LOUVAN. L. M.



1. E - ter - nal Beam of light divine, Fountain of un - exhaust - ed love,
 2. Je - sus, the wea - ry wanderer's rest, Give me thy ea - sy yoke to bear;



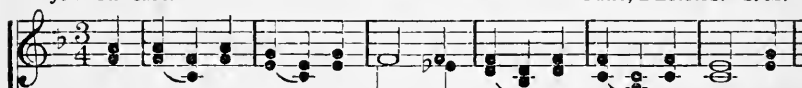
In whom the Father's glories shine, Thro' earth beneath, and heaven above;
 With steadfast patience arm my breast, With spotless love and low - ly fear.



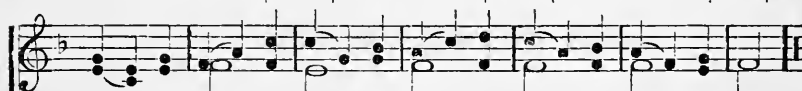
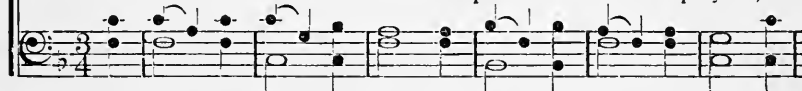
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
 Prepared and mingled by thy skill;
 Though bitter to the taste it be,
 Powerful the wounded soul to heal.</p> <p>4 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh! [gone,
 So shall each murmuring thought be
 And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
 As clouds before the midday sun.</p> | <p>5 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace;"
 Say to my trembling heart, "Be still;"
 Thy power my strength and fortress is,
 For all things serve thy sovereign will.</p> <p>6 O Death! where is thy sting? where
 Thy boasted victory, O Grave? [now
 Who shall contend with God? or who
 Can hurt whom God delights to save?</p> |
|---|--|

JOHN FAWCETT.

Tune, DENNIS. S. M.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love; The
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent prayers; Our



fel - low - ship of kind - red minds Is like to that a - bove.
 fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.</p> | <p>4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.</p> |
|--|---|

Full Salvation.

F. H. STEELE.

E. E. NICKERSON.

1. If you want par - don, if you want peace, If you want sighing and
 2. I am so glad that Je - sus saved me, Purchased my pardon on
 3. If you want Jesus to reign in your soul, Plunge in the fountain and

CHO.—Liv - ing be - neath the shade of the cross, Counting the jew - els of

sor - row to cease, Look up to Je - sus, who died on the tree To
 Cal - va - ry's tree! I am washed in th' - blood he shed for me there, En -
 you shall be whole; Look up to Je - sus, who died on the tree, To
 earth but as dross; Washed in the blood that flowed from his side, En -

D. C.

4
 There's peace in believing, sweet peace to the soul,
 To know that he maketh me perfectly whole;
 There's joy everlasting to feel his blood flow,
 'Tis life my Redeemer to know.

5
 There's peace in believing, sweet peace to the soul,
 To know that he maketh me perfectly whole;
 Oh, come to the fountain, oh, come at his call,
 There's healing and cleansing for all.

purchase a full salva - tion.
 joying a full salva - tion.
 purchase a full salva - tion.
 joying a full salva - tion.

From "Highway Songs," by per.

Take All My Sins Away.

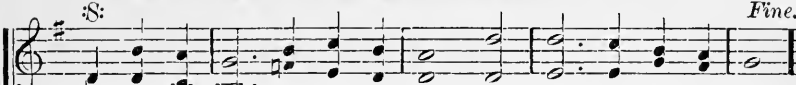
M. B.

MARECHALE BOOTH.

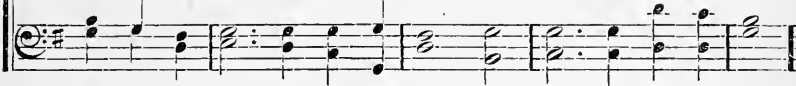
1. Oh, spotless Lamb, I come to thee, No long - er can I from thee stay;
 2. My hungry soul cries out for thee, Come, and for - ev - er seal my breast;
 3. Weary I am of inbred sin, Oh, wilt thou not my soul release?

Take All My Sins Away.—CONCLUDED.

S: *Fine.*



Break ev - 'ry chain, now set me free, Take all my sins a - way.
To thy dear arms at last I flee, There on - ly can I rest.
En - ter, and speak me pure with-in, Give me thy per-fect peace.

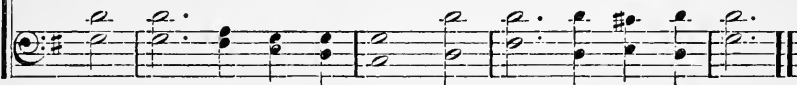


D.S.—My precious Sav - iour, full of love, Take all my sins a - way.

D.S.



Take all my sins a - way, Take all my sins a - way,




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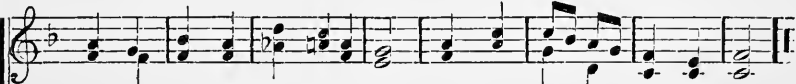
Come, My Soul.

JOHN NEWTON.

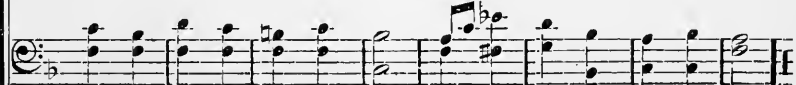
Tune, SEYMOUR. 78.



1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus loves to answer prayer;
2. Lord, I come to thee for rest; Take pos - ses - sion of my breast;
3. While I am a pil-grim here, Let thy love my spir - it cheer;
4. Show me what I have to do; Ev - 'ry hour my strength renew;

He him-self in - vites thee near, Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.
There thy blood-bought right maintain, And without a riv - al reign.
As my guide, my guard, my friend, Lead me to my journey's end.
Let me live a life of faith, Let me die thy people's death.



Must Jesus Bear the Cross.

THOMAS SHEPHERD. Alt.

Tune, MAITLAND. C. M.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

C. WESLEY.

Blow ye the Trumpet.

Tune, LISCHER. H. M.

1. { Blow ye the trumpet, blow; The gladly solemn sound } The year of jubilee is come:
Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound;

2. { Jesus, our great High Priest, Hath full atonement made: } The year, etc.
Ye weary spirits, rest; Ye mournful souls, be glad: }

Return, ye ransomed sinners, home, Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace,
And 'saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face.



2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest; [ness,
There dwells the Lord our Righteous-
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness!

165 Come on, my Partners.

1 Come on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight [praise,
Shall fill the heavenly courts with
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light. —C. WESLEY.

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Welcome, Delightful Morn.

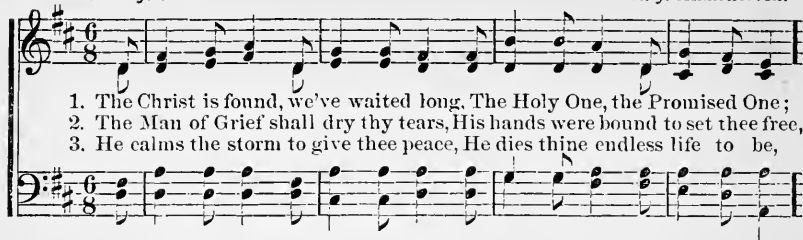
Tune opposite.

1 Welcome, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest,
We hail thy kind return,
Lord, make these moments blest;
From the low train of mortal toys
We soar to reach immortal joys.

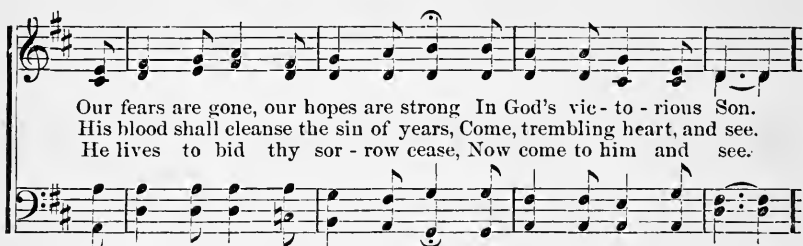
2 Now may the King descend
And fill his throne of grace;

Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

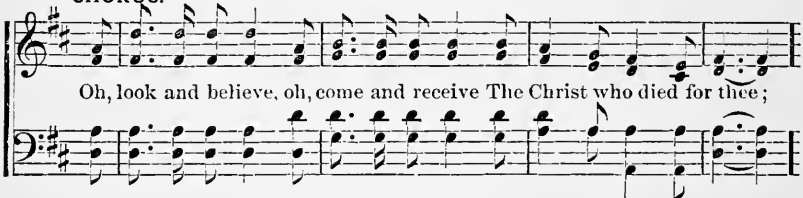
3 Descend, celestial Dove!
With all thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall our souls new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be bestowed in vain.



1. The Christ is found, we've waited long, The Holy One, the Promised One;
2. The Man of Grief shall dry thy tears, His hands were bound to set thee free,
3. He calms the storm to give thee peace, He dies thine endless life to be,



CHORUS.



Oh, look and believe, oh, come and receive The Christ who died for thee;



The Son of Man is the Son of God; Come, doubting heart, and see.

Copyright, 1889, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

- 1 Just as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come.
- 2 Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be
blest?
Trust not the world; it gives no rest;
Christ brings relief to hearts oppress—
O weary sinner, come.
- 3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;

His grace o'er pays all earthly loss—
O needy sinner, come.

- 4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
O trembling sinner, come.
- 5 "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come;
Who thirsts, who faints, who will, may
come;
Thy Saviour calls thee, come!

There is a Fountain.

COWPER.

Arranged by W. J. K.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day, And
 3. Thou dy-ing Lamb, thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, Till
 4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Re-

CHORUS.
 sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. O Lord, have
 there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
 all the ransomed Church of God Are saved to sin no more.
 deeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.

mer-cy, O Lord, have mercy, O Lord, have mercy, Have mercy on me.

Copyright, 1889, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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Alas! and did.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?</p> <p>2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!</p> <p>3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,</p> | <p>When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
 For man, the creature's sin.</p> <p>4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While his dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.</p> <p>5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe:
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
 'Tis all that I can do. —I. WATTS.</p> |
|---|---|

How do Thy Mercies.

Tune, FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

1. How do thy mercies close me round! Forev-er be thy name a-dored;
2. Inured to pov-er-ty and pain, A suff'ring life my Mas-ter led;

I blush in all things to a-bound; The servant is a-bove his Lord.
The Son of God, the Son of Man, He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, be gone;
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love.

5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy:
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

Depth of Mercy!

Tune, PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

1. Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still reserved for me?

Can my God his wrath for-bear,— Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls:
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Kindled his relents are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his
God is love! I know, I feel; [hands;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

MARY L. DUNCAN.

Tune, PARK STREET. L. M.

1. Lo! round the throne, a glo - rious band, The saints in count - less
myr - iads stand; Of ev - 'ry tongue redeemed to God, Arrayed in
garments washed in blood, Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
But now from all their labors rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 They see the Saviour face to face;
They sing the triumph of his grace;
And day and night, with ceaseless praise,
To him their loud hosannas raise.

4 O may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life!

And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

5 Oh! may I reach that happy place,
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

—ISAAC WATTS.

174 Now to the Lord.

1 Now to the Lord a noble song:
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God:

175 Soon may the last glad song.

1 Soon may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies;
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms
Obedient, mighty God, to thee; [be
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the scepter of thy reign.

3 O let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
Till not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

JOHN BAKEWELL.

Tune, AUTUMN. 8, 7, d.

1. Hail, thou once de-spis-ed Je - sus! Hail, thou Gal-i - le - an King!

Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.
D.S.—By thy mer - its we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en thro' thy name.

Hail, thou ag - o - niz-ing Sav-iour, Bearer of our sin and shame!

- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

177

Love Divine.

- 1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.
- 3 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

i. Je- sus, I my cross have tak- en, All to leave and fol- low thee;

Na- ked, poor, despised, for- sak- en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
D.S.—Yet how rich is my con- di- tion, God and heaven are still my own!

Per- ish ev- 'ry fond ambition, All I've sought and hoped, and known;

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, "Abba, Father;"
I have stayed my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.

Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?
6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

179 Gently Lead Us.

1 Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears,
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears;
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.
2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear;
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended
We awake among the blest.

—THOS. HASTINGS.

ISAAAC WATTS.

Adapted by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. { There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign : }
 { In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain. }

2. { There ev - er - last - ing spring abides, And nev - er - with'ring flowers : }
 { Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours. }

REFRAIN.

I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trumpet sounds I'll be there, I'll be there,

I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trumpet sounds I'll be there.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green ;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.</p> | <p>4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er, [flood
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
 Should fright us from the shore.</p> |
|--|--|

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Down at the cross, where my Saviour died,

Key Ab.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Down at the cross, where my Saviour died,
 Down where for cleansing from sin I cried ;
 There to my heart was the blood applied ;
 Glory to his name.</p> <p>CHO.—Glory to his name,
 Glory to his name,
 There to my heart was the blood applied ;
 Glory to his name.</p> <p>2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,
 Jesus so sweetly abides within ;</p> | <p>There at the cross where he took me in ;
 Glory to his name.</p> <p>3 Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin,
 I am so glad I have entered in ;
 There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean,
 Glory to his name.</p> <p>4 Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet ;
 Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet ;
 Plunge in to-day, and be made complete ;
 Glory to his name.</p> |
|--|--|

Forest. L. M.



182

O that my load of sin were gone.

L. M.

1 O that my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;

I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

—CHAS. WESLEY.

183

Lord, I am Thine.

L. M.

1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, thine would I die;
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past, beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

4 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

—SAMUEL DAVIES.

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I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God.

L. M.

1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works out sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O wondrous love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

—NICOLAUS L. ZINZENDORF.

Nearer the Cross.

F. J. CROSBY.

"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."
Gal. vi. 14.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am coming near - er, Near-er the
 2. Near-er the Christian's mercy seat, I am coming near - er, Feasting my
 3. Near-er in prayer my hope aspires, I am coming near - er, Deep-er the

cross from day to day, I am com-ing near - er; Near-er the cross where
 soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near - er; Stronger in faith, more
 love my soul desires, I am com-ing near - er; Near-er the end of

Je - sus died, Near-er the fountain's crimson tide, Near-er my Saviour's
 clear I see Je - sus who gave himself for me; Near-er to him I
 toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I

wound-ed side, I am com-ing near - er, I am com-ing near - er.
 still would be, Still I'm com-ing near - er, Still I'm com-ing near - er.
 soon shall wear: I am com-ing near - er, I am com-ing near - er.

Till He Come.

“For yet a little while and he that shall come will come,
Rev. Ed. H. BICKERSTETH. and will not tarry.”—Heb. x. 37.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.
Fine.

1. “Till he come!” Oh, let the words Lin-ger on the trembling chords;
D.C.—Let us think how heaven and home Lie beyond that “Till he come!”

2. When the wea-ry ones we love En-ter on that rest a-bove,
D.C.—Hush! be ev-’ry murmur dumb, It is on-ly “Till he come!”

D.C.

Let the “lit-tle while” be-tween In their golden light be seen;
When the words of love and cheer Fall no long-er on our ear,

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only “Till he come!”</p> | <p>4 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and eat the bread;
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only “Till he come!”</p> |
|---|--|

To-day the Saviour Calls.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 To-day the Saviour calls;
Ye wand’ers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?</p> <p>2 To-day the Saviour calls;
Oh, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.</p> | <p>3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.</p> <p>4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his power,
Oh, grieve him not away,
’Tis mercy’s hour.</p> |
|---|---|

Come to Jesus.

1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now, Just

now come to Jesus, Come to Je-sus just now.

- 2 He will save you, etc.
- 3 He is able, etc.
- 4 He is willing, etc.
- 5 He is waiting, etc.
- 6 O believe him, etc.
- 7 He will bless you, etc.

189

HENRY F. LYTR.

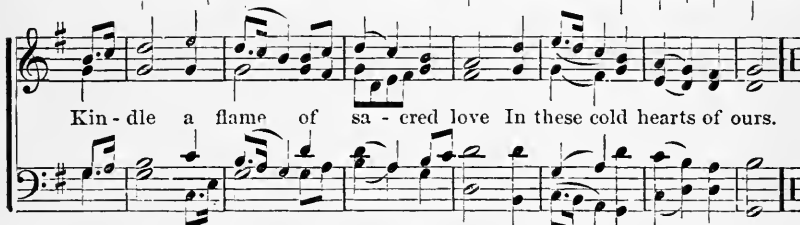
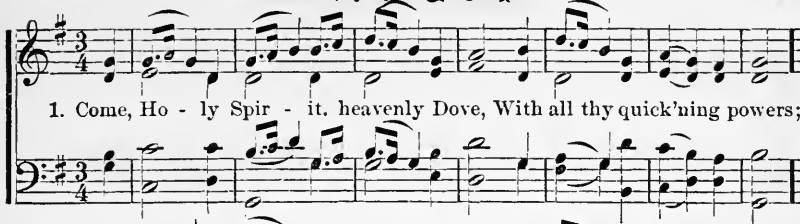
Abide with Me.

Tune, EVENTIDE. 108.

1. Abide with me! fast falls the eventide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!

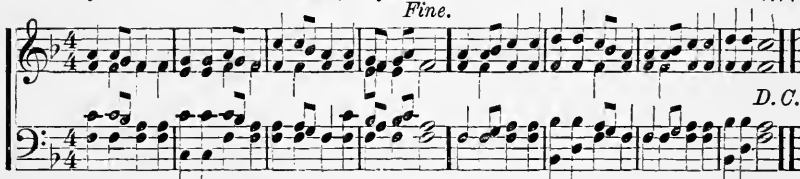
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!
- 4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!



- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

- 4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Fine.*D. C.*

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?
- 6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.



192 O Love Divine.

- 1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art !
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable ;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God ;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
This only portion, Lord, be mine ;
Be mine this better part.
- 4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet !
Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 5 O that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast !

From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

193 O could I Speak.

- 1 O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine ;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne ;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me
And I shall see his face ; [home,
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Vigorous.



194 I love Thy kingdom.

- 1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend:
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

195 Grace!

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

196 Stand up, and bless.

- 1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?
- 3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!
- 4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.
- 5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, forevermore.

197 Purity of heart.

- 1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.
- 2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.
- 3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,—
A temple meet for thee.

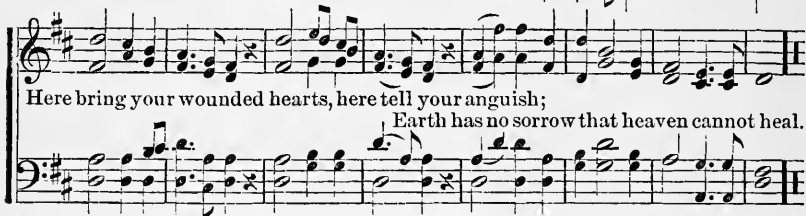
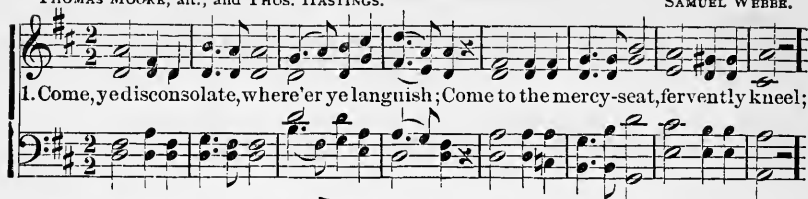
Doxology. S. M.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

Come, Ye Disconsolate.

THOMAS MOORE, alt., and THOS. HASTINGS.

SAMUEL WEBBER.



2 Joy of the desolate, light of the stray-
ing,

Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly say-
ing,

"Earth has no sorrow that heaven can-
not cure."

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters
flowing

Forth from the throne of God, pure
from above; [knowing

Come to the feast of love; come, ever
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can
[remove.

At the Fountain.

OLD MELODY.



1 Of him who did salvation bring,
I'm at the fountain drinking,

I could forever think and sing,
I'm on my journey home.

CHO —Glory to God,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Glory to God,
I'm on my journey home.

2 Ask but his grace and lo! 'tis given,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Ask and he turns your hell to heaven,
I'm on my journey home.

3 Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
I'm at the fountain drinking,

Jesus, thy balm will make me whole,
I'm on my journey home.

4 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
I meet the object of my love,
I'm on my journey home.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
I drink and yet am ever dry,
I'm on my journey home.

CHO.—Glory to God,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Glory to God,
My soul is satisfied.

Alida. C.M. Double.

D. B. THOMPSON.



200 How happy every child.

- 1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven,—
A country far from mortal sight;
Yet O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me."
- 2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly
And antedate that day; [powers,
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.
- 3 O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirits go
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity!

201 I heard the voice of Jesus.

- 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast!"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in him a resting-place,
And he hath made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
And now I live in him. [vived,
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

202 Work, for the night is coming.

- 1 WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon,

Give every flying minute

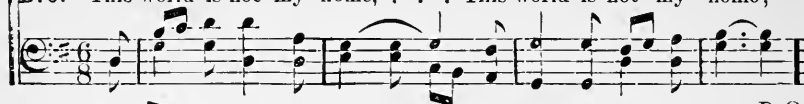
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

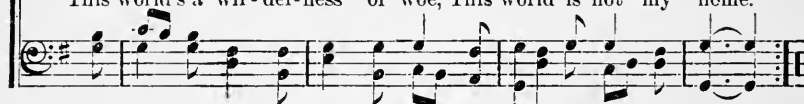
Sweet Land of Rest.



1. Sweet land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the moment come,
D.C.—And dwell with Christ at home, . . . And dwell with Christ at home;
 2. No tran-qui joys on earth I know, No peaceful, sheltering dome;
D.C.—This world is not my home, . . . This world is not my home;



When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell with Christ at home.
 This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.



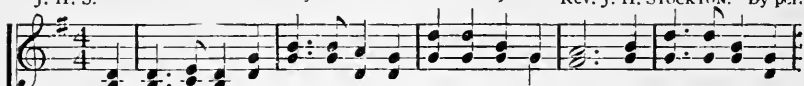
- 3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
 He bade me cease to roam;
 But fly for succor to his breast,
 And he'd conduct me home.
- 4 Weary of wand'ring round and round
 This vale of sin and gloom,
 I long to leave th'unhallowed ground,
 And dwell with Christ at home.

Only Trust Him.

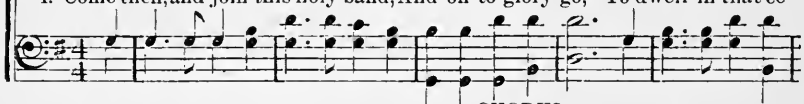
J. H. S.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; and ye shall find rest unto
 your souls."—Matt. xi. 29.

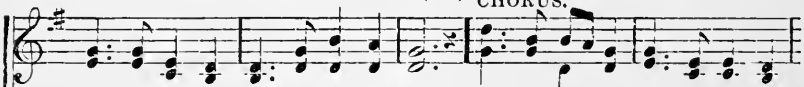
Rev. J. H. STOCKTON. By per.



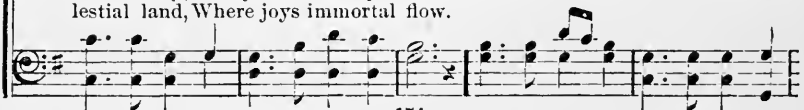
1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord, And he will surely
 2. For Jesus shed his precious blood Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now into the
 3. Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you into rest; Believe in him with-
 4. Come then, and join this holy band, And on to glory go, To dwell in that ce-



CHORUS.



give you rest, By trusting in his word. On-ly trust him, only trust him,
 crimson flood That washes white as snow. *Second Chorus*—
 out de-lay, And you are ful-ly blest. Come to Je-sus, come to Je-sus,
 lestial land, Where joys immortal flow.



Only Trust Him.—CONCLUDED.

Only trust him now; He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.
Come to Jesus now;

205

Jesus is Mine!

Mrs. CATHARINE J. BONAR.

"My beloved is mine."—S of Sol. ii. 16.

T. E. PERKINS. By per.

1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break, ev - 'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a-way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, e-

ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - derness,
ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
dawn - ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried
ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest,

Earth has no resting place, Je - sus alone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart away, Je - sus is mine!
Left but a dismal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Jesus is mine!



206 Come, ye that love.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your Lord, your Master crowned
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round
How bright those glories shine.
- 3 When, in his earthly courts, we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 4 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

207 What glory gilds.

- 1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Lord, everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

208 The Prince of Peace.

- 1 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.
- 2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Forevermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.
- 3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.
- 4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

209 The joyful sound.

- 1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Doxology. C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

H. BONAR.

W. A. TARBUTTON.

1. Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon; Beyond the waking and the sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon.

home!
Love, rest, and home! sweet home! Lord, tar - ry not, but come.
home!

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon. | 3 Beyond the rising and the setting, I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting, Beyond remembering and forgetting, I shall be soon. |
| 2 Beyond the blooming and the fading, I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading, Beyond the hoping and the dreading, I shall be soon. | 4 Beyond the parting and the meeting, I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting, Beyond the pulse's fever beating, I shall be soon. |

Gloria Patri.

C. NORRIS.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, World without end. A - men.

Antioch. C. M.



212 O for a thousand tongues.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

- 6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

213 Joy to the world!

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

214 Evils of Intemperance. Tune, BOYLSTON.

- 1 MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.
- 3 Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.
- 4 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

215 What Ruin! Tune, EVAN.

- 1 WHAT ruin hath intemperance wrought!
How widely roll its waves!
How many myriads hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves!
- 2 And see, O Lord, what numbers still
Are maddened by the bowl,
Led captive at the tyrant's will
In bondage, heart and soul.
- 3 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King,
And break the galling chain;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end the usurper's reign.
- 4 The cause of temperance is thine own;
Our plans and efforts bless;
We trust, O Lord, in thee alone
To crown them with success.

Gathering Home.

Miss MARIANA B. SLADE.

R. N. M'INTOSH. By per.

1. Up to the bounti-ful Giv-er of life,—Gathering home! gathering home!
 2. Up to the city where falleth no night,—Gathering home! gathering home!
 3. Up to the beautiful mansions above,—Gathering home! gathering home!

Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gathering home.
 Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gathering home.
 Safe in the arms of his in-finite love, The dear ones are gathering home.

CHORUS.

Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
 Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!

Nev-er to sorrow more, never to roam; Gathering home!
 Gath-er-ing home!

gath-er-ing home! God's children are gather-ing home.
 gath-er-ing home!

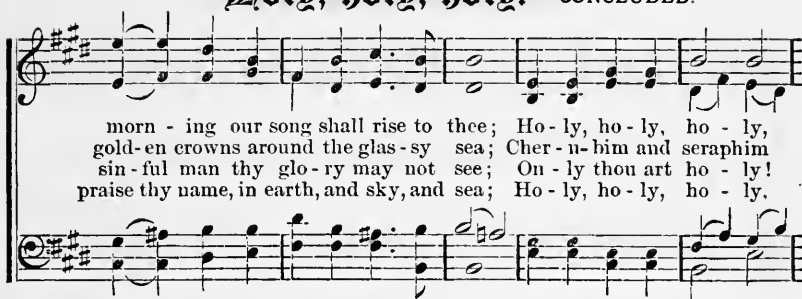
1. The Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield their rich perfumes, The lilies grow and
thrive, The lilies grow and thrive; Refreshing showers of grace divine From Jesus
flow to ev-'ry vine, And make the dead revive, And make the dead revive.

2 O that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water may abound,—
A fruitful soil become;
The desert blossoms like the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

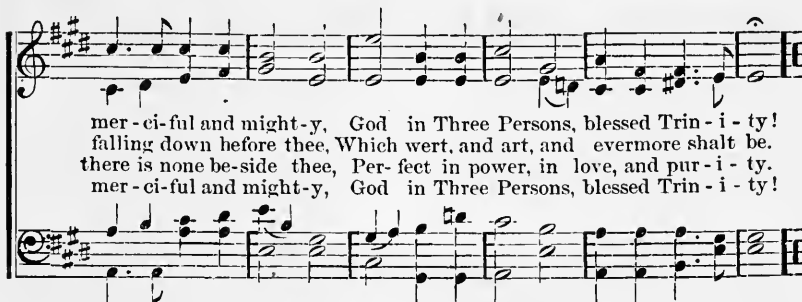
3 Come, brethren, you that love the Lord,
Who taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on;
Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Almighty! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! all the saints adore thee, Casting down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Almighty! All thy works shall

Holy, holy, holy.—CONCLUDED.



morn - ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
gold - en crowns around the glas - sy sea; Cher - u - bim and seraphim
sin - ful man thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly thou art ho - ly!
praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly.



mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
falling down before thee, Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
there is none be - side thee, Per - fect in power, in love, and pur - i - ty.
mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin - i - ty!

219

Come, let us join.

Tune, FOUNTAIN. C. M.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their
But all their joys are one. [tongues,</p> <p>2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they
"To be exalted thus!" [cry.
"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply,
"For he was slain for us."</p> | <p>3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.</p> <p>4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.</p> |
|--|--|

The Morning Light.Tune, WEBB. 7. 6. *Fine.*

D.S. 1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

221 GEO. DUFFIELD, Jr.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus.

Tune above.

1 STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes:
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

222

Awake, My Soul.

MEDLEY.

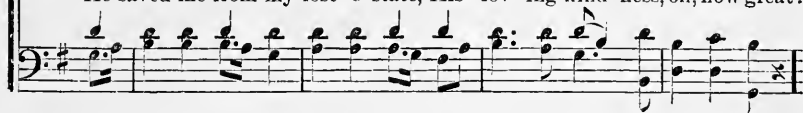
Tune, LOVING-KINDNESS. L.M.

1. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not - withstanding all;

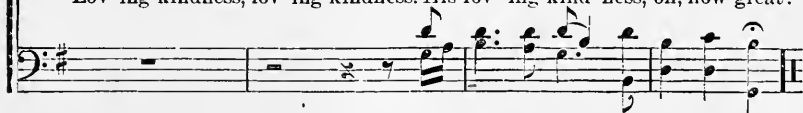
Awake, My Soul.—CONCLUDED.



He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost e-state, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!



Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!

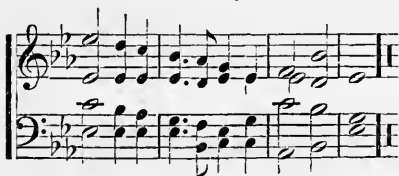


<p>3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Though earth and hell my way oppose, He safely leads my soul along, His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!</p>	<p>4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick, and thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood, His loving-kindness, oh, how good!</p>
---	--

223 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

L. MASON.



1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine!

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!

As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul!

1. { Ohappy day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! } Happy
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. }

day, happy day, { He taught me how to watch and pray,
 When Jesus washed my sins away! } And live rejoicing ev'ry day.

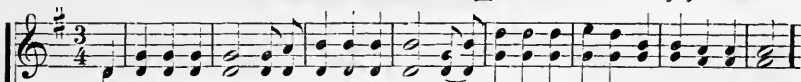
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 O happy boud, that seals my vows
 To him whq merits all my love!
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.</p> <p>3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done!
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess that voice divine.</p> | <p>4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
 Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
 With him of every good possessed.</p> <p>5 High heav'n that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.</p> |
|--|---|

225 H E. BLAIR. He Came to Save Me. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

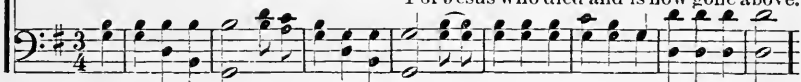
1. { When Jesus laid his crown aside, He came to save me;
 { When on the cross he bled and died, He came to save me. }
 2. { In my poor heart he deigns to dwell, He came to save me;
 { Oh, praise his name, I know it well, He came to save me. }

REFRAIN. I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, And grace is free,
 He came to save me.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 With gentle hand he leads me still,
 He came to save me;
 And trusting him I fear no ill,
 He came to save me.</p> | <p>4 To him my faith with rapture clings,
 He came to save me;
 To him my heart looks up and sings,
 He came to save me.</p> |
|---|--|



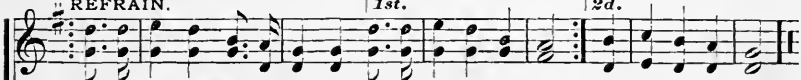
1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.



REFRAIN.

1st.

2d.



Hal-le-lujah! thine the glory; Halle-lujah! a-men! Revive us a-gain.



- 2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.
3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

227 MARY D. JAMES.

All for Jesus.

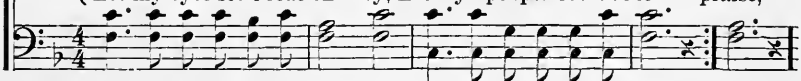
Arranged.

1st.

2d.



1. { All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! All my being's ransomed powers;
All my thoughts, and words, and doings, All my days, and all my hours.
2. { Let my hands perform his bidding, Let my feet run in his ways—
Let my eyes see Jesus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth his praise,

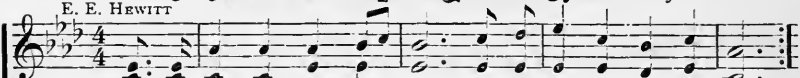


All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! All my days, and all my hours; hours.
All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth his praise; praise.



- 3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all besides;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.
||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified.:||
- 4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me his beloved,
Lets me rest beneath his wings.
||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath his wings!.:||

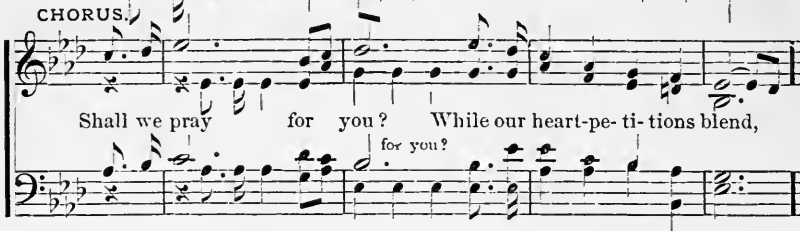
E. E. HEWITT



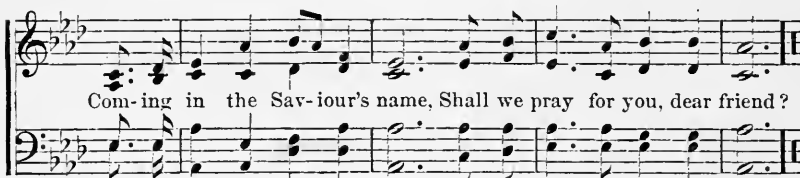
1. { When we come with burdened souls And before our Fa-ther bow.
 Shall we pray for you, dear friend? Shall we plead for you just now? }
2. { Shall we ask a liv - ing faith, And a new and bet-ter heart?
 That the Ho - ly Spir - it now May re-newing grace im-part? }



CHORUS



Shall we pray for you? While our heart-pe-ti-tions blend,
 for you?



Com-ing in the Sav-iour's name, Shall we pray for you, dear friend?

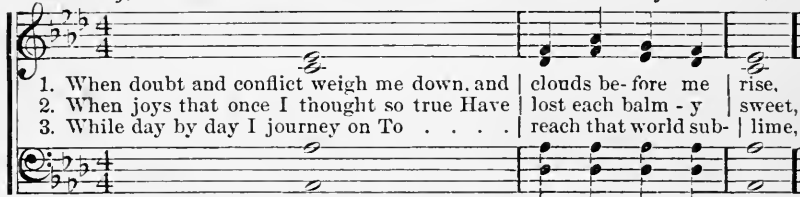
- 3 Are you willing we should know
 That you long for peace within?
 Do you seek the Lord indeed,
 And the power that saves from sin?

- 4 Come and join us in our prayer;
 Low before the Saviour bow;
 While he waits to hear your voice,
 Give yourself to Jesus now.

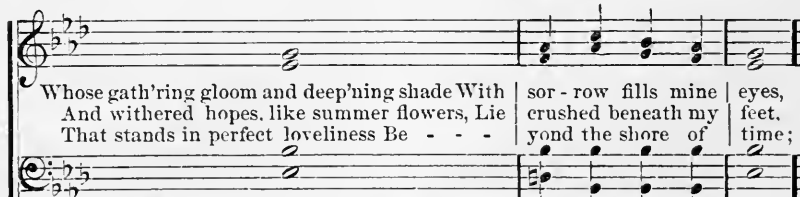
Copyright, 1889, by Jno. R. Sweeney.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. When doubt and conflict weigh me down, and clouds be-fore me rise,
 2. When joys that once I thought so true Have lost each balm - y sweet,
 3. While day by day I journey on To . . . reach that world sub-lime,



Whose gath'ring gloom and deep'ning shade With sor-row fills mine eyes,
 And withered hopes, like summer flowers, Lie crushed beneath my feet,
 That stands in perfect loveliness Be - - - yond the shore of time;

Copyright, 1887, by JAMES J. HOOD.

Nearer to Thee. — CONCLUDED.

'Tis then I lift my fainting soul In . . . prayer that I may be
With quivering lip and yearning heart I pray on bend - ed knee,
My faith looks up and softly breathes The prayer so dear to me,

Lento.

Near - - er, my God, to thee, Near - - er to thee.

230

Better Farther On.

Arr. by JAMES NICHOLSON.

L. THOMPSON.

1. Oft I hear hope sweetly singing, Soft - ly in an un - der - tone;

Sing - ing as if God had taught her—It is bet - ter far - ther on.
D.S.—Sings it so my heart may hear it— It is bet - ter far - ther on.

Fine.

Night and day she sings this same song—Sings it while I sit a - lone,

D.S.

2 When my faith took hold on Jesus,
Light divine within me shone,
And I know since that glad moment,
"It is better farther on."
Daily coming to the fountain,
Flowing free for every one,
I am saved, and hope is singing—
"It is better farther on."

3 Farther on! but how much farther?
Count the milestones one by one;
No, no counting, only trusting—
"It is better farther on."
Hope, my soul, hope on forever,
All thy doubts and fears be gone,
Jesus will forsake thee never—
"It is better farther on."

Pleyel's Hymn. 78.

IGNACE PLEYEL.



231 Gracious Spirit, love divine.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, love divine,
Let thy light within me shine!
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

232 Holy Ghost, with light divine.

- 1 HOLY GHOST, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

Rockingham. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



Boyleston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



233 Lord, God, the Holy Ghost.

- 1 LORD, God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.
- 2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,—
The Spirit of all grace.
- 3 Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.
- 4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above; [fire,
And give us hearts and tongues of
To pray, and praise, and love.
- 5 Spirit of light! explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With luster shining more and more,
Unto the perfect day.

234 Come, Holy Spirit, come.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor, benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 From the celestial hills
Light, life, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly, feel
Thy quickening influence.
- 3 O melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.
- 4 The profit will be mine,
But thine shall be the praise;
Cheerful to thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

235 Come, Holy Spirit.

Tune, Rockingham, opposite page.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, raise our songs
To reach the wonders of that day,
When, with thy fiery, cloven tongues
Thou didst such glorious scenes display.
- 2 Lord, we believe to us and ours,
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.
- 3 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord;
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.
- 4 If every one that asks, may find,
If still thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty, rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.
- 5 O leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest divine.

236 O Spirit of the Living God.

Tune, Rockingham, opposite page.

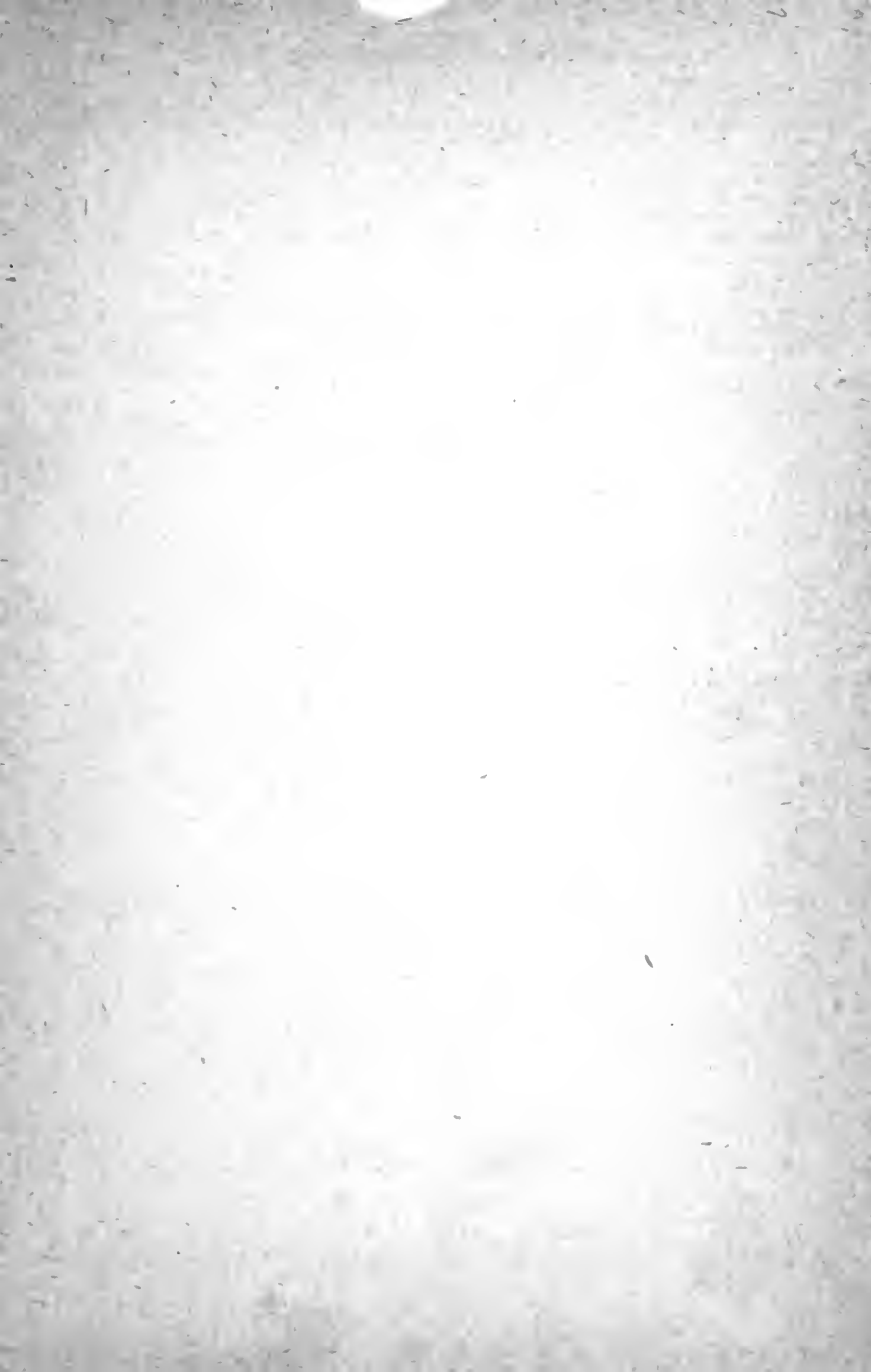
- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion—order, in thy path; [might;
Souls without strength, inspire with
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify.
Till every kindred call him Lord.

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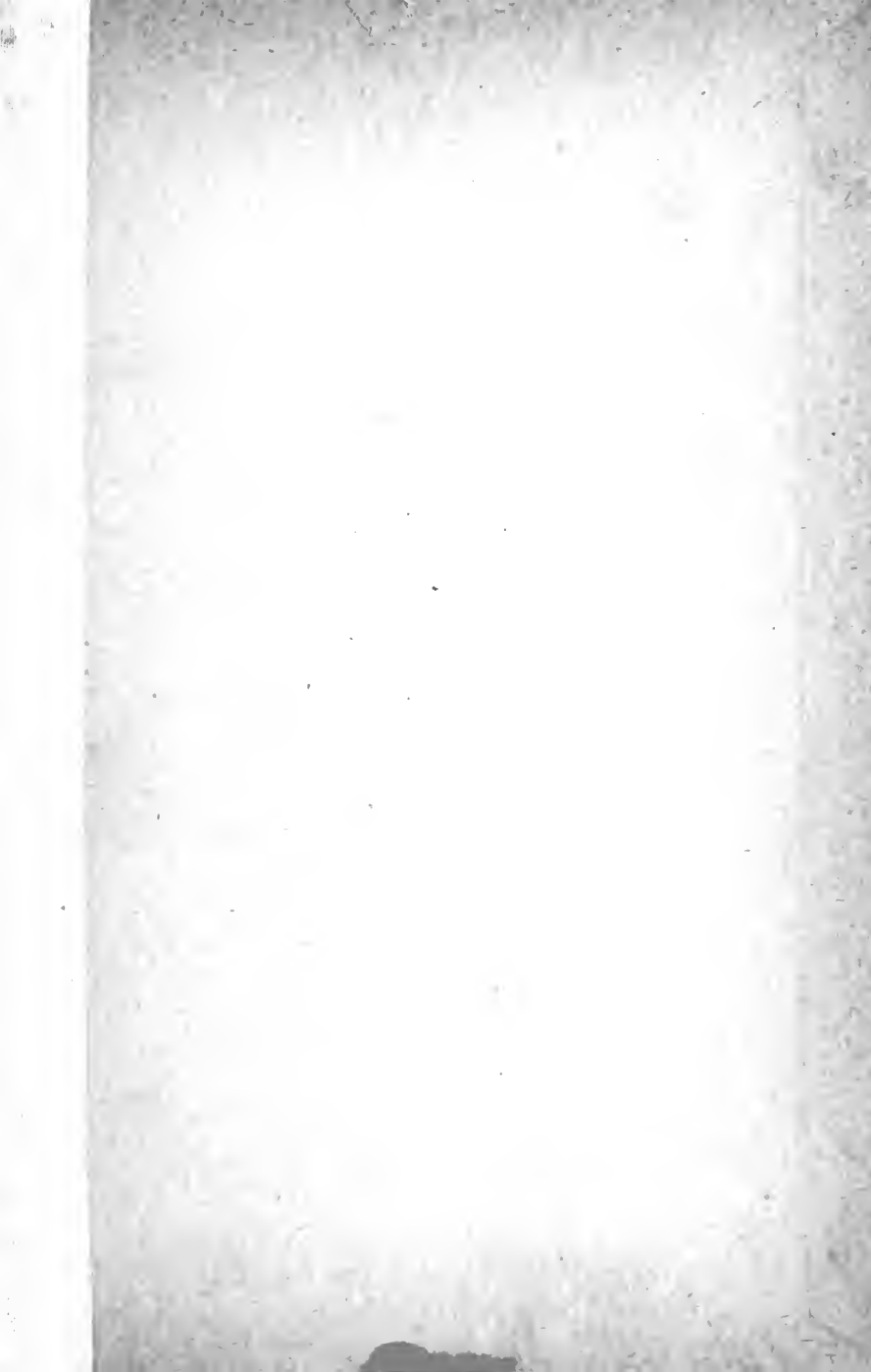
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